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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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From Human Nature, London. SPIRIT PICTURES.

History of the Glasgow Painting Medium

Many of our readers have either seen some of the paintings produced by this medium, or witnessed him actually at work; while many more have had their curiosity aroused by reading a stray notice of his doings. We have resolved, at the request of several who are deeply interested, to give a somewhat detailed account of the present condition and history of the medium and his work. For the sake of those who have no opportunity of seeing such peculiar manifestations, we shall give a picture of

THE MEDIUM AT WORK.

By the kind invitation of Mr. H. Nisbet (who acts as "medium" between the public and Mr. D. Duguid, the painter) we paid a visit recently, accompanied by an old mesmeric friend, to see how matters were progressing.

We may here state, that we have been personally acquainted with Mr. Duguid, Mr. H. Nisbet, and all the parties more immediately concerned, for some years, and can testify to their thorough honesty of purpose, and gentlemanly conduct in giving every reasonable facility to those interested in the investigation of such phenomena. Having had the novelty of the matter brushed off by previous examination, we were the more able to examine and watch critically the various movements of the medium.

On arrival, we found several gentlemen before us, and ere long there was a company of six or seven to watch the proceedings—several of them for the first time, and somewhat skeptical. Our host had laid out for inspection several of his finished paintings, including some of the medium's first attempts, which enabled all present to judge of the progress that had been made. Having examined these carefully, and had a friendly chat on the subject, Mr. Duguid now entered the room, when we all sat down and kept quiet. The medium placed himself in a chair, and sat quietly for a few minutes, when his eyes closed, and he appeared like a person in the mesmeric trance. Presently he rises from the chair, advances a step (his eyes still firmly closed) smiles, shakes hands with the invisibles (three in number) and bows politely, with an air of reality about the affair that is somewhat amusing to onlookers; realizing the picture of Ben Jonson—

And talks in his perfect sleep, with his eyes shut, as sensibly as he were broad awake; He'll tell us wonders!"

The introduction over, he walks up to the easel, which had been placed almost beneath the gasolier, for the benefit of the strangers. A small landscape, already half-finished, was to be his work. But now that he is entranced, we may take a good stare at him without being considered rude. He is of ordinary stature, and strongly built. His temperament seems principally what is known as bilious, with a good dash of the fibrous, indicating a quiet, receptive plodding character, with considerable muscular endurance. The head is large and well shaped—in fact, a good specimen of the national type; pretty strong in the reflective organs, and broad about the temples; the appearance about the eyes, too, indicates a lack in the organ of Language; and there is likewise a slight want in the region of Self-esteem. Out of trance, he is quiet and retiring, and he retains this peculiarity while entranced, rarely speaking till the painting is over.

All present were surprised at the rapidity with which he worked. He stops for a few seconds occasionally, and looks at the picture knowingly; sometimes rising from the chair and retiring a step or two. To show that the light was of little consequence, except to enable us to see, the gas was screwed out, except one jet, which was lowered as far as possible; and even the glimmer from this peep was obscured by holding our hand between it and the canvas, so that it was impossible to tell what he was painting. We had carefully noted the appearance of the work before lowering the gas, and on turning it up suddenly in three minutes, found he had introduced several small boats on the loch in the foreground, and had brought out more distinctly a castle which stood on the margin of the water. He then, to our astonishment, with what appeared to be a few careless daubs, inserted a pleasure-boat, in which were several figures. He continued to paint in this manner for upwards of an hour, when he took a common card from his pocket, and commenced a rough sketch of a landscape, for the purpose, apparently, of using up the paint on his brushes. He now carefully put the paints in order, wiped his brushes and palette, closed his box, and turned round his chair, as if done with painting for the night.

Having risen from his chair, he appears from the lively expression on his face to have some pleasant banter with one of the spirit painters who influence him (Jan Stein, we are told) then sitting down again, the spirit, through the medium, says he is ready to answer any questions from those present. Various questions were put, and answered generally to the satisfaction of the inquirers; but as they were mostly of a commonplace character, we shall not trouble the reader further with them. The questioning over, the medium now rose, shook hands with the invisibles, bade them good-night, bowed politely, and sat down. To prevent the light hurting his eyes when he awoke, the gas was lowered, in less than five minutes he awoke, rubbed his eyes, and looked as hu-

man as any present. On questioning him, he said he had but a very faint impression of anything that transpired while he was entranced. Such is a faithful report of the results of the seance, described as it would strike a stranger. We shall now, from authentic sources, give

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.

Mr. Duguid is about thirty-five years of age, and a working cabinet-maker by profession. He has had no education further than is common among the working classes. He is rather shy and retiring, speaks but little, and finds considerable difficulty in expressing his ideas. He is in good health, and has none of the hysterical traits which are thought by many to be the origin or result of such peculiar powers. He never studied or attempted drawing or painting before he was "influenced" while investigating Spiritualism.

At the beginning of 1866, he was led by curiosity to witness some of the table-tilting manifestations at the house of his friend, Mr. Nisbet. He was skeptical at first as to the agency of spirits in the matter. At one of these sittings he began to experience curious sensations, such as shaking of the arms, accompanied by a cold current running down his spine.

His first attempts at drawing took place in the house of Mr. Nisbet, under the following circumstances:—While sitting at the table, he was mentally impressed to call in the aid of a young lady, a writing and trance medium. After sitting for some time, her hands feeling cold, she put her right hand on Mr. D's left, to let him feel how cold it was, when at once his left hand began to move. Thinking he was about to be developed as a writing medium, a pencil and paper were laid down, when the pencil was picked up, and various figures were drawn on the paper. Though very rude, the design of a vase with flowers could be made out. In the same awkward position, viz., with his left hand, on which the right hand of the lady rested, he drew the section of an archway. The guiding "influence" gave the name of "Marcus Baker," and promised to return.

Two days afterward they held another seance, when the hand of the medium was controlled to draw, with colored pencils, a basket of flowers and fruit, a portrait of the spirit, and several heads. He still used his left hand, encumbered with that of the lady medium; which was done, they were told, that it might the more readily convince skeptics. At the next sitting they were allowed to provide water-colors, with which he painted an elaborate symbolical picture; but by this time he was using his right hand, while the aid of the young lady was dispensed with. He now wrote with closed eyes, and appeared so deeply entranced as not to hear them speak. It was found that though he could not hear them, the spirit could, and was able to reply to them through the medium, although unknown to him. Through inquiries, they learned that the spirit was that of a Dutch painter; that he was born in 1636, and died in 1681; that "Marcus Baker" was not his real name, which he declined to give; but that he would furnish them with the means of learning his name, viz., by reproducing, through the medium, one of his principal pictures.

This promise he began to fulfill at a subsequent sitting, by sketching the outline of a waterfall—a wild scene of rock and crag, with pines growing from their clefts; a hill, crowned by an ancient fort, towards the right; on the left, a hermit's hut, with a rustic bridge leading to it over the foaming water. The medium, when awake, said that while entranced he could see and converse with the spirit, and described him as a man of melancholy aspect, wearing a strange old-fashioned dress. He always came accompanied by a beautiful female spirit, who, along with the painter, shook hands with the medium. He also gave an account of the hardships he endured while on earth, which brought tears to the eyes of the medium.

This painting was begun on the 18th April, and finished on the 21st—four hours being the time actually employed on it. When completed, the initials "J. R." were observed in the left hand corner. None of the party could recognize it as like anything they had seen before, and they had no idea how to prosecute the inquiry, when fortunately an artist having called to see it, he thought he recognized the picture as one he had seen somewhere, or at least an engraving of it. On looking over "Cassell's Art Treasures Exhibitor," at page 301, he found an engraving entitled the "Waterfall," by Jacob Ruysdael, acknowledged to be his *chef d'œuvre*. On comparing the engraving with the picture, it was found to resemble it so closely as to be almost a fac simile; the only difference being that in the engraving there were two or three figures on the rustic bridge which were absent in the painting. On being questioned as to the difference at the following seance, the spirit replied that the figures were not by himself, but were put in by his friend Berghem; which, upon reference to the biography of Ruysdael, was found to be correct.

In the same biography were found many facts corroborating the sad history previously given to the medium. Up to this time, Mr. Duguid had not been made aware of the discovery, but on awaking from the trance, he was shown the engraving, and a portrait of Ruysdael which accompanied it, when he at once recognized the likeness as that of the spirit painter.

At subsequent sittings, the spirit artist was accompanied by Jan Stein, a celebrated Dutch painter, and a contemporary of his own.

The requisites for painting in oil were now procured, and the medium commenced at once to put them in use, painting a number of small sketches under the combined influence of Ruysdael and Stein. Up to the present time, 1868, he has painted between forty and fifty different pictures, of all sizes. They show a steady pro-

gress in the manipulative department. He was told at the beginning that he would gradually improve, and that ultimately he would be able to paint out of trance, without being controlled by the spirits. He has attempted more than once to work a little at the painting while in his normal state, but only succeeded in spoiling them, and had to be entranced before he could remedy his blunders.

As to the merits of the paintings as works of art, we do not pretend to be competent judges; but professional men who have examined them declare that they are of a superior order, and characteristic of the school of painters from whence the inspiration is said to come.

Judged from a common standpoint, they would be extraordinary works for a working-man to paint, without previous education and preparation; but when to this is added, that they are done with the eyes shut, in the dark, or only with gaslight, which is known to be quite unsuited for painting, then we may say that they are most marvelous indeed.

The subjects of many of the paintings are scenes which Mr. Duguid has personally visited, while others are compositions, the images of which are brought before his mind's eye by the spirit artist. Mr. Duguid has been entranced frequently while in the country, in the open air, and in that state taken rough sketches which were afterwards elaborated at home.

He has now perfect command of the trance condition, and can go into it at any time he pleases, and under any circumstances. While in his normal condition, he is occasionally visited by his spirit friends, whose presence he perceives, though he cannot see them, by a peculiar cold current running through his body, and frequently, by clairaudience, receives messages and instructions from them.

It is proper to add, that at the suggestion of his (to us) invisible guides, he went to the Government School of Art in the city for four months, at the end of the last and beginning of the present year, where he made very rapid progress in drawing.

We might add a great many very interesting details, several of them tending to prove the identity of the spirit painter, but space forbids at present. The painting seances have now been visited by several hundred persons, many of them eminent in science, literature, and art; but though the closest scrutiny was observed, and all sorts of tests applied, nothing in the shape of fraud or deception has ever been discovered. No one, as yet, has broached a theory that will cover a tithe of the phenomena; but all are agreed that it is "wonderful," "extraordinary," "no 'canny,'" and so on.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

Since the above excellent description was penned by Dr. Anderson the development of the medium has been characterized by other features, without reference to which, any account of him would be incomplete—we allude to the direct paintings, drawings, and writings now produced at almost all the sittings.

Nearly three years ago, it was suggested—as a test of the abnormal condition of the painter—that he should, after the usual work on the large picture, begin and finish a little card painting or drawing in the presence of the company assembled. The suggestion was adopted, and at various subsequent sittings a number of small oil paintings were executed by the medium, sometimes in the light and sometimes when the gas was turned down, with just as much light as enabled us to see him working. The time occupied ranged from eight to twelve minutes on each picture. These little paintings were invariably given away to parties present, and were much prized as good tests of the medium's trance condition.

About two years ago, however, a still farther development was manifested. We were told through the medium that these small paintings and drawings could be done in less time if we would insure total darkness. This was done, and the result was, that equally good pictures were produced in from one to three minutes. On one occasion when the time occupied was five or six minutes, we got six separate pictures, painted on one card, and as close to each other as the squares on a draughtboard. Subsequently, on getting a landscape done in little more than half a minute, we expressed our belief that it was impossible it could be done by the medium, when we were told that we were right in our conclusion—that the little card pictures were the direct work of the spirit; and to prove this, on turning off the gas, the medium laid his hands in ours on three several occasions while the paintings were being done. From that to the present time, we have not only had direct paintings and drawings, but direct writings. One of these is in Hebrew characters (Deut. xxxii. 4), several in Greek, some lines in Latin with English translations, and a goodly number in English. On one occasion, an array of Egyptian hieroglyphics were thus produced on a card. At another sitting, a piece of blank printing paper which had been laid on the table, was picked up by the medium, breathed on and placed by him in a gummed envelope, which he sealed up, and placed beneath the opened lid of his paint case. After a few seconds of darkness, the gas was relighted, and on tearing open the envelope, we found one side of the paper covered with writing. The time occupied in writing, as with in some cases as would cover a page of note paper, ranges from ten to twenty seconds.

Along with his development as a painting medium, Mr. Duguid has for two years been subject to the influence of an ancient Persian, who, through the medium in trance, is giving a series of interesting passages from his life in the body, extending onwards to his life in the spirit. Several of the drawings and most of the direct writings have been done for the purpose of elucidating the Persian's narrative. A large oil painting is in course of execution, un-

der the direction of Jan Stein, illustrative of an account of a seance witnessed by the Persian in an ancient Egyptian Temple, 1900 years ago.

The figures, five or six in number, with the surroundings, form a picture which promises to be one of great interest to investigators in this field. An extra large size oil painting, having for its object the Magian "Grove Worship," has been produced.

The Ghost of a Sensation.

From an article on "Phantom Limbs," by S. Wier Mitchell, in *Lippincott's Magazine*, we extract this graphic account of how a man feels a limb that is not there:

It has long been known to surgeons that when a limb has been cut off the sufferer does not lose the consciousness of its existence.

This has been found to be true in nearly every such case. Only about five per cent. of the men who have suffered amputation never have any feeling of the part as being still present.

Of the rest, there are a few who in time come to forget the missing member, while the remainder seem to retain a sense of its existence so vivid as to be more definite and intrusive than is that of its truly living fellow-member.

A person in this condition is haunted, as it were, by a constant or inconstant fractional phantom of so much of himself as has been lopped away—an unseen ghost of the lost part, and sometimes a presence made sorely inconvenient by the fact that while but faintly felt at times, it is at others actually called to his attention by the pains or irritations which it appears to suffer from a blow on the stump or a change in the weather.

There is something almost tragical, something ghastly in the notion of these thousands of spirit limbs haunting as many good soldiers, and every now and then tormenting them with disappointments which arise when the memory being off guard for a moment, the keen sense of the limb's presence betrays the man into some effort, the failure of which of a sudden reminds him of his loss.

Many persons feel the lost limb as existing the moment they awaken from the merciful stupor of the ether given to destroy the tortments of the knife; others come slowly to this consciousness in days or weeks, and when the wound has healed; but, as a rule, the more sound and servicable the stump, especially if an artificial limb be worn, the more likely is a man to feel faintly the presence of his shorn member. Sometimes a blow on the stump will reawaken such consciousness, or, as happened in one case, a reamputation higher up the limb will summon it anew into seeming existence.

A SHOCKING EXPERIMENT.

In many the limb may be recalled to the man by irritating the nerves in its stump. Every doctor knows that when any part of a nerve is excited by a pinch, a tap, or by electricity—which is an altogether harmless means—the pain, if it be a nerve of feeling, is felt as if it were really caused in the part to which the nerve finally passes. A similar illustration is felt when we hurt the "crazy bone" behind the elbow. This crazy bone is merely the ulnar nerve, which gives a sensation to the third and fourth fingers, and in which latter part we feel the numbing pain of a blow on the main nerve.

If we were to divide this nerve below the elbow, the pain would still seem to be in the fingers, nor would it alter the case were the arm cut off. When, therefore, the current of a battery is turned upon the nerves of an arm-stump, the irritation caused in the divided nerves is carried to the brain, and they referred at once to all the regions of the lost limb from which, when entire, these nerves brought those impressions of touch or pain which the brain converts into sensations. As the electric current disturbs the nerves the limb is sometimes called back to sensory being with startling rapidity.

On one occasion the shoulder was thus electrized three inches above the point where the arm had been cut off. For two years the man had ceased to be conscious of the limb. As the current passed, although ignorant of its possible effect, he started up, crying aloud, "Oh, the hand, the hand!" and tried to seize it with the living grasp of the sound fingers. No resurrection of the dead, no answer of a summoned spirit could have been more startling. As the current was broken the lost part faded again, only to be recalled by the same means. This man had ceased to feel his limb. With others it is a presence never absent save in sleep. "If," says one man, "I should say I am more sure of the leg which ain't than the one that is, I guess I should be about correct."

ABSDUR MISHAPS

sometimes remind men of the unreliability of these ghostly members, which seem to them so distinctly material. In one case a man believed for a moment he had struck another with the absent hand. A very gallant fellow, who had lost his arm at Shiloh, was always acutely conscious of the limb as still present. On one occasion, when riding, he used the lost hand to grasp the reins, while with the other he struck his horse. He paid for his blunder with a fall. Sensitive people are curiously moved by the shock which comes from such failures of purpose. In one case, the poor fellow, at every meal for months, would try to pick up his fork, and failing, would suddenly be seized with nausea, so that at last his wife habitually warned him.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—*Nature's Hair Restorative* brings back the original color. It is not a dye, and clear as crystal. Contains nothing injurious. See advertisement.

Singular Verification of Dreams—Who can Account for it?

The springing-a-leak, and loss of schooner *Sachem*, of Gloucester, occasioned by her sinking on Georges, Sep. 8th, was attended by a singular circumstance, which we find published in the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, that paper assuring the reader that it is correct in every particular, and will be fully substantiated by the master of the vessel, Capt. J. Weuzell, from whose log-book the particulars were gleaned.

The vessel left Brown's Bank on the 7th of September, at 9 p.m., for Georges, with a fresh N. W. breeze. At midnight, the steward, John Nelson, arose from his berth, and going aft where the skipper was, remarked in an agitated voice, his whole appearance indicating great fear:

"Skipper, we are soon to have a severe gale of wind, or something else of a dangerous nature is going to overtake the vessel, and we had better make land if we can, or at least keep clear of Georges, so as not to have it so rough when the danger comes."

Captain W. asked him what made him think so, as everything was clear at the time, and there were no apprehensions of trouble or danger.

Nelson replied, "I have been dreaming, and twice before I have had the same kind of dreams when at sea, and both times have had narrow chances of being saved. The first time we were run into the day following the dream, and left in a sinking condition. With great efforts in bailing and pumping, we reached the coast of Norway. The other time we experienced a terrible gale, had our sails blown away, and the vessel half full of water ran before it under bare poles, until we met the northeast trade winds, when we patched her up and made out to get into Havana."

He then told the purport of the dreams, which were of females dressed in white, either standing in the rain or near a waterfall, or attempting to cross a brook. The figures in each dream were the same, but the surroundings were different.

The steward is a reliable man, and was so much in earnest that the captain, although seeing no signs of a gale of wind, and not inclined to be superstitious, concluded it first to be on his guard, and charged the man forward to keep a strict watch.

The wind was now increasing, with a heavy sea rising, and at half-past one A.M. the vessel was about five miles from Georges banks. She was hove to under a close-reefed foresail, and they were furling the balance reef, when a white light was observed to leeward, supposed to be on board a fisherman lying at anchor. Suddenly, one of the crew sang out from the fore-castle, "the vessel is filling with water!" Telling him not to alarm the men, the captain went down and found six inches of water on top of the floor. The pumps were immediately manned, and bailing with buckets commenced, after which the captain went sounding around in the hold to find the leak, but the vessel was rolling so hard, and the water made so much noise among the barrels and in the ice-house that it was impossible to hear anything else. It was thought that the leak was under the port bow, and the vessel was wore round and hove to on the other tack, in hopes of bringing the leak out of the water. The steward was told to get some provisions and see that the boat was ready to launch at a moment's notice. It was now blowing a strong breeze from the northward with a heavy sea. They spoke the schooner *Prescador*, and told them their condition. With all their pumping and bailing they could not gain on the leak, and the crew were determined not to remain on board another night. The tide swept them down to leeward of the *Prescador*, and efforts were made to speak her again, but they could not reach her. Their movements were seen on board the *Prescador*, and upon asking them to send their boat to take them off, they did so at once. When they left the *Sachem*, the water was eighteen inches above the fore-castle floor. At two P.M. she rolled over on her side, raised herself once, then plunged under, head foremost, the master and crew feeling thankful to God that they had escaped, and were safely on board the good schooner *Prescador*.

These are the facts, and our readers can account for the dreams and the disasters in any manner that best pleases them. We publish the statement because we consider it somewhat remarkable that the dreams should be the harbingers of disaster on three occasions.

Marvels of the Insect World.

The *Spectator*, in its notice of M. Pouchet's work, *The Universe*, says: "Man generally flatters himself that his anatomy is about the highest effort of Divine skill; yet that of the insect is far more complicated. No portion of our organism can compare with the proboscis of the common fly. Man can boast 370 muscles. Lyonet, who spent his whole life in watching a single species of caterpillar, discovered in it 4,000. The common fly has 8,000 eyes and certain butterflies 22,000. M. Pouchet treats it as an established fact that so fine are the sensory organs of ants, that they converse by means of their antennae. Consequently the strength and activity of insects far surpass ours in proportion. In the whole field of natural science there is nothing more astounding than the number of times a fly can flap his wings in a second. As the fly passes through space at the rate of six feet in a second, it must in that point of time vibrate its wings five or six hundred times. But in rapid flight we are required to believe that 3,600 is a moderate estimate. The mind is stupefied if it attempts to realize these results."

The Zostrum.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
FROM MATTER TO SPIRIT.

A Discourse by D. W. HULL.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?—1 Cor. 3:16.

If Darwin has failed to find the connecting link between man and the lower forms of animal life, we can not fail in finding the ladder which ascends from Earth to Heaven—from matter to spirit.

It would be tedious to descend to the rocky ribs of old Mother Earth, and trace the processes by which the "mills of God grind slowly, but grind exceeding small," pulverizing them into the dust which forms the basis of vegetable, and thence animal life. The earthquake has its uses, for whilst the imperishable "tooth of time" is gnawing away on the outer crust of the earth, and the lichen is loosening minute particles of rock, as it chisels out the foundations for its tiny feet, the heaving volcano is rubbing its rocky sides against each other, and the antagonistic, intestine elements send it above to cover our rocks with soil which shall awaken into life. Leibnitz has said, "Life sleeps in the mineral, dreams in the flower, and awakens in man."

A higher form is now here, and we see the pulverized rock again mingling with the gases, and needs but the germ of life projected through it to stimulate it to leap forth into the beautiful rose or highly colored pink. This life was there, but the warm rays of the sun must permeate its dust, and the germs of organisms be implanted within its embrace, ere it could be developed. Higher in Heaven, life is more manifest; but deeper down in the earth it is less apparent. Hence, as the vegetable ascends heavenward, and brings this principle in its organism, and again decomposes, it will continue to enrich the surface of old Earth with that nutrition which is necessary to the perfect development of the vegetable; for as it brings down from the air the elements so necessary to its life, it will continue to draw from the "heart of the Earth" towards its surface those elements which are necessary to the sustentation of its physical, and as these elements go back again to dust, they only leave the soil more finely pulverized, the nutrition nearer within reach of the vegetable roots, while the life principle is already more active for the next year. This year's vegetation is only a leverage that has been prying up the nutrition, and drawing down the latent life from above, to promote next year's growth of vegetation. It has been a sort of chemical apparatus, selecting the elements and mixing the ingredients that shall form a more perfect vegetable, paint higher colors on the rose or more properly mellow the fruit of next year.

The laboratory of God is a continual experiment, and every experiment is a grand success. Time is the crucible in which it tries its chemicals, and its gold reflects the image of its experimenter better than any reflection coming from any ancient book.

Up the ladder of progression creeps each tender vine, until every species has perfected itself, and the lovers of nature are ecstatic over the grand achievement of success by the great florist and pomologist of the universe.

And yet there are elements not in use by the vegetable; the latent spirit of life which can not perfectly harmonize with lower forms, must have a mode of expression. See that protozoa—a mere gelatinous speck, floating about in the water. It seems to have no life, no will power, no object—a mere accident here, floating amidst the busy hum of life—an impediment to progress. Push it aside, it can do nothing, it has no roots to draw nourishment, no leaves to breathe the fragrant air, neither has it a mouth to eat with, feet, fins, or wings for locomotion, nor hand to help itself with. Drifted about by every ripple, it can only live where the water is almost dead and still. But wait, there is a prolongation of one of its sides toward a minute speck; the prolongation now becomes an arm, and a hand is extended, and the speck is drawn in, but what is it going to do with it? It has no mouth to eat with, no stomach to digest food, nor has it a little rootlet by which it can draw in the nourishment for its higher development. If it were only either animal or vegetable it could use the little mote it is drawing in toward itself. But like the dog in the manger it can neither use it itself, nor will it allow others who would appropriate it to good uses to use it. But wait a moment. Now it has drawn its tiny aliment to itself, but where is its mouth? Oh, now we see; it becomes all mouth for the occasion. It spreads itself out, draws its aliment closer to its embrace, and proceeds to envelop it, whilst it undergoes the process of mastication; now its mouth has developed into a throat, and now it seems to undergo the process of digestion in an extemporaneous stomach. Who shall say that previous to reaching forth an arm for the nutriment necessary to the continuation of its unimportant existence, that the protozoa had not extemporized a brain with which to think, and reason what was necessary for the support of its vitality?

Thus while we perform the several functions here mentioned, by different members, created apparently for that purpose, the protozoa performs all these functions with one member, adapting itself to the conditions necessary to secure the ends designed to continue its existence, and propagate its species, if any it has.

I sometimes think the human family are well illustrated by the protozoa. In the savage state we make our own bows and arrows, kill our own game, work the skins over into our own garments, carrying our wigs along with us, whilst in the civilized state we have a trade or profession for each department, as we have organs for each function of our bodies. In time there will be still greater subdivisions, until one family shall not even cook their own food, or heat their own rooms, that being a separate occupation, which can be done cheaper as a separate business.

When we divide the protozoa, we find each particle is capable of sustaining itself in the same way as was the whole mass. And the business of becoming a man at one time, and then reconstructing itself into a digestive apparatus—only to revert back to former conditions under circumstances shall demand—will go on the same as the other.

Now, if it were possible to raise this little sarcoid to a higher condition, we should find a prolongation on each side, drawing in such nutriment as happened to float near it, and absorbing as above described. In a few generations if it were to acquire the power of reproduction, as it certainly has, these prolongations would then become fixed facts, really a neces-

sary part of its existence; its food should then pass beyond its reach, the adaptation of the food to the wants of the animal would create a species of attraction, which not being strong enough to draw the aliment immediately within the reach of the little animal, would cause an effort in that again which has the higher manifestation of life, to attain its necessary nutrition. The result would be a slight prolongation of the arm nearest the object, and a corresponding contraction of the other. This would tend to turn the little voracious speck around with its other side next its victim, and thus it would continue, till in time its arms became little paddles by which it moved around. This motion would tend to throw one end of the animal next its food, and a mouth being extemporized here, and being in constant use, would from the force of habit become in time a fixed fact.

If now we were to divide this little mass into several pieces, we should find that each one would assume the shape of its parent, and we should only by so doing turn loose a greater number of carnivora upon the helpless little lives around them. This process of arrangement would, however, continue, until we should have a stomach and intestines, and then lungs, liver, kidneys, etc., until we had all the necessary secretions for each department of its little being. It is impossible to trace the development of perfect organizations back, of course. We can only trace possibilities, and conjecture probabilities.

There is a principle underlying all this organic structure, of which we have until lately taken little thought. That is the life principle. Our tiny illustration only appears as a speck of dust or a particle of decomposed vegetable matter so far as we are able to discern, but there is a manifestation of life within it, and with this life comes an effort to prolong its existence. It does not manifest thought, but a purpose—and in that purpose there comes an evidence of a more sublimated existence than is seen in the little structure. Whilst it attracts matter it must have a spiritual support also, else in time it shall fail of its purpose. So as it draws in those particles, it also draws down from the great realm of spirit that which gives it life—that which shapes it to its demands. Without this principle of life, nature would make no efforts to prolong life or to multiply similar organisms. This spirit pervades all things, and is only awakened from a latent condition by the antagonisms thrown about it.

When this life has perfected its structure, it will always reproduce its kind with little variation; and it could scarcely be expected to ascend to any higher condition. The type is complete, it having drawn within itself those elements which are necessary to its harmonious development.

But latent, in the earth, air, and water, unappropriated, lies unused yet other material for different forms of life than any we have seen manifested.

Let us suppose that we take the parts of our protozoa, and commence the work of development with each. It is very possible that these brothers might start out on different roads, and there would be little or no resemblance between the first cousins, and the second cousins would have no means of recognizing the relationship they sustain to each other. Each type would continue to diverge for generations if not for centuries, and the offspring would follow but too well the example set by their parents.

As a result, some would perfect their species sooner than others. We should see one type having reached a certain condition, would be inharmonious in a given direction. The species not being perfect as yet, Nature would make another effort to balance the angularities on one side by producing a corresponding angularity on the other. This leaving a want of corresponding development in other directions, would ultimate in perfecting, and adapting all the parts to each other, until a harmonious organism is produced. But the efforts of Nature corresponding to her wants, may overreach and bring more material than is necessary, and the work of balancing will be necessary in other parts of the organism.

Here we might stop, and take a retrospective view of the human family, from early prehistoric times till now, or what is still easier, carry man up from the savage to the civilized condition.

We find man in the savage state unable to compute numbers, or comprehend the idea which takes in more than one thought at a time. He is unable to count the fingers of his hand, and if you make a trade with him in which you are to exchange a certain number of commodities for a certain number of other commodities, he deals out one at a time, and makes a complete exchange each time to avoid the confusion consequent upon attempting to count. He knows the road to his hut, because he has seen, one at a time, the numerous objects on the road, and their separate images are each imprinted on his brain.

From this, we find still higher development of intellect, in which the savage can count five, but no more; so that if he has seven children and one is missing, he could not tell it by counting them. He only misses a face, and if he could not distinguish their features, he would not know one was gone; the wild animals might devour it, but it would never be missed. He can count five, because he has five fingers on one hand, and if he counts ten he duplicates his one hand with its five fingers. This he may do, but he can never comprehend the number.

But a still more intelligent class of the human family is described by John Lubbock in his "History of Civilization," from which I have drawn the above facts, who are enabled from constant practice on their fingers to count ten, and the same author holds the opinion that we have derived our decimal system from this custom. If this be the case, how short must be the connecting link between the human family and the brute creation. There is a constant development manifest in the human family, gathering new strength and power with every advance step it takes.

On, on, the process must go, till standing at our present intellectual standpoint, and looking at the upward flight of humanity, they shall become mere specks in the air, and at last entirely disappear—lost to us in the great sea of intellect.

The present is only a prophecy of what a few more such years as the past half century has been, will do for us.

There is to-day not so much difference between the lowest type of humanity and the brute creation just next to him as there is between him and the ordinary schoolboy of our country.

The brute reasons to a certain extent. The savage is a brute plus the power of advancing in his intellect. Each separate animal beneath him has perfected its organization. He has not, for with it came the germ of spirituality, which is capable of infinite development.

We are unable to trace the human race back to prehistoric times, for we have no memories reaching beyond that. We only see here and there the signs which show us they lived. Here are the remains of a lacustrine village, built over a lakelet, where the half human and half animal might remain and kill the fish which came to eat of the crumbs which dropped from his table, and there are his bones mingled with the bones of other animals, who shared with him his home in the caves of

the earth. His stone axe, or bronzed dart, tells us that he had advanced one grade beyond the monkey who cracked nuts with stones. He had pecked these stones into shape to suit his convenience. The monkey had one thought about the way to obtain the nutriment of a nut. The Savage is an overgrown monkey plus one idea. What they were before they had reached this one idea we are unable to say, for when we get beyond the signs of art, we have no reminiscences left, by which we can ascertain the breadth or depth of their intellect. We reach the beach of the great ocean out of which our progenitors have seemed to rise, but where they came from, or how they lived, we have no means of ascertaining. Nor can we tell in how many ways humanity has been reached. Before and behind us is a limitless eternity; the past we have not the means of finding out, the future, the infinite future, we have not the ability to comprehend. Like the germ which interested us in the commencement of our discourse, and are only specks floating out in the great ocean of infinity, knowing nothing of our latitude and longitude, our past or future—from whence we are or whither we are drifting.

We only know that the past, so far as we can fathom, is a guarantee for all that we can comprehend of the future—that the development of the intellect commenced at a comparatively recent period—and as it took centuries and ages to develop a perfect man physically, so we must await an equally long time before man is developed spiritually.

It is said that the fetus develops through all the stages of the vertebrata, commencing, however, with the sponge-like, till it reaches the human form. There is one, and but one law of reproduction of all vertebrata, to-day, and forever. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It always begets its own kind with the possibilities of improvement, and with the probabilities of being inferior to the parent stock. To illustrate, children are born with the heads of serpents or squirrels, or some other quadruped, with gill-marks on their necks, etc., etc. This does not prove that the child is a monster. The process of development has been arrested in the deformed part of the body when it had reached a certain stage, and whilst the development was normal in every other part of the system, it was dormant in this. If each species were an independent creation by itself, it would be impossible to cross from one species to another, and much less could two of the same species beget another of a second species. If men are born with gills, or signs of gills, it is because at one time in the early development of their ancestry they have been fishes, and true to the parental stock, all men develop in their fetal condition through the same process, and reach all the different stages that have been reached by humanity. Hence, if the fetus be cast off at conception, it will be found to be a gelatinous substance, corresponding somewhat to the sponge-like, but, perhaps, more like the protozoa, which has been interesting us to-day; but, in time, it will be more fish-like in its appearance, and should the development of any part of the body cease here, it will be found that this part remains a fish to all intents and purposes. Arrest the development of the body at a little later period, about the upper part, and it will be found that the child will have the head of a serpent, and devoid of arms. This rule, followed out, will show us the causes of all the deformities we meet in afflicted humanity. We have already seen that our wants are the parents to the means of supplying those wants. Eg., the protozoa, demanded nourishment, and its nature being attracted to this nourishment, developed the extension of certain parts so as to reach the supply to those wants. Had man come into the world with all his wants, but without eyes, ears, or hands, the first effort of his nature would have been to supply those demands. A few generations would have developed protrusions from these parts of the body most called into action. We should have feelers before us radiating at each side. Then these feelers would have become very sensitive, inasmuch that, in time, they would be enabled to feel darkness and light, and the rays of the light being thrown upon an object and reflected back upon these feelers would warn them of danger, or apprise them of food before they had reached it. The process of development thus continuing with the radiates extending from the body would, in time, develop hands and eyes. If such is the state of man's adaptation to his needs at the present time, it could be easily conceived, the process of development which has been going on for millions of years, should bring to us a perfect physical type of humanity.

Nerve forces are developed in the same way that physical forces are. In the protozoa, and even in the mollusk, there is a general distribution of nerve but no nerve centre, or capital to the nervous system. Hence, there is a want of system in their nervous structure. If it were possible for the mollusk to think, one part of an idea would be the first to receive it, and the other parts would receive it only as it passed to them from the place of the first contact. The crushed worm does not feel the pain that is felt by the vertebrate, because there is no systematic mode of communication from a nerve centre in the former as there is in the latter.

The higher the development the more oxidized we are in our organization, till, ultimately, we have not only apparatus for all the separate functions of the body, but we have a pale for each function of the mind. Destroy the organ of causality and we shall not be able to reason from cause to effect. Our spirits may be developed in this direction, yet there can be no manifestations from the fact that this key to the organic structure is wanting. And if the spirit is attached to the organ of thought, the brain—the psychologic condition of the brain—is such that it cannot even think of this organ until it is entirely free from the conditions imposed upon it by organization. The reason of this is, the spirit is developed with the brain. Thoughts and ideas are independent of organization, they exist everywhere and are spirit; but they are developed into form by being attracted to the brain, and thereafter remain as separate entities or functions of the human mind. Just as the elements of the apple or peach existed in the primates; but were developed in their perfect condition by the organic structure of the tree on which they grew.

A child is born into the world with very little front brain but finely developed back brain, because the animal portion of the child was fully developed in its fetal condition. From this animal portion of the brain there is constantly arising a more refined emanation, which has been attracted to it in consequence of its organic structure. This emanation is only carrying off the grosser elements to give room for the influx of a more refined element. This element, thus coming in, associates with other elements. Each being imperfect without the other, they are never separated—and should the child be deprived of a continuation of its fetal existence, these two elements must continue without the child's organism, and never can be separated. It may be but a thought, but it is immortal. But there is a want here, which reaches out to attain that which shall perfect its condition, and hence it

is attracted to the mother, who having ceased to supply the little body with nourishment, must now continue to supply the little spirit-fetus, that element, its nature demands. Think of this, mothers! Those little eyes which never cease the light of material day, will gladden your hearts as they sparkle across the waters of the river of death, watching to catch a gleam of the boat as it dances upon the waves with its precious life-freight to the shores of eternal day.

The maturely born child, though it has little development in the front part of brain, has that part of the head surrounded with conditions favorable to its development. The bony structure is quite thin and elastic, and soon after birth, the developing process is apparent. Soon, the head begins to appear more and more evenly balanced, and in a few weeks, when the mother notices a smile play across the features of her loved little one—she recognizes the dawn of intelligence. That which is falsely called "Religion" may upraid the organ of selfishness, and send to perdition those who use it, yet, it is the first sign we see that reflects the image of God. The man who never laughs is always unsocial, without love in his nature, and is measured every day for a hypocrite, while, on the other hand, he who throws good humor into all he says and does, makes the world happier and better, and prolongs his usefulness here. The organ of selfishness does more to harmonize the relations existing between other organs than any other organ. This is evident from every cynical we meet. They not only fail to harmonize with their neighbors, but they are never known to harmonize with themselves an hour at a time.

In time, there appear other evidences of its spirituality. "A pictured angel pleases it, a painted devil appals it." It notices its mother's smiles, and dreads the frowns of its nurse. "It crows with delight at the sight of a rose; it laughs with pleasure on hearing a tune." All these are but evidences that the child begins to think. This second set of organs seem to play around the animal nature. Though the child may be more unselfish, yet its love of self has been its teacher to love others.

I sometimes think that thoughts are like the germ-cells to a sponge. One cell will attract elements to it until another perfect cell is formed; and, again, these two will attract the material necessary to make a third, and so on *ad infinitum*. The mind is continually growing; but the more it grows the more it seems to mount, so it attracts spirit continually, and continually becomes more refined by throwing off the grosser material and making itself over, as thought material shall be worked in its composition.

Some men pass through life without developing much. The reason is, they are scarcely beyond the animal plane, and as that portion has reached its ultimatum, they cannot develop any farther without developing beyond the animal plane. If such persons profess religion, it will be purely upon a selfish basis. They know nothing of the law of love only as it subserves certain ends. They are taught if they do so and so, they shall secure happiness and escape punishment, but, if on the contrary, they pursue a reverse order of things, they will forfeit happiness in the next life, and meet with punishment. Having no idea beyond their selfishness, they believe that every one else is actuated by the same motives. They therefore think that God, being so much like them, will punish those who are not mindful of his selfish wants for the same reason as they would punish their children. Had there been more spirituality in their natures, their spiritual development would have been more rapid, but as it is, there is but little attraction for spirit, and it is with difficulty that it sustains itself, to say nothing of reaching out for more material. As it is the material that is drawn is only sufficient to supply the waste that is going on, and it needs to be thrown in constant contact with positive harmonious magnetisms that may project a more healthy condition upon the spirit. In addition to this, there is a constant drain upon the spiritual organs to supply the demands of the animal nature, which is in excess of the physical capabilities. But the time will come when the flame of animal passion can no longer demand food, and the poor enchain soul will burst the bars of its physical bondage, throw off the fetters, and soar away in the great elysium of thoughts, and with ravished delight, bask in the smiles of God's eternal sunlight. It, too, will be an immortal spirit receiving spirit element from the great realm of spirit.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that our bodies have been developed out of existing physical elements, and our spirit out of existing spiritual elements. Neither one are created. Both are developed. In our physical bodies are found the sixty-four primates of our material earth, and in our spirits may also be found all the primates of spirit.

But the query comes that as the particles of body dissolve back to their elements, will not also the particles of spirit dissolve and become dissipated in the great fountain of spirit? I cannot think so, for reasons which I have before given. Our bodies fulfill a purpose, and when that purpose is accomplished, they again return to the dust, our spirits develop from our bodies, they contain within themselves the elements of their own perpetuity. These elements cannot be dissolved, for they are only perfect when united. Without a dissolution they cannot cease, and if they could it would be left, for the individual spirit to determine whether they should or not, as the will power of the spirit would be sufficient to hold it from dissolution. As dissolution is always accompanied by more or less pain, there would come a time when the will power becoming positive would operate against such a dissolution which would result in its continuation.

All eternity is before, and it is our privilege to make it happy, and in our power to make it miserable. It therefore becomes us as immortal spirits to act wisely.

Woman Suffrage in Practice.

Rev. H. C. Waltz, formerly of Peru, in this State, writes to the *Peru Republican* from Cheyenne:

The Legislature meets next week here in Cheyenne, which is the capital of the territory. Among its important actions, it is supposed, and by many ardently expected, is one which will abolish female suffrage. One of the greatest and most abominable outrages ever committed among free people, was the forcing of the franchise upon the women of this territory.

Its practical workings—of women sitting in juries, lobbying about the Court Houses and electioneering, have stamped a curse upon it. One of the most respectable Christian ladies in Cheyenne on election day, visited nearly all the two score houses of ill-fame in the city, to get voters for the Republican ticket. Other less respectable women did the same for the Democrats.

A prostitute—shameless and brazen-faced—with a twinkling eye and a smile, cast in her vote saying: "I vote for the men that support me!"

Christian honesty says, "Shame on such an outrageous institution as female suffrage!" The issue being forced upon the people, good and respectable women are necessarily drawn into its contaminating influences.

CROMWELL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR JOURNAL.—In noticing a letter written to the *Peru Republican*, by a Rev. H. C. Waltz, copied in your last issue, some very curious thoughts passed through my mind. After reading it all through, what did he offer against "the abominable outrage of female suffrage" that will not apply with equal force against male suffrage? Should morality, or what he terms "Christian honesty" be made the test? What amount of Christian honesty has been made use of in the New York Tammany Ring for several years back. And how many of even the candidates themselves, in all canvasses, everywhere, that do not always visit the saloons, gambling halls, and dens of thieves, and drink, gamble, and steal to procure votes? No doubt this is a purely "honest and respectable" in the holy mind of this reverend. But hear him on his prejudice of party crops out with "there was one respectable Christian lady who visited most of the houses of ill fame in this city (Cheyenne), of which there are two score, to get voters for the Republican ticket. Other less respectable women did the same for the Democrats." Oh, he is one of your grace of God Republicans, without the *Re*. How are you "respectable, Christian Republicans and less respectable Democrats?" Dear Editor, didn't that article creep in?

The only solution for this pseudo reverend's tirade against woman suffrage that I can render, is that he is really afraid of recognition in company at the polls.

Hear him again: "A prostitute, shameless and brazen-faced, with a twinkling eye and smile, cast in her vote, saying, 'I vote for the men that support me!' Shame on such an outrageous institution as female suffrage."

"Support the men that support me!" what can be more honest than this, and is it not carried out by all the free male voters in the land? And don't this reverend booby do the same thing every day and Sunday too. But mind it all of ye, he didn't fail to notice the "twinkling eye and winning smile."

Now, right here let me put the question to these gentlemen voters who claim to be God's vicegerents and teachers of all mankind, and so frantically opposed to woman suffrage. Do they not claim to lay the foundation of what they call Christian society, while their own shameful practices bring all these evils upon us—prostitution among the rest; and were not these poor fallen creatures supported and upheld in their life of shame by these very lords of creation?

Would not these very dens of infamy die out for want of male suffrage? Bah! talk not to me of "Christian honesty" while in almost every paper you take up you read accounts of a reverend here, a reverend there, yea, scores of them, cloping with a school miss of sixteen, or an other man's wife, or perhaps his own is deserted to marry a dozen others, or a good, pious deacon's wife is seduced, while many a good farmer wakes in the morning to find that his fine bay has strayed off and gone. And then prate of the contaminating influences of woman suffrage.

In all common honesty, why should this writer drive his head into dens of iniquity to make out a case against the cause of woman. Is he a founding or a bastard that he has no word for his mother, or is he an outcast that he has no word for women of nobleness of character, or is he an idiot and knows of none, or why should he so calumniate the best, the purest and most noble women the world ever saw, who are now willing to lay down their lives for the cause of universal suffrage, and when he has acknowledged "that one of the most respectable christian ladies of Cheyenne" took a part in an election?

Nothing but his bigotry and ignorance ever caused him to write that letter. For if our fallen sisters should be a bar to suffrage upon one side, why not our fallen brethren on the other also? Should not this divine remember the words of his humble master to the woman taken in adultery, "go and sin no more," and to accusers, "he that is without sin let him cast the first stone." Yours for freedom and progress.

Cromwell, Ind.

Letter from J. H. Hand.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Perhaps it might not be uninteresting to you or your readers to hear what is doing in Alton by the friends of the greatest and noblest cause that ever engaged the minds of men. We will try and give you a short account of what we have done at our circle. A few months ago, three or four of us determined that we would hold a meeting and circle for the benefit of ourselves, and as many others as wished to avail themselves of such an opportunity. We therefore procured a church, in the neighborhood that belonged to the Baptists, and gave out our appointment, and had our meeting accordingly. After a few meetings some little interest began to be manifested, and then we were locked out of the house. Then, of course we could no other way, but to hold our circles at our own houses, determined to continue them under our own vine and fig tree. We done so, continuing them regularly.

We have had some fine tests, and several important cures were made about four weeks ago. Four cases of diseases were cured almost instantly—one of catarrh; one of sore eyes; one of dyspepsia; and one of neuralgia. We also received some beautiful pieces of poetry, composed by spirits, and sung by the medium, some very fine addresses from the spirits, and some valuable recipes. We received one on thanksgiving day to keep the moths out of bee hives, which they tell us will never fail, also how to keep the feet warm. Our mediums are Mr. and Mrs. Reese, and Mr. Bruden, and very fine ones they are.

I hope that Brother Francis will be able now to find God, as he was so near while burning Chicago. I think he will be able to find his track, or some traces whereby he can be found, and "arrested," and if guilty "punished."

Why has there not been a Committee of Investigation appointed before this, and his agents (the preachers), brought forth and under oath compelled to tell what they know about it, for the benefit of this and future generations, as we and our children also, would like to know if God did it, and if he did not, he should most assuredly be cleared from so dirty a charge. My opinion is that the Christian God did do it, for if the Bible account is true he has always been a dirty dog.

From an old Spiritualist and a subscriber to the best paper in America (the *JOURNAL*) and a worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

Buck Inn, December 5, 1871.

Some ladies suffer dreadfully with the headache, as this causes their hair to fade. Nature's Hair Restorative is a sure remedy for the ache, and will restore the color of blanched, grey, or faded hair. See advertisement.

A slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper and an envious spirit.—*Hannah Moore*.

Truth is impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as a sunbeam.

Arts and Sciences.

BY Y. A. CARR, M. D.
SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and
subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Ad-
dress Lock Box 333, Mobile, Ala.

(NUMBER XII.)

Light, Heat, and Electricity—Continued.

Having advanced degree by degree, upon the natural empire of fundamental law, as manifest in and through us and our surroundings,—and having glanced summarily at the general premises, we now advance to the consideration of those conditions, relations, and laws, forming and sustaining the legitimate links connecting us in the two-fold sense of our mortal life here, and our immortal beyond.

We are so constituted as to desire on the reception of a ray of light from the infinite, to analyze and contemplate the grandeur and more suggestive beauties of its wonderful spectrum, and if possible, unravel the great cause from which all originated. We are unwilling to stop within the confines of natural science, that treats of mere abstract motions of bodies, much less natural philosophy and natural history that but treat of outer forms, whether animate or inanimate. We cannot feel content to stop, as the profound mathematician, clothed in the unmeasured majesty of his numbers. We rebel at the thought of remaining outside of the interior world of impulses, not to say impressions, thoughts, and sensations, when once we have had our eyes opened, and been touched, as it were, by "pentecostal fire." We feel that we have, as it were, a sixth sense, and are but impotent and unwise, that we do not use it, yea, even the undiscovered seventh sense, seems as if it were behind. All nature as an infinite volume, is open before us, inviting our study; we feel that it is our duty to trace change through all its connections with change, if such duty be necessary, to comprehend and explain it to others.

Though we may wing our way through the untold realms of space, and contemplate the to us infinite beauties there; though we may far outstrip the age and season of our surroundings, and after all return to the within, our humble selves, but to the more thorough comprehension of the undeveloped creatures that we are, and in this comprehension, but the more keenly realize the infinitude of untold, unseen, unimagined cause beyond. Yet, even then may we humbly feel thankful, that we are on an ascending scale, and that we may, in response to the deepest desire of our souls, hold converse with our most loved kindred and friends, of the gone before. We feel as none others feel, who do not realize these great truths, that seemingly descend upon us as the "Holy Ghost," in all the hallowed strength of its baptismal fire.

For one, the writer knows, beyond all doubt, that he has seen, felt, and conversed with intelligences once resident on earth, who are now in the next state of existence; and he furthermore knows for himself, they are there, as pure and refined, and moved by as good motives as when on earth. And we may add, that for one, we realize for ourselves, that we know those of our friends gone before, with whom we have communed, are neither the "Devil," nor the "agents of the Devil," nor of any other "evil purpose"; and we furthermore feel, that none other, but the poor bigoted, wilfully blind fools, who either live on the reputation of past errors or present design, could so neglect to investigate, and so stoop to slander and traduce those so far superior while here, and now still so much the superior beyond. Yet the hog must grunt, the ass must bray, and of course the pitiful fool must fulfill the measure of his being. The poor ignorant creature that has no opportunities to acquire a knowledge of these things, must be excused with a deep feeling of commiseration, while those of better opportunities but no aspirations to learn nature's more important truths, must be condemned for both indifferent neglect, and in most instances, for wilful perversion. But enough of them.

We know for one, our friends do return, and do commune with us; and since it is only effected through certain conditions, the chief of which is in the dark, the antipode of light, we propose its brief consideration under this head. The smattering knowledge of outside physics, has in a measure blinded all, save true chemical research, into a seeming indifference, as to the grander range of the conditions, relations, and laws, of constitutional change.

Perversion has, through the professional persistence of inglorious aim, clothed itself in a shell of self-assurance, suited to the probational growth through which it has to pass. How much better it seems, it would be for them now to rise, as upon the spiritual sunbeam of truth, as the limpid dew-drop that has, as a globe within itself, just risen from its microscopic reflection of the beautiful infinitude of its surroundings.

Though we realize that it is only a question of time, and perhaps probational duration of suspense and pain, yet we would have all to see the supernatural nature and character of the truth as we now see and realize it, for their own personal happiness, as well as for the benefit of society and the world.

Reader, presuming you to have had some experience, and to have seen some unaccountable things in the so-called spiritual line, I can, in a measure, trust to your toleration respecting the probable truth of the statement of facts I am about to make. I make the statement in the first person, so as to shoulder the whole personal responsibility before the infinite, my own conscience, and yourselves; as to the skeptical world, they can set my statement down as worse than the "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego" affairs. Well, my statement is this:

Some time early in February, I think in 1858, about two o'clock in the morning, while lying in my office berth, on the steamer Oakland, at the mouth of the Sillimore, in White River, Arkansas, I passed into what I call a semi-conscious vision of sleep.

I saw a seeming speck of light in the zenith, after looking at it a moment I traced a streak making off in a curved form to the eastward, until by my utter amazement, my vision rested upon a building in flames, in Memphis, Tenn., on Adams street, between Front and Main,

known as "Egan's Block." I saw where every engine stood—how they worked, and many persons standing round whom I knew, and think I spoke to some of them,—finally one of the walls fell—fell on a man, doubling him up, breaking his back and a leg. My vision then retraced the light streak back to the light speck in the zenith. Again, at this moment, some one or something seemed to whisper in my ear, "Look close and you can see how this is done." I contemplated the premises a moment, during which some one said, or these thoughts passed through my mind: The light and heat of that conflagration, it is mirrored in the zenith as upon the great sensorium commune, which, in darkness, reflects as a mirror, and at that moment, I seemingly saw a limpid lakelet of water, located in the perceptive regions of my own brain, on which the fire going on was impressed, a beautiful picture, from the mirror in the zenith, which it as a mirror, had caught up from the actual scene of disaster. Next morning I rose, dressed, and made my appearance among the officers who were sitting round the stove. I called the steward, instructed him to set a table out to itself, and place paper, pencils, etc., upon it; having things thus arranged, I addressed Captain "Pete" Flemming, formerly of Louisville, John Patterson, the mate, "Dave" Garen, the carpenter, "Si" Dougherty, and Geo. Partee, pilots, and some others, not remembered. "Now, gentlemen, said I, there are pencils and paper, take your seats and write down what I state, and if it does not turn out true, I shall have no more to say about Spiritualism (we had been speaking of the subject the night before)." Though much amazed, they did as I bid them, and thus espied my statement of the facts as I saw them occur. When I had finished, they looked at each other with a significant inquiry, as much as to say, I wonder if he has gone mad sure enough. Capt. Flemming slipped out and beckoned me unseen. On answering his call, he looked at me wild, and said with a seeming shudder, What do you mean? This circumstance will ruin us, the people are bound to hear of it. Let them hear, responded I. You know we are several hundred miles from Memphis. You know there is no telegraph within two hundred miles of this place; and you know I have not only given the hour it occurred, but detailed the circumstances; and knowing as I do, that the facts are as I stated them, the people are welcome to all the capital they can make of the facts, when their truth is known.

We were lying up on account of low water. In about a week, however, the river rose, and the first steamer up, that we met, gave us a Memphis Appeal, which contained an article, giving an account of the burning of Egan's Block, almost word for word as I had stated it, and as it was written down. I presume many of the persons named are yet living; they were living witnesses at that time. Capt. Flemming was right, it did ruin us, we could not get an Arkansas lawyer to risk his soul on that craft any more, so we, in a trip or two, blew out and quit the trade. Though I give these facts from memory, they are substantially correct.

It is some times the case in these semi-conscious visions of sleep, that I visit spirit libraries and read for hours, and though I can remember the persons and appearances of all I see, I cannot remember what I read. My clairvoyance, if it is such, is of a semi-conscious kind, and from the breaks and connections incident to its peculiar character, sometimes unreliable; yet certain when realized as it was in the above case. I have not made this statement with any other motive than to make the explanative point as to how the vision was effected; and also to open the subject philosophically or scientifically, to what I may have to say in the future as to the rationale of our actual communion with spiritual intelligences beyond us. The query is in every one's mouth, "Why can't you do it in the light?" "I want to see"—"you can't fool me that way—I'm too smart." "You can't make a fool of me!" As to the first query, we will endeavor in future articles to explain the why's and wherefores; as to making fools of the smart ones—we could not improve on the original job.

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Look on every day as the whole of life, not merely as a season; and enjoy the present, without wishing through haste, to spring on to another section now lying before you.—*John Paul Richter*

A Swedish scientific expedition has recently returned from the coast of Greenland, bringing more than twenty masses of meteoric iron, which were found on the surface of the ground. The largest weighing more than 49,000 Swedish pounds, or about 21 tons English, with a maximum sectional area of about 42 feet square, is placed in the hall of the Royal Academy of Stockholm. The removal to a more southern climate causes them to disintegrate, and it is proposed to preserve them in a tank of alcohol.

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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak even of other mediums, not infrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Recapitulation—The Corner Stone of Superstition—The Formation of one Giant God out of Many Gods, etc.

(NUMBER LXVIII.)

In our allusion to the light that an ingenious Yankee sent heavenward to excite within the minds of the Indians a superstitious feeling, we taught a lesson that it would be wise for humanity to ponder well, for it is only in those things the nature of which we cannot understand that we connect a God therewith. In all departments of life,—in all conditions of society, we find the incident as illustrated with the Indians as true. All obstructions to their understanding, all phenomena in the material world that is beyond their comprehension, they connect a god therewith. The god they worship is always just beyond their vision, or the comprehension of their mind. As they march grandly forward up the hill of science, the god they had been accustomed to worship, recedes from them with the same rapidity that they advance. Your shadow before you recedes as you proceed; and however quick your motion, it will constantly keep in advance. Thus it is with the God of humanity. You think he is opening one of his eyes as the light of a kite oscillates to and fro in the heavens, or you may think he is crying when it rains, or is sending out a sentinel to traverse the heavens in the shape of a comet, or that the voice of a spirit is his voice—you may attach him to them, but as you advance, as your mind becomes illuminated, you discover that your opinions had no foundation whatever in fact. Notwithstanding your disappointment and chagrin, in consequence of your false notions and preconceived opinions, you still see in other conditions of the material world, the God which you had so long been paying homage to, and which had suddenly taken his departure. The God, then, of humanity is a receding God! He hears the tread of your feet, he senses the advancing host, he fears the clear, comprehensive mind of science, and, as if ashamed of himself, he recedes from the view of humanity! Still, the mind of man is not satisfied. He may be able to control the electric current, to generate rain, to decompose water, to apply steam to navigation,—in fact he finds himself able to do on a small scale, what he attributes to God, on an infinite scale. In his operations here, he imitates that Master Mechanic, the Divine Engineer of planets, the Architect of worlds, and is able to do many wondrous things. This, however, is the primary stage of existence. Here, he is a mere child, and his efforts are confined within a narrow scope; yet he imitates the very God his imagination has pictured as existing. He makes improvements, such as surrounding circumstances seem to require. He constructs railroads, makes artificial rivers, builds the majestic steamer, erects extensive manufacturing establishments,—in fact his skill here on earth is devoted exclusively to such improvements as are calculated to better his condition. His achievements are wonderful in many respects, and if those of to-day had been in existence two thousand years ago, ignorant people then could have seen no practical necessity for them. In our operations here, they are only emblematical of grander achievements that will follow. Here in opening up communication between different countries, making them, as it were, tributary to each other, we are only foreshadowing the opening up of communications between different planets. But then, God opens up those communications, he improves the highways of the heavens, he establishes routes between different planets, and arranges all the details connected with the heavenly bodies! How do you know? Had the crew who laid the submarine cable to connect this country and Europe been able to connect their operations from the observations of mankind, they could have made one-half of Christendom believe that God was the Author thereof. Conceal from any one the cause that

produces the varied phenomena of the material world, and you at once lay the corner stone for a superstition that shall contain a God. What is true of one condition of life in this respect, is true of all. The human mind, ever yearning to understand all things, find obstructions constantly before it, and therein places a mythical god, and worships him, pays him homage, erects costly edifices dedicated to him, and then expends thousands of dollars to induce others to come and worship him. The world needs no such system of worship. In primeval times, in the dark days of humanity's history, the world was favored with many gods. The ancient Greeks and Romans had a plurality of gods,—Jupiter, the father of gods and men; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Bacchus, the god of wine; Juno, goddess of the air; Ceres, goddess of the harvest; Mercury, god of orators and thieves; Pan, god of generation; Cupid, god of love; Apollo, god of prophecy. They had many other minor gods. All the human passions were represented by their mythical deities. What a state of society! Constant wars, intestine strife, debauchery and licentiousness. By degrees these mythical gods vanished, to be succeeded by others. Instead of having each of the passions represented by different gods, the various Orthodox churches have formed one to represent what many gods were in primeval times. What a change! Wherein the difference? Yea, give us a god for each passion, instead of one God to represent within himself all their characteristics! At one time in the history of the world, there was considered two personages who dwelt in the air,—one God and the other the Devil. Strange, however, at the present time, we hear but very little of the latter. His horns, his cloven feet, his head, his body, his mind, have all vanished, or have been merged into God. To-day, he not only represents all the passions that the various gods of the ancient Greeks did, but he represents the Devil also. The Orthodox Devil has been absorbed, sponge-like by the Orthodox God, and to-day we find only one personage who exercises supervision over the destiny of mankind. Now he is charged with all manner of grave crimes. He sent the deluge; he burnt Sodom and Gomorrah; he applied the torch to Constantinople; he sent the lurid flames to burn Portland, Chicago, and other places too numerous to mention. To-day we are equally as foolish in having all the passions combined in one person, in one supervising intelligence, as the ancients were in having a supervising intelligence to represent each of the passions. The God of to-day overshadowed the Virgin Mary, and begot a Son. To have attributed that to Bacchus would have been equally as reasonable. A god representing all the human passions, would not be convincing to the world, did he not beget a child? Then to-day, what a chaos of ideas in regard to this question. As we advance in the discussion of this subject, we see the images of all the mythical gods surrounding us. Once they were worshipped in spirit and truth, were objects of adoration, and while songs of praise and words of flattery went forth from humanity, they fell still-born on the lips of those who uttered them—not a single god in all the vast universe heard them. To-day, the bells toll, the organs sound forth their anthems of praise, ministers of the Gospel interpret the various mythical passages of the Bible, and yet the very God to whom they are constantly bending the knee, has no existence to-day—never has had, never can have. One God representing all the passions of humanity, is no better than to have a god for each of the passions. Each passion is distinct in its functions, aspirations, and peculiar manifestations. You don't hate with love, or lust with charity, or be miserly with benevolence. So distinct are they in their characteristics, that we should greatly prefer to have each one represented by a great big masculine, two-fisted God! Wouldn't you? Why picture a God as existing at all, and at the same time ascribing to him all the characteristics common to humanity? Why unite all the gods of antiquity, of primeval time, into one immense God, who created all things, who numbers the hair of your head, and who does not allow a sparrow even to fall to the ground without his notice. Ah! the world to-day is breathing freer. God is vanishing before the stately march of Science. He hears the martial music, sees the advancing host, looks with astonishment at the progress being made on all sides, and now has retreated to the star-lit dome. He was not connected with the routes of travels on earth that unite distant countries; he did not make the steam engine that goes thundering along, or the majestic steamer that rides on the ocean wave; but he did open communications between different planets—he did launch that comet in the regions of space, he did do this, and he did do that, you say. Yes, this God has retreated. He is no longer in anything the nature of which we can understand! The rude Negro would say he was in that engine; but we who can comprehend its internal arrangements, who understand the philosophy of its construction, say he is not there.

To-day, then, in the light of the nineteenth century, we boldly declare that all forms of servile worship, have a belittling influence on the human mind. You worship a being possessing characteristics common to humanity. Where is he? Ah, he is in yonder obstruction! There he has fortified himself, and will remain until you illuminate it with the light of science. Science is the great and good god-killer. Before her strong, vigorous blows the Orthodox God has had to succumb, and now his prostrate form lies a putrid mass before us. Onward she is marching, illuminating at each successive step the obstructions that confront her. Behind her are the skeletons of unnumbered gods. Before her benign countenance, they shrink into the arms of death.

What a ghastly spectacle! O ye gods of the earth, of ancient times, of to-day, of all coming time, beware! Science is coming! She carries in her hand a torch, to illuminate the dark places that you inhabit. You cannot endure the light of her eye, or gaze on the genial halo that surrounds her countenance. By and by she will penetrate the heavens, scale the stately heights, and enter even into the holy of holies, but no god will be there! She will find spirits improving the regions of space, establishing communications between different worlds, and doing that very work which is now assigned to God.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Calamities—Their Author—Is There a Compensation?

In pursuing our investigations in the field of thought, suggested by the above-entitled caption, in the last issue of the JOURNAL, we were led to contemplate the stupendous and continuous calamity that has cursed the world in all past ages, in the form of religion. The world is sick, very sick with religion. Under the treatment of Doctors of Divinity it has ever got sicker.

It will hardly be expected that we will go into detail in sketching this series of articles upon the subject under consideration. The history of the nations of the earth are prolific with facts as they have been recorded by the historians of the belligerents in the contests for supremacy.

The cruelty that has been perpetrated in the name of religion, is only equaled by the absurdity of their dogmas, creeds, and confessions of faith.

We have hastily glanced at the absurd doctrines that all the members of a national government, despotically ruled by a dominant religious party, were compelled to subscribe to, under penalty of excruciating torture and ignominious death to the heretic, and the legalized confiscation of the finally impenitent's estate to the church, leaving orphaned children homeless and destitute outcasts, only worthy of the finger of scorn from all of the truly devout religionists.

In tracing the growth and spread of the religious sects of the world, we briefly scanned the broad field that had been cursed with too much religion, down to the present day. We closed our last article by hinting at the fact that a small per cent. out of those who have embraced the great truth of spirit communion, are so near allied in feeling to the great religious movements of past ages, that they fail to see that the age of reason is dawning, in which the Philosophy of Life will take the place of all phases of religion. Hence it is, we apprehend, that so many efforts have been, and are yet being made, in degree, to follow old sectarian examples, by organizing Spiritualism into a religious sect.

From the hour that it was discovered that spirit communion was an established fact, many have supposed that a new religion was to be established, honestly believing that religion is incident to, and grows out of man's higher nature. Careful analysis will, we apprehend, demonstrate that it is a child of ignorance. It had its birth-place in the homes of those who had no conception of science or philosophy.

They saw results, and if agreeable to the beholder, they attributed it to a being who was pleased with his creatures; if not, their God was angry with them, and his wrath was to be appeased (even as the angry child is made clever and good by honeyed words, candy, and toys), by supplications, prayers, blood of bulls, goats, and human victims, Christ included!

This is the basis of religion. In time chieftains arose and taught—even parents taught their children of the angry spirit—what he had done in past times—what they must do that God might not be angry with them. Certain calamities that had befallen tribes were recounted from generation to generation, and every age added new embellishments to the stories. Chieftains who were priests, and accounted to be holy men, painted in glowing colors to their ignorant subjects or tribes, what had been done on account of the wickedness of certain individuals, by the Great Spirit, as a punishment, and what he had promised to do for those who obeyed the commands of their chief under a "thus saith the Lord," who was supposed to utter the infallible words of truth.

By and by, as the masses began to think, and inquiring minds began to presume to investigate, the agitation of thought was to some little extent common. Certain chieftains from time to time began to build up systems of faith, varying to some extent from the commonly received traditions, but based essentially upon the primitive ideas of the angry God—or a good and bad spirit, as he was pleased or displeased.

Those chieftains who from age to age arose and put forth new doctrines, never wandered from traditional premises, but built upon, added to, expounded, and gave new meanings to old sayings. Accompanying all these movements among the people, was the most terrible strife discord, and cruel treatment of unbelievers—heretics—imaginable, the recounting of which makes the blood curdle in one's veins.

Such has been the rough road that humanity has traveled in its search for light. Not capable of thinking much, individually, they have been willing to abide by the "say-sos" of the chieftains, who were closely allied with, or really the high priests of the tribes.

The earth has verily been a religious field of blood. It is but a few years since every nation on the face of the globe enacted laws, and generally by legal enactments, all who did not subscribe to the generally accredited systems of faith.

The persecutions in our own boasted land of

freedom have been most cruel. It began with the first Puritan settlers of the continent, two hundred and fifty years ago. Thousands of Quakers and Baptists were tortured and driven from their homes in New England on account of their religious tenets differing in some small degree from their more numerous neighbors.

Thousands of spirit mediums were punished on account of their eccentricities, as witches and wizards, and most cruelly tortured, until death relieved their sufferings; solemn judges passing sentence of death upon them, taking a "thus saith the Lord" as authority.

To-day there are many who would like to see mediums served the same way, taking for their warrant the so-called command of Almighty God—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Even receivers of the truth of spirit communion in numerous instances will condemn the medium for his "bad habits," his or her eccentricities, which he or she can no more control, than he or she can cause the leopard to change his spots.

The ignorance of the world laid the foundation for all systems of religion. The various forms of religion thus based on ignorance, rules the world to-day. It holds an iron grasp upon society, and makes those who love the truth tremble for fear of giving offense by its utterance—for fear of what somebody will say if a "Read" gets nervous, foolish, and abusive at a seance, when surrounded by nervous, foolish, and abusive men and women, whose inmost souls are thrown on to him, and reflected back in a hideous and distorted image.

When science and philosophy take the place of religious dogmas, Read and many other sympathetic mediums will not catch from their visitor's nervousness, folly, and abusiveness, as a child catches the measles, from another measly person, or as a camera catches an image and reflects it upon a sensitized plate, for the simple reason that the investigator will go to such a seance divested of all religiously preconceived opinions—consequently will not be superciliously inclined, and have none of that animosity to impart to a poor, sensitive medium—without which sensitiveness they would not, nor could not, become mediums.

In view of the fact that the age is dawning when reason, science, and sound philosophy are to take the place of the terrible malady with which the world has been sick—religion—from infancy to the present time, even as astronomy has taken the place of astrology, we can anticipate a compensation for the unutterable agony that has been incident to and caused by religious persecutions and wars.

The thought that the sufferings of the martyrs to new opinions, in past ages, was fully compensated in this life, is not warranted by the facts developed. But when we take into consideration that life is continuous, never-ending, and that when one sets out with new and brilliant thoughts in this life, but is cut off by the violent hand of persecution, and deprived of the enjoyment of the fruits of his labors in promulgating the same to the world here, but not in the least upon the higher plane of life, upon which he has been violently thrust, we can have some conception of the probable compensation that awaits him, from a consciousness that he has well done his part, in letting his light shine for the enlightenment of the world.

When we consider that so-called death does not in the least change the powers and capabilities of the inmost spirit, but places it among surroundings better adapted for its development, and that it loses not any of its powers acquired in this life, it will be conceded that the opportunities for a compensation for all earth-life sufferings are ample.

When we further consider that every thought that has ever been uttered to the world, the tendency of which was to make men and women think, performs not only a good mission in that particular, but that it is also from its conception a living, immortal entity, eternally revolving, impregnating and quickening other minds to new and fresh thoughts for their development, and future unending happiness, it will be seen that while the suffering caused by the birth and utterance of such thoughts, however severe, was brief and transitory,—the good resulting is continuous and eternal. Hence the compensation is unlimited, ever enduring, ample.

The thinking mind observes the experience of others, weighs well, scans philosophically everything that comes within his observation, and avoids everything that his judgment dictates will tend to darken his pathway in life's journey. Realizing that there is a philosophy of life, he will aim to be governed by and conform to its principles.

Hence it is obvious that there is an ample compensation even for the terrible sufferings the world has endured for its various phases of religious persecutions, in the growth and development of mind, nationally and individually.

Out of the calamities referred to, and as a result of the agitation of thought, through suffering, have grown up more liberal forms of government—even forms which have divided "church from state"—leaving the church to rule only such as voluntarily bind themselves by their creeds or articles of association, and then only in matters held by them in common.

And yet, in despite of the inspiration of the fathers whose far-seeing ken so wisely laid the foundation of this government, under angelic influence, there are not a few who are plotting, in our day, to introduce, as they call it, God into the constitution, as an entering wedge to "Christianize the American people" into a religious body which shall eventually prescribe rules of faith and doctrines to be observed—and last, as a tail to this not very highly elevated kite, the "American Association of Spiritualists," at their late session at Troy, New York, and by a

more recent resolve of their executive committee made what they are pleased to call a "new departure," by organizing a political party of Spiritualists, and tailed on certain declarations of principles uttered by their president, in a set speech before them, as the dogmas which the "new departure" party was to accept, and which they heralded as their platform.

The experience of the world, with which every thoughtful Spiritualist must have some knowledge, should be a sufficient warning against all such alliances. As they in all past ages have been formed and executed at the expense and suffering of the masses, solely for the aggrandizement of the few, so now this "new departure" is fraught with the same danger. It is a thing of a day, and then it perisheth, and will only be remembered with regret for the folly of the good men and women who were inveigled into it by the tinselled drapery that it, as an organization, presented.

Let this government be ruled to-day by any religious party, and the tyrant's paralyzing grip would be placed upon every hand that wields a liberal pen, and every press that did not sustain such a party, would be ostracized. Our liberties and the liberty of the press are guaranteed now only by the fact that religionists neutralize their own power by their internal schisms, and multitudinous denominations, into which they are fortunately divided. Infinite wisdom has so ordained, and we rejoice at the fact, that the day has passed that any one religious sect, not even an American Association of Spiritualists, can rule this government. And we most solemnly protest against any number, be it large or small, assuming to dictate to the Spiritualists of America, who they shall sustain for official positions.

Would-be leaders in Spiritualism, at more than one of the annual gatherings, have spent their breath and wasted their eloquence in denouncing this JOURNAL, because it exposed the false pretences of their officials. This has been done in so-called national and state gatherings, such gatherings as have been a reproach to spiritual philosophy, and lead good men and women to avoid their like.

Every step the American Association has taken as a pretended religious organization, thus far, has been directly in the line of the corrupt religious organizations of the past, with this exception, it has been so puerile and contemptible as to disgust even its early advocates in less than a twelvemonth after any one of its annual "new departures." In that there is surely a compensation. Spiritualists as a mass are honest and intelligent, so much so, at least, as not to be easily deceived. The movement called the "new departure" adopted at the recent Troy gathering, is so far a departure from common sense and common propriety, as to at once neutralize all the evil it might otherwise instigate. Spiritualists, as a class of intelligent people, are not disposed to commit a suicidal act by adopting a political movement, more contemptible even than the movement of the few fanatical bigots who would, as they say, "put God in the constitution."

What would the Spiritualists say if the Methodists in national convention assembled should announce one of their bishops as a candidate for President of the United States, and call upon all Methodists to sustain such a candidate? We need but ask the question; everybody would condemn such a movement.

This question of evil is so prolific, and leads the investigator into so many channels of life, all carrying an antidote which eventually so far awakens a spirit of inquiry as to inaugurate better conditions, and makes people wiser. So we may expect that the folly of attempting to harness the philosophy of life into an "American Association of Spiritualists" will soon, if it has not already, be so apparent that none but the few now engaged in such a work will ever hereafter be led into the expedient of being tailed on to somebody's kite, simply for the sake of giving character to that somebody's "new departure." Honest Spiritualists belong to different political organizations, and those who are equally intelligent take different views of the many subjects that are agitating the public. That right is inalienable, and no class in Spiritualism has any right to ostracize any one thereof.

We expect ere long to examine and consider the true mission of Spiritualism, and it may be apparent that all so-called evils that have ever tortured and afflicted mankind will be found to have been performing important missions, and the only means by which the world was to be led to appreciate a system of philosophy, that when fully understood will take the place of all religious systems, that have first cursed, and then resultingly and unwittingly blessed, the world, on the principle that extremes right themselves. As the subject is unfolded to us we shall give it to our readers.

RESULT OF CENTURIES OF CULTURE.—The successive editions of WEBSTER'S unabridged are as perennial in interest as in value. Each successive reprint finds the work of our great lexicographer still unrivalled among English dictionaries. In each republication we likewise find a mirror of the scientific progress of the age, a sleepless vigilance which nothing escapes, to catch every new shade of verbal significance, and to retain for our unapproached standard of language, that freshness which preserves it from ever becoming old. In the 1,840 pages before us there are compressed the results of centuries of culture, and the sum of the intellectual contributions of some of the greatest minds of the race. Whether regarded as a whole, or in detail, the book is equally marvelous. Its illustrations are copious, appropriate, and carefully executed. The matter in the appendix is of a character indispensable for reference to all who read, and to all who write with a serious purpose. The book is, in short, one which neither school nor study, library or office, ought to be without.—N. Y. Times.

To Those Interested.

If any of our subscribers have failed to receive No. 15, they will please notify us of the fact forthwith.

THE NEW YEAR.

A Happy New Year, to all who may chance to read this article.

We have entered upon 1872, full of good will to our fellow-men. The welfare of all absorbs our fondest hopes and most sanguine expectations. Hence we say, a *Happy New Year* to everybody.

All are alike the children of Infinite Wisdom. All have, and ever will, live on a plane of being. All have missions to perform in their eternal rounds of life. To perform that mission wisely, and in a manner to produce the most enjoyment to others, is a means of producing most happiness for ourselves. We are, so to speak, each and every one of us, but so many links in one endless chain—ever occupying a position legitimate to the conditions surrounding or applied to us.

O that we could, at all times, realize that great truth. To realize it is but to arouse to action our wisdom faculties—to exercise the top brain instead of the selfish and unreflective faculties. How much happier we are when we exercise *charity toward our fellow-men*, however *incapable of our estimation* they may be. Poor, shortsighted mortals! We look upon the follies and foibles of others and condemn. If we were developed to a degree that we could turn our attention inward to ourselves, how much work for a missionary we should find there! How much better we might occupy the time used in condemning others, by casting the "beams" out of our own eyes.

The new year brings along with it many sincere—real, heart-felt greetings. "I wish you a happy new year!" It is grand in the extreme, other things considered, for men and women to enter into the upper chambers of their natures and lives, even but for one day in a year in accordance with the *Harmonical Philosophy*. To live in that spirit that we can cheerfully take our *old and bitter foes* by the right hand, and wish them in all sincerity of our best nature, a happy new year. A happy new year to every human soul, is our sincere wish!

Many thousands of our fellow citizens of Chicago and the Northwest, have, within the last *twelvemonth*—since the last general greeting of "I wish you a happy new year"—passed through trials that were of a nature almost unparalleled in history. One year ago this new year's day, they, with happy smiles, greeted their friends and acquaintances in the full expectation that another year would bring similar greetings under like favorable circumstances. Alas, how uncertain are all human calculations! The blessings *we most esteem* are *fleeting and transitory*. We know not what a day may bring forth. We build our storehouse and gather in our crops, and expect to enjoy the fruits of our labors in ease and comfort, when lo! the destroying elements sweep over the land—all is consumed, and our most sanguine expectations are forever blasted.

In such a calamity a terrible lesson is taught. It comes through suffering, mental and physical, inexpressible. Loved parents, children, kindred and friends, are severed in a moment by the devouring elements, which have been thus unchained at an unguarded moment.

The few moments of suffering by those who were consumed by the fiery elements so recently brought near to us, can better be imagined than expressed! How horrible the spectacle to be beheld, aye, to be contemplated! Our demonstrated philosophy, only, brings the true balm of consolation. *Spiritualism demonstrates* that those loved ones who fell victims to the devouring element, are to-day in a world of real life and activity, above the effects of the elements that destroyed their physical forms, and feel to, and do, sympathize with those dear to them, with a greater degree of intensity than they were capable of when subject to physical conditions.

This thought cheers the Spiritualist amidst suffering, by the most severe calamities that befall him. He sees the husband, the wife, the child, the brother, the relative and friend, that fell beneath the consuming fire, an arisen soul—an angel in a beautiful world of light—surrounded by millions of intelligent beings, who love to minister to the every want of a new born spirit.

Such new born spirits, by the aid of others, come closely *en rapport* with the loved ones left behind, and under favorable circumstances, whisper words of cheer and comfort in the mental ears—proclaim more fully in the hours of slumber, when the external senses are more passive and quiet—saying, fear not, an angel father watches over you, a loving mother inspires you, an affectionate, prattling child brings flowers, and enwraps your sleeping, *wail-stricken form*, a loving brother or sister is ever with you, and ere long will welcome you to the home of the blest in the world of light.

To our friends—Spiritualists everywhere—we bid you, one and all, a happy new year, and say to you, place not your affections upon physical, mundane objects, that may perish in an hour, and in perishing, perhaps, consume your physical bodies along with them, but remember that the embellished soul—the truly developed mind—is imperishable; in it is centered all real treasures—such, alone, as you can carry with you to the *higher life*.

E Terry, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Sent to our care twelve dollars for our afflicted brother, Austin Kent, of Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., which we forthwith despatched to him.

Mr. Kent is a worthy brother, so badly crippled that he can not even feed himself, nor walk a step. Such charities are well bestowed, and worthy of imitation.

An average New York fashionable party now costs about five thousand dollars, a small fortune for a good many people.

Items of Interest.

—Read the able discourse of D. W. Hull on 84 page.
—Miss Susie Johnson is still lecturing at Port Huron.
—J. G. Fish is lecturing on Geology with good success. His address is Avon, N. Y.

—We shall publish in our next an able article from F. B. Dowd on Statuolence.

—Mrs. S. A. Rogers, trance and inspirational speaker, can be addressed at Lewiston, Me.

—The National Suffrage Committee will hold a Convention at Lincoln Hall, in Washington, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of January.

—M. W. Turner is now lecturing at Kansas City, Mo., where he can for the present be addressed. His permanent address is St. Louis, Mo.

—Mrs. Margaret Bush writes: "Why don't mediums come to Texas? If such a man as E. V. Wilson would come here how much good he would do."

—Miss Ruth Painter, a Welsh lady, recently arrived from Europe, is preaching in Blue Earth County, Minn. She is regularly licensed by the Congregational Church.

—The indefatigable D. W. Hull is to have a discussion with Elder W. R. Jewell, of Waukegan, Ohio, at Crawfordsville, Ind., commencing March 11th. Mr. Hull is one of our ablest and spiciest debaters.

—Attention is called to the new advertisement of the celebrated and well-known analytical physician, Dumont C. Duke, M.D. The uniform and almost unvaried success that attends his practice shows his power over disease.

—Dr. J. H. Rodde, magnetic healer and physician, has just returned to Philadelphia from Holyoke, Mass., and may be consulted from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. daily, except Sundays, at 1005 Race street.

—What law or force gives the world its rotary motion and sends it on its diurnal trip around the sun?—Inquirer. Reply.—See "Cosmology," by Ramsey. For sale at this office. Price postpaid \$1.66.

—Dr. Samuel Underhill when last heard from was at Springfield, Ill. Will he send us an account of his doings. Everybody should read his work on Mesmerism. As a developing medium, lecturer on temperance, etc., he cannot be easily excelled.

—Monson people are considerably excited over the appearance of a woman, or a ghost, or a man dressed in woman's clothes, or some other species of person, who meets and follows men who are out late at night, or up early in the morning.—Boston Herald.

—A Pennsylvania court has granted an injunction against a Catholic bishop, restraining him from removing a priest from his pastorate. The circumstances are not given in the despatch; but it is manifest that the decision is a "new departure" in the relations of civil and ecclesiastical authority.

—An English clergyman tells a story illustrating the way some persons read the Bible, looking upon it as a kind of charm or fetich. He was called in to visit a dying woman, and when he went he found her husband with his eyes streaming in tears reading to her a list of genealogies from the Book of Chronicles.

—Spurgeon delights in the story of the genuine conversion of a servant girl. She was asked, on joining the church, "Are you converted?" "I hope so sir." "Why do you think you are really a child of God?" "There is a great change in me, sir, from what there used to be." "Can you explain what this change is?" "I don't know, sir, but there's a change in all things; but for one thing—I always sweep under the mat now."

—Dr. Kayner is engaged to lecture at Watseka, Iroquois Co., Ill., Saturday evening and Sunday morning and evening, January 20th and 21st, 1872. Also at Milford, same county, January 27th and 28th. The friends residing in that vicinity who are desirous of hearing from this able lecturer should at once make arrangements for the intermediate evenings while they have the opportunity to secure his services. His address is St. Charles, Ill.

—Hon. Dan. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, a leader of the Northwestern Democracy, goes for an aggressive, organized hand-to-hand fight with a Democratic candidate against Grant. As Mr. Lincoln would say, this reminds us of a "little anecdote." A wicked fellow was desperately sick, and lying at death's door, when he was called upon by a minister, who urged him, in view of his probable early departure from the shores of time, to "wrestle with the Lord." The sick man called attention to his emaciated limbs and unstrung muscles, and said, "Do I look like 'wrestling with the Lord'? Why, he would trip me into hell the first pass."—*Knoxchange*.

—A Wisconsin poetess, residing, no doubt, in the rural districts, has spread her fine abilities on foolscap in the shape of a Poem on Chicago. She commences to pour it on as follows:

Oh, city fallen! fallen low—
Bow down with shame thy lifted head,
Now, thy fall is great indeed;
Now for thee let tears be shed.
Through several verses she scintillates, and then bursts forth in full blaze in this verse:

Blacker than the dreary waste,
Left on thee by the scouring flame,
Is this foul stain thy hideous sin
Has left forever on thy name.

—Bro. D. J. Dingam writes as follows from Louisville, Ky.: "The Children's Progressive Lyceum had an exhibition and Christmas tree on the afternoon of December 25th. Quite an audience assembled to hear the declamations, calisthenics, singing, etc. The distribution of gifts from the tree by Santa Claus created considerable merriment and satisfactory feelings among all present. It was said by those who have attended similar entertainments in other cities, that they considered this excellent anything of the kind they ever had experienced. It being our first attempt we felt greatly elated. In the evening we had a ball where one hundred couples tripped the light fantastic toe. The whole proceeds are to be appropriated toward furnishing a complete outfit for the Lyceum here. Both afternoon and evening entertainments passed off harmoniously. All appeared in good spirits."

—Dr. Daniel White, formerly of St. Louis, has removed to Topeka, the capital of the great and growing State of Kansas, and has joined Dr. T. B. Taylor in the practice of medicine. They are giving special attention to the treatment of all chronic diseases. We deem it but just to say that Dr. White is one of the most successful physicians in the West. He has practiced medicine for thirty years with great success. Dr. Taylor is a successful electro-magnetic healer, and has made some splendid cures recently. The sick can address them at Topeka, and be successfully treated through the mails, or patients visiting them will find comfortable board at reasonable rates in the city. All chronic diseases that are curable yield readily to their method of cure.

—The *Patriot*, of Springfield, Mo., speaks as follows in reference to Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson: "Mrs. Wilcoxson, a lady of fine talent, has been delivering lectures or discourses upon Modern Spiritualism, in the city for a week or two past. Last Thursday evening she gave a very forcible enunciation of her views, at the Court House, to a very respectable audience. Last Sabbath evening she delivered a lecture at the same place, as crowded house. She is the most remarkable female lecturer that we ever heard; has a fine clear voice for speaking in public; her thoughts flow easy and her words are well chosen. Her arguments are free to admit, show a great depth of thought and intelligence, and mark her as more than an ordinary woman. We love to hear her speak, for she enters upon her subject as one thoroughly acquainted with it, and with an earnestness that plainly shows her heart is in the work. We know our people will gladly listen to her lectures, and hope she will remain a few days longer, and give all an opportunity to hear her."

—The *Witness*, of New York, is a semi-religious paper, and as such has met with immense success. It goes into religious spasms, moral contortions, and virtuous ruminations, upon the fact that the *Tribune* of this city worships Mammon more than the Orthodox God. It speaks of the Sunday issue of the *Tribune* as follows: "From a contemporary we learn that in a recent Sunday issue 'It was found necessary' in consequence of the want of space, to omit every line of telegraphic matter, as well as to press despatches. Public opinion in the desolated city must still be of a most perfunctory sort, when the leading journal is thus obliged to omit the news of the day, and to devote its entire space to a pretentious justification. If this is the best service that a great newspaper can do for the true wants of men, our faith in the institution must be shaken. One Chicago friend might aptly use the motto the language of the men mentioned by the prophet Amos: When will the Sabbath be past, that we may set forth (expose for sale) corn?"

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received, and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Progression.

Of all the grand revelations which have marked the era of modern Spiritualism, there is no one so well calculated to fill the soul with true and living hope as that which proclaims in unmistakable terms the fullness and perfection of the great law of progression. To the soul immersed in crime, sunk deeply in the depths of vice; to that large class of humanity who are indifferent to all things save the present, and to those whose souls are ever seeking the better way, it comes alike with healing on its wings; with blessings to all. The child of sin, wearied by the heavy burdens that have been laid upon it by the conditions that have surrounded it ante-natally and post-natally, as it catches glimpses of this beautiful revelation, and feels the thrilling power of the divine within, impressing it with the fact that the beautiful law of progression holds not only all human beings, but all nature within its firm and absolutely unyielding grasp, so that there can be no possibility of escape.

Realizing this thought, the soul leaps with joy in the consciousness that its freedom will come; that it will yet escape the thralldom of a bondage which is always galling, and come out of the darkness which falls with a crushing weight upon it.

The flashes of light gleaming across the heavens and thus revealing the law, may be few and scattered, but they come, and their power is felt by all. Even the thoughtless and indifferent multitude are sometimes startled from their apathy by a consciousness of these revelations, but to the reformer—he or she who goes forth in the world seeking to break the crust of old conservatism, this idea of progression, universal and absolute, is the grand lever by which all are to be moved. The thought of a being who is an absolute reprobate, without any hope or opportunity of reform is most saddening; far worse than annihilation would be. There are certain monstrous ideas that the human soul revolts against as atrocious, unnatural, and consequently impossible, and this is one.

The church has spoken of the possibility of sinning out the day of grace; of becoming reprobates; cast off forever from all hope of return to peace and joy, to happiness and love, but no human soul has ever believed this. It has been the offspring of a cold, selfish intellect, fostered for generations and hardened by repetition, until the mind has uttered the thought; but such an intellectual condition is not easily maintained, and to-day the world, is filled with free-thinkers who have been shocked by the gross and repulsive idea of an eternal hell from which there was no escape.

While the forms of the church may retain vestiges of this infernal doctrine, the people repudiate it, and many of those who minister at the altar, turn away from the thought, and will not give it utterance. Human nature revolts at such a gross libel upon the character of the Deity.

A little boy said to his mother: "I have never known a person so bad that I would be willing to burn them for a minute, and mother, I know God is better than I am."

The law of progress underlies and overtops all other laws; it is the most absolute of all laws, for unto it all laws are subservient.

We rejoice that this is much better understood by mankind to-day, and also in the fact that the angels have come to preach this great sermon of progression.

They tell us that all the pains, all the sufferings, and sorrows that have ever cast their shadow over their pathway, have been under laws which were complementary to, and part of this great universal law of progression; that out of all these conditions however hard they may have been, for the time, they have come with cleaner garments and purer aspirations, and when the mists and fogs of error and darkness which have surrounded them have cleared away, the beautiful sunlight of eternal progression has shown around about them, and revealed to them the better way, which leads to higher conditions.

The joy that comes to the soul from this knowledge of progression here, is but a foretaste of that higher happiness which it shall realize in the future, when with unfolded vision, and better appreciation of all the past, the soul shall look back and review the lessons of life, teeming as they have been with so much of practical value that was not realized by it when it was passing through these experiences.

Reading thus, chapter and page of life's great book, we may gather new lessons with deeper meanings each time, and then, looking around us in the clearer atmosphere of the higher life, we shall see that this great law of progress is the very foundation on which God has built His universe, material and spiritual. Thus the study of all laws and principles leads to the one great fact, the knowledge of the perfection of the law which binds them all as one, and links them to the Infinite.

Nor is this all. For when the vision of the soul in the inner life is so unfolded as to go over the past and glean the valuable lessons that we have left all along life's pathway, because we could not carry them with us; when it realizes its present attitude and relation more clearly, then it is prepared to go forward with perfected vision, and see something, at least, of the grandeur and beauty of the higher fields which lie beyond, where, surrounded by conditions which shall aid us in our journey, so that all the masks and shams that have marred the lower condition shall be laid aside, and in the glorious freedom of true lives, the soul shall find that the burden of its labors are not required to correct its mistakes, and change its important conditions; but clad in the white robes of purity, and walking in the conditions of the higher life, relieved from all those conditions which now harden us, new and more beautiful thoughts and aspirations will cheer us; the better realization of the present, and the bright, gleaming hopes of the future, undimmed by sin and sorrow, will bring heaven into our souls; and still, in the highest condition which can be attained, the law of progression, more refined and beautiful than ever, will shine above and around us, and as we grasp the rounds of this great ladder, we shall mount upwards with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

We may compare the laws of the universe to the geological strata of the earth, which lie one above the other. Man could not have lived when the primitive crust of the earth, the granite rock, was the highest development. So there are laws so low down in the scale that they bring disease and death to man whenever he comes under their influence.

In order for the operation of the law of progress on the material plane, it was needful that the

crust of the earth should be broken up and upheaved into hills and valleys, with their dips and inclinations, so that all might be mingled into one, and form the various soils on which first plants, then animals, and lastly man, could live.

Although the granite of itself, would not furnish the proper conditions for man to live in, when it is taken from its bed and chiseled by the hand of the architect, it makes beautiful and enduring temples and dwelling places for man. So, even the conditions which we have called the lower are essential to man's progression, and the breaking up of the strata of these has led to the development of conditions which have produced what we find to-day, and while we speak of higher and lower laws, let it not be understood that we suppose for a moment that there is not any one that is not good in itself and proper in its place.

The law which produces an atmosphere upon any globe, may be compared to this moral law on the plane of mind, and without this, man can not exist.

We know that atmospheres are not equally pure. So these moral laws may and do vary, and there are persons who now live in the murky atmosphere of crime, which may be compared to the old carboniferous atmosphere that supported plants and a few animals only. But the moral atmosphere, like the physical, is growing clearer, and the world, material and spiritual, is moving onward and upward, and the day is coming when there shall be a still better atmosphere, spiritually and physically, and man shall live upon higher and purer planes in all departments of his being. The law of progress must and will bring this about.

Man may and does co-operate with the law. This is his highest mission, the sum and substance of his education, to show him how to live, how to bring himself into the best relation with the very highest laws that he is capable of reaching, and when this lesson is fully impressed upon man, and he carries it out, the law of progress will operate with accumulated speed, and man will walk in higher fields and perceive grander truths than he has ever yet realized.

We know that all mankind desire the coming of this good time, but who will work for it, earnestly, honestly, and sincerely? Let us lay aside every prejudice, every hindrance, and seek for a larger capacity to receive the truth, which is ever ready to flow in upon us just as rapidly as we can take it in. Then let us help each other in all directions to find it, and having found it, let us not be afraid to live it in our daily lives, and thus bring the good time which has been so long predicted and hoped for, into our present experiences. Let us ask ourselves every day are we willing to do the best we can? For assuredly if we are, the good time has already come to us.

"'Tis gleaming in the twinkling star,
'Tis glowing in the sun,
'Tis written on the stormy cloud
Where the crinkled lightnings run.

Beneath the strata dark and deep,
Mid subterranean fire,
'Tis written in those powers that leap
And evermore aspire.

Progression in the mighty past
Rolls on forevermore,
And God around the Universe
Sweeps, like ocean round its shore.

Deep currents play, and mighty tides
The whelming billows roll,
And over all triumphant rides
The world's Great Oversoul.

Whelmed in the tides of being,
We live our mighty day,
And towards the sun of life and light
Like plants and flowers we pray.

Our souls their petals open wide,
To drink the blessed air,
And where'er life expands a leaf,
The love of God is there.

He builds the archway of the sky,
And whirls the glowing sun,
Eternity gives no reply
When his great work is done!

Forever and forever still,
His loving heart must beat,
And ever from his life to ours
Flows a communion sweet.

Oh God! the Father, mighty One!
In star, in planet, and in sun;
In atoms small
In rains that fall,
In sunbeams making glorious all;
Upon Thy sacred name we call!

—E. S. Wheeler.

To the Friends of Humanity.

At a meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists, held at Troy, N. Y., Sept. 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1871, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That there is need of more liberal, humane, and comprehensive methods for the relief of diseases of the mind. That we recognize the possibility of great good to the human family from psychopathic (magnetic) treatment of the insane, and that all efforts in that direction commend themselves to the hearty support and co-operation of all Spiritualists and persons of liberal thought.

The following persons were appointed to consider the subject, obtain such information as they can in regard to it, and report to the Association next year:

Henry T. Child, M.D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Penn.; Henry F. Gardner, M.D., Boston, Mass.; I. G. Atwood, M.D., corner of Irving Place and 17th street, N. Y.; Susan C. Waters, Borden-town, N. J.; Sophronia E. Warner, Cordova, Ill.; Andrew J. Davis, Orange, N. J.; Dr. Meade, Boston, Mass.

As Chairman of the above committee, I am desirous of receiving, not only from the members of the committee, but from all persons interested in this important subject, information in reference to it, and would be much obliged by an early reply to the following questions:

1st.—Have you any direct information in reference to cases of insanity treated by magnetism?
2nd.—Have you treated any cases, or witnessed the treatment by others?
3rd.—Can you give me any information of the general plan of treatment of insanity?

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148 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. ROBINSON while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought *en rapport* with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the positive and negative forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal remedy or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of

Original Essays.

Psychology.

BROTHER JONES.—The word psychology does not convey the same meaning to all minds. We hear a great deal about it every day, and the common acceptance of the term does not agree with the definition of the same in our dictionaries.

Webster defines it to be "A discourse or treatise on the human soul; the science of the human soul; specifically the systematic or scientific knowledge of the powers and functions of the human soul, and so far as they are known by consciousness."

This is not the accepted meaning of the term. It is generally understood as being the art of throwing susceptible persons into a peculiar condition in which the subject is entirely under the control of the will of the operator. But the true meaning ought to be thus rendered, viz: An imaginary science, which, it is said, teaches how to induce a partial mesmeric condition, by the aid of a peculiar force, force, or power, supposed to exist in excess in persons called operators, and which, when concentrated by them, renders susceptible persons entirely subject to their will, or, in other words (for the time being) their individuality is suspended, making them say and do all manner of contrary and ridiculous things, which even the veriest idiot would blush to be guilty of.

This definition accords with the phenomena usually exhibited by persons while in that peculiar condition, and is nothing but a partial state of what has heretofore been called the animal magnetic condition,—consequently, the supposed power is a myth, and only existed in the operator as long as subjects believed that he had the power to control them, and no longer.

This condition was originally induced or brought about accidentally, by various methods of proceeding, frequently by example, seeing others in the state, or from a belief that persons called operators had power to throw them into it, and not from any power absolutely existing outside of the subject's belief.

In the JOURNAL, sometime before the great fire, I observed an article headed, "MORMONISM—A REVIVAL," in which is detailed a religious excitement, in progress near New Albany, Indiana, where the meetings were conducted by a Mormon Evangelist, from Salt Lake. This article was commented upon as follows: "The Elder in question is a powerful psychologist, and has succeeded in controlling many of the good people of New Albany"—or in other words—as I conceive, and more in keeping with the facts, this Elder is a good speaker, and, perhaps, has a pleasing address, consequently, his eloquence arrested their attention, and being credulous, some of them became sufficiently excited to believe his doctrines, and to join his church—while the example set by these acted on others—thus, what is called a revival has been effected, so that in the whirl of excitement, reason, for the time being, has been so completely suspended "that farmers have stopped their ploughs, in the field, to attend meetings."

This is the routine of all revivals, and it is a common occurrence for well-meaning and credulous persons to be thus affected, or great excitement to embrace the most absurd doctrines that bigotry can invent, and which, in their sober moments they would have turned from in disgust. But, it does not follow that, because some persons under excitement do embrace such doctrines, that the preacher has any power outside of his eloquence or his address to influence any one.

Example has much to do in spreading delusions of all kinds, and the belief that there is a power in any one, will give that power to that person as long as that belief lasts, but, let that belief be shaken or dissipated and the power departs with it.

The same is the case with the various religious doctrines which are inculcated upon false principles. They may flourish until those who are influenced by them grow out of the condition, so, too, when subjects who have been psychologized, become aware that operators have no power to influence them, and that the power to do, or to resist is a quality inherent in themselves, that can be exercised at pleasure, if the will to do so be really exercised, then the assumed power of the operator is over, and only existed because subjects were ignorant of their power to resist.

If there was such a thing as an animal magnetic fluid in nature, it would, long since, have been made evident to our senses, but, as it has never been recognized by any of them, the probabilities against its existence amount to a certainty, and as all the phenomena which have been ascribed to it, can be accounted for upon philosophical principles, or demonstrated by conditions which are natural, I do not see why we should grope about in the dark for an imaginary nonentity, which reason, experiment, and positive demonstration has proved to be a myth.

If being a myth were the least objection to its existence, it would not be worth the trouble of proving my position in regard to it, but, as the erroneous ideas of its nature convey false impressions, retard progress, and are the means of afflicting hundreds of mediums in many unpleasant and serious ways, I feel, that like all other ills that distress humanity, it ought to be set aside, and the true nature of the condition (statu quo) that has been ascribed to it, studied, and the powers possible to persons while in that state practically applied.

Fraternally,
WM. B. FAHNESTOCK, M.D.
Lancaster, Pa.

J. WM. VAN NAME'S MEDIUMSHIP.

BY J. H. MILLS.

It is probably well known to most of your readers that the subject of this sketch is a practicing clairvoyant physician, at 401 Dean street, Brooklyn; but the full power of his mediumship is not generally known, and as you are always ready to publish facts that sustain the proofs of spirit power to minister to those on earth, I have deemed it proper to make a little sketch of some things that have come under my notice and the notice of others.

Dr. Van Name has been holding circles at his residence in Brooklyn, and as these circles are somewhat different from those held by most mediums, and the tests given so positive that it is proper they should be made public.

The circle is opened by an invocation from Dr. Stoddard. Then Robert takes control and gives opportunity for questions to be asked, after which various spirits control. Then Oneta, an Indian, addresses remarks to each one present, making considerable amusement by his quaint manner of expressing truth.

At the circle held October 5th, two spirits came back, and two poems were improvised on subjects given by those assembled. One spirit said his name was Daniel Dodge; that he was seventy-nine years old; died at Whitefield, Maine, February 16th, 1871; was in life a member of the Baptist Church; was much astonished to find himself able to come back, and in very plain, characteristic language gave some good advice.

I wrote to the postmaster at Whitefield, Maine, to ascertain if such a person ever lived there. If he was dead, etc., and yet he had the following reply: "Sir: I have made inquiries in regard to Mr. Dodge, he, or a man by the name of Daniel Dodge, used to live at North Whitefield. He died some time last winter; he was somewhere near the age of seventy-five years. That is all I can learn about him."

That was sufficient to stamp the communication as genuine. The other spirit gave her name as Catharine Crane; twenty-three years old; died at Dunmore, Pa.; was a Catholic, of Irish parentage, and gave me a long and interesting communication. I wrote to Dunmore, and they acknowledged the fact of having a sister dead by that name, but refuses to give particulars until he knows why I made inquiry.

On Nov. 2d another circle was held, at which four spirits came back. The first—whose name I shall not give, as I have not yet had an answer to my letter of inquiry—testified to her happiness in knowing that she could return.

A spirit then controlled and said: "A little child wants to express itself, but is too young. We will act for it. It wants some one to write to its papa, E. G. Wholley, Washington, N. J. It wants that father told that Lulu lives, and does not want him to mourn for her as dead, and wants them to thoroughly and earnestly investigate Spiritualism, that will enable her to come and talk to them. She was two years old when she passed on, April, 1871."

I wrote as directed, but my letter was returned through the dead-letter office, not having been called for. Next, the spirit of a little girl seven years of age controlled, who said her name was Evelina Morton; her father's name was Wm. Morton, who lived at Gorham, Me., and felt badly that the little child two years old, who had just left could send a message to her papa, while she could not, as her papa would not believe. He was a Baptist, and did not believe in spirits coming back. She passed away last February."

I wrote to the postmaster at Gorham, Me., for particulars, and received the following reply: "Mr. MILLS: Mr. Wm. Morton for whom you inquire, lives in this town, but his postoffice address is South Middleton, Me. I understand that he lost a little girl about two years ago, six or seven years old; the name I do not know."

Sufficient, again, to establish the spirit's identity.

The next spirit that controlled, said: "Being a man interested in life in political matters, I am here to fulfill a promise. I said to a friend of mine that if Kilgore and Childs are right I'll be back, for things are going so wrong and politics are so impure."

After giving quite a lengthy dissertation on political matters, the corruption of rings, etc., he said: "I was alderman of the 6th Ward, Philadelphia. I am glad that New York is stirring up the porridge-pot of politics, and bringing to the top the scum and slime. For months before I died, I was too ill to take part in political matters. I had frequently listened to Kilgore—a politician and a lawyer. He once made a speech and said that Spiritualism was the only thing which would purify our politics. I said, 'Well, if these folks are right, I'll come back and stir up a big muss. I have been back several times in Philadelphia, but they didn't know me. I lived near Child in Philadelphia, and often passed by his office. I am a very matter-of-fact man, and I'd like to have Kilgore know that his boy, George Kilgore, taught me to do that which I had heard him assert spirits could do—return after death. From this little George, a son of the man I had heard speak on the subject, I learned the way to come back. My name is Edward Williams, 420 Race St., Philadelphia."

I wrote to Mr. Kilgore, giving him the outlines of the communication, and received from him the following reply and verification of the message:

MY DEAR SIR: In reply to yours of yesterday, received this morning, I have to say that being unable to answer your inquiries, I called at 410 Race street, in company with Mr. Sidney Home, of Boston. We found the widow, Mrs. Sophia Williams, who told her husband and me that Edward Williams, who was alderman of the sixth ward, was a political man and for about ten months before his death, which occurred on the first day of last month, he was too ill to take an active part in politics.

She also said she had heard him make expressions very similar to those in your letter.

Mr. Home gave her a message from her husband, which was very satisfactory, and which touched tenderly the fountain of her heart.

She is not a Spiritualist, and was almost overwhelmed by this proof of her husband's affection. It is also true I have a George in the spirit world, dearer than life to me. He was nine years old when he passed away, in 1863. The only mistake the spirits made was in calling me a "politician" when I have come to be almost synonymous with "whif on a large scale."

If you and brother Van Namee would make affidavit that you never knew or heard of the Edward Williams aforesaid, prior to his communicating in the circle, it would furnish a test of the truth of Spiritualism. One such fact is worth myriads of beliefs in that false and pagan notion taught in all our modern self-styled Christian churches, namely: that when the spirit leaves the body it goes to some far off, "undiscovered country," "to that bourne whence no traveler returns."

Hoping our spirit friends may convince multitudes of the truth through your self-sacrificing labors, I remain, as ever,

Your friend,

DAMON Y. KILGORE.

Both Dr. Van Namee and myself can testify to never having known or heard of this man, or indeed any of the spirits reporting at the circles. And thus the good work goes on.
Brooklyn, New York.

The Vexed Spirit of the Departed Porter—What the Officers Think of it.

Ghost stories are becoming "alarmingly" frequent. That this is a genuine one, without a particle of fiction about it, we have no doubt. We clip it from the Chicago Tribune, of Dec. 21st:

Since the Court House ghost ceased to make dismal noises at the hour of midnight, and thereby frightened the prisoners and attracted hundreds of people to witness his or her performances, nothing in the supernatural line has agitated the minds of the people of this city. That ghost was never seen, and as the jail turkeys would never make any explanation as to the part they took in the reverberations through pipes and the throwing of pieces of iron against the floor from the basement, the public were never able to form any conclusion as to what made the "singular noises." As much mystery envelops a ghost, whose doings were made known to a reporter of the Tribune yesterday, as that of the one who made his home in the old jail for so long a time. That ghost was supposed to have belonged to a criminal who was hung, and his object in visiting the jail was to torment the persons who assisted in putting him out of the way. This one, on the other hand, has no such excuse, as he went out of the world without any assistance and without the aid of a rope; in fact, he was drowned. His name is unknown; but when alive he occupied the humble position of porter in the hotel on Congress street, near Michigan avenue, which was known as Congress Hall. It is now the Custom House, the government having taken possession of it shortly after the great fire.

According to the story of the porter's comrade, the deceased went to the lake one evening last spring to take a bath. About an hour afterward, while he was in bed, the porter came into the room, looking very pale, and, without taking off his clothes, jumped into his bunk and went to sleep. On waking in the morning he could not see the porter, and when he saw his body brought in in the forenoon he became convinced that it was a ghost that had gone to sleep beside him. The servant girls were informed of the circumstance, and they firmly believed the house was haunted by the spirit of the departed porter. Strange noises were sometimes heard in the room

which the deceased had occupied, but nothing was seen of his ghostship until one evening about nine o'clock, three months after the man had been drowned, one of the girls, who had been in the yard, and while walking toward the door leading to the laundry, saw distinctly, as she avers, the form of the deceased, dressed in ordinary clothing, which appeared to be very wet, standing in a doorway a few feet from her. She was frightened at the apparition, for she firmly believed it to be, and screamed. Her voice disturbed the meditations of the visitor, who immediately vanished. This is the only time he has been seen, but he has been heard from frequently.

At the present time the night watchman, the engineer, and two other men who are on duty at the Custom House after nightfall, are somewhat excited and nervous at the manifestations of the presence of the spirit. For the past two weeks they have heard some one walking in the hall between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock, and, although a watch has been kept, no one could be seen. The step, regular and firm, could be heard plainly, but the owner of the boots could not be discovered. The engineer, John Lennan, stated that one evening, while passing his room, he heard some one snoring, the sounds appearing to come from his bed. He, thinking one of the other men had fallen asleep, pushed open the door with the intention of waking him up. As he did so the snoring ceased, and was astonished at finding no one in the bed. This was cruel on his part. The snorer must have been the ghost, and it is no wonder that he is angry and makes manifestations of his ill-will. Lennan does not believe in ghosts, but cannot account for this strange circumstance and for the footsteps he swears he has heard. On another evening, he went into the Inspectors' room in the basement, where the deceased individual used to sleep when at work in the hotel, and found the chairs turned upside down, books and papers thrown on the floor, inkstands upset, and a large desk, which would require the strength of three men to lift, moved from one side of the building to the center of the hall. He had heard no noise in the room before entering it, and hence thinks that the ghost of the porter called in some of his associates to have a drink of ink and a high old time. The disorder in the room confirms this belief. When asked if he did not think the Inspectors had fixed up the room to frighten him, he said he did not believe they did, as they swore like troopers, when they came in next morning, at the condition of their books and papers.

One of the Inspectors, named Harris, is said to have heard the footsteps. He is ill now, and one of his comrades said he was scared so badly one night by some one walking behind him as to be unable to do duty. Whether this is true or not is uncertain, as the residence of Harris could not be learned.

The night watchman, Mark C. Weir, who is a Methodist, and don't believe in spirits of any kind, also had a statement to make. He had frequently heard a noise in the hallway, and imagining that some one had broken into the house with intent to steal, he armed himself and the engineer and started on a tour of exploration. They searched every room and closet, but could find no one. The ghost, or whatever it was, had followed him, stepping when he stepped, and stopping when he stopped. He did not believe it was an echo, because he had heard it when standing still. It would appear to be at one end of the hall, and when he went toward it, the noise could be heard near the place he had just left.

Collector McLean, while washing his hands, one evening, heard a rap on his door. He said "Come in," but no one doing so, he opened the door but could see nothing.

None of the government officers really believe that there is a ghost in the building, because they have not heard the footsteps. Phil. Hoynes, the United States Commissioner, has volunteered several times to remain over-night in the building and be "convinced," but he has failed to do so.

The jolly Tom Andrews, whose tendencies are Spiritualistic, has been consulted, and he inclines to the belief that the foot-ball is made by some one from the spirit-world.

Whether the noises are produced for the purpose of frightening the night-men, or whether they are caused by an angry "spirit" who does not like to have his slumbers disturbed, matters little. Unless the ghost is more violent than he has been, his efforts to get rid of his tormentors will prove unavailing.

Letter from J. H. Rhodes, M.D.

BRO. JONES.—I deem it my duty and the duty of every healing medium to give our evidence and experience in curing disease by the aid of spirit power, operating through us so as to impart a spirit and vital force to our patient sufficient to aid and assist nature to throw off disease. As evidence of the power of magnetism to cure disease, or to reconstruct an injured joint, I will inclose a statement from Wm. Reed, of Philadelphia. I gave Mr. Reed no medicine, neither did I apply anything to his knee but my hand, and that only three times, and in six weeks all the enlargement, pain, lameness, and soreness had entirely left, and the joint was as good and strong as the other. Mr. Reed was not a Spiritualist or a believer in magnetism, and hooted at the idea of being cured by any such humbug, therefore, I deem his evidence to be one of the strongest that can be produced in favor of magnetism, through a healing medium, as one of the best medical remedies for suffering humanity. I have a large supply of evidence of cures performed by myself with the aid of the spirits—some of them even more wonderful than Mr. Reed's, which I will furnish from time to time, in support of magnetism to cure disease. Evidence is always stronger than argument, and much more convincing to the minds of the people.
Holyoke, Mass.

EVIDENCE OF THE POWER OF MAGNETISM.

DR. J. H. RHODES, Dear Sir.—Having been greatly benefited by your skillful treatment I deem it but an act of justice to you to make the following statement:

About six years ago while employed in one of the large machine shops of this city, an accident occurred by which my right knee was dislocated. I at once placed myself under the care of a skillful physician who relieved me but could not cure me. The result was a severe lameness, with considerable enlargement and inflammation of the injured joint, so that it was very painful for me to stand or walk. I again had my knee examined by different doctors, and they all agreed in saying that the injury was of such a nature that a radical cure was impossible; thus leaving with me the not very pleasing prospect of limping through the world for the remaining part of my life. I kept steadily growing worse until about six months ago, when you undertook my case, promising to cure me. I must assert that it was more to gratify you, than any other motive induced me to consent, as I had not the most remote idea of being relieved, to say nothing of being cured. As you doubtless remember, you operated (magnetically) upon me three times, no sitting lasting longer than five minutes. Now as to the result. To my

great surprise I soon began to improve, and continued to grow better for about two months, by that time the injured joint had resumed its natural size, and it now is as well as it ever was.

In conclusion I would say to any that are suffering that they can rely on magnetism as an agency which, if not beneficial, is certainly harmless. There are a number of cures which have been accomplished through the agency of Dr. Rhodes, equally as remarkable as my own. You may make whatever use of this that you may desire, and any one calling on or addressing me can be assured personally of the wonderful effects of your treatment on myself.

Gratefully, yours, WM. REED,
No. 840 Carlisle Street, Philadelphia.

Letter from C. W. Stewart.

DEAR BRO. JONES.—I see in the last number of *Manford's Magazine*, that the Illinois State Convention of Universalists, have disfellowshipped Rev. Mr. Hall, of Illinois, "because," as Bro. Manford says, "he has run into all the nonsense of modern Spiritualism."

Now, we are not acquainted with Bro. Hall, consequently, we shall not undertake to fight his battles for him,—besides, we conclude, if he is a Spiritualist, he knows how to fight them himself.

But Bro. Manford seems to be too general in his accusations of "spiritism," and we would be glad to know in what way spiritism "looses the ties of virtue." Is it in demonstrating the fact of a future existence, or in upsetting old theology? Bro. Manford in his remarks avows his belief in spirit communications; says he has "always believed in them. But modern spiritism is an abomination, and can be tracked by the mischief it sows in families."

Now we happen to be acquainted with a good many Spiritualists, and fail to discover this "mischief," and we more than half suspect that Bro. Manford has forgotten the "railing accusations" of Orthodoxy against Universalists, and is actuated by the same spirit that used to preach the "immoral tendency" doctrine.

That Spiritualism contains a good amount of error we do not doubt, but if what he says is true, "That hosts of good people who believe in spiritism but deplore its evils, are withdrawing from all outward association with it." This would indicate that all such are arrant hypocrites, and the spiritual ranks would be well clear of them.

But if Bro. Manford has "always believed in spirit communication, and believes that the spirits of Bro. Carney and Gammage "still watch over us with fraternal love," we will try and excuse his other shortcomings.

Kirkville, Mo.

Letter from G. B. Dutton.

BRO. JONES.—I send you a small list of subscribers, [\$44.00 was inclosed] which I have obtained. I would be glad to send you a larger number, but I have but little time to spare from my business, which is very pressing just now. Our cause is flourishing finely in this place. The ball is now full in motion, and there is nothing that can impede its onward march. My house is the principal place for holding meetings at present, but will not do much longer. Last Sunday night the house was full, besides many were obliged to stand out-of-doors and hear the best they could. This is really encouraging to one who has struggled along as I have for the last twelve years. Twelve years ago the present month, I arrived in this place from Minnesota. I found but one Spiritualist here,—the venerable Samuel Ralph, who had seen his three score years and ten on this side. He is now in New York City,—or was a short time ago,—and still strong in the faith. I will try and send you more subscribers soon. And now, may the good spirits guide and protect you in this and the life to come.

Waco, Texas, Nov. 29, 1871.

Many thanks, dear brother, for your efforts. If all old subscribers were to make similar efforts, the JOURNAL would be able to do much more in sending out to the poor the glorious truths of the spiritual philosophy, free of charge. The amount of good that result from it would be incalculable. Your example is worthy of commendation and imitation.—ED. JOURNAL.

From the Daily Commonwealth.
Signs of Progress.

The First Society of Spiritualists in Topeka recently held their annual election for officers of the Society, which resulted as follows:
President, Dr. E. L. Crane; Vice President, Prof. C. H. Haynes; Secretary, Wm. F. Peck; Treasurer, John Y. Byron.

These gentlemen were also made the trustees of the society for the coming year.

On last Sunday morning, it was resolved to revive the Children's Progressive Lyceum. This institution in this society takes the place of Sunday schools in other societies, and is designed to make the children acquainted with the laws of their own being, their relations to society, and to the present and future life, etc.

The children and youth of the society, and all others friendly to the movement, are earnestly requested to be present on next Sunday morning, at half past ten o'clock, for the purpose of reorganizing the Lyceum.

A beautiful Christmas tree will be exhibited on Monday night following, on which will be suspended a beautiful present for all the little folks, and also for the older people who take an interest in the society.

On Sunday last, Old Constitution Hall was packed by an intelligent and appreciative audience, to listen to Dr. Taylor's lecture on the punishment due, and certain to follow the transgression of law. The lecturer took the ground that the orthodox idea of hell does not amount to anything compared with the hell of the Spiritualists, and insisted that the only escape was in leading a life of the purest morality and blamelessness of life.

At the close, the doctor announced for his subject on next Sunday night, "Rationalism vs. Fatalism."

The music in these meetings is not easily surpassed, the interest in them is increasing, and it is intended ere long to build a new and beautiful temple with all the paraphernalia peculiar to the society's views, and suitable for their purposes, as scientific religionists.

In her recent lecture at Hartford, Mrs. Woodhull said: "My friends, I had intended to say something in reply to Miss Catherine Beecher's article in the *Times* of last Saturday, but I remember it is a purely personal attack. Miss Beecher told me but a few days since that she would strike me. She has done so, and now instead of returning the blow, I will present her my other cheek, with the hope that even her conscience will not snail her for speaking so unkindly of me as she has. The Bible, which Miss Beecher loves so much, says, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for by so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.' She may profess Christ, but I hope I may exceed her in living his precepts."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has invented what he calls a new beatitude, which is, "Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and who can not be persuaded to say it."

MUCH OF THE UNHAPPINESS IN THIS WORLD arises from giving utterance to hasty, unkind words.

Voices from the People.

PENNVILLE, IND.—S. F. Thomas writes.—We have been out of the field for at least sixteen months, but with renewed energy we propose to again enter upon our heaven assigned calling,—to heal the sick, cast out evils, and preach the gospel to the poor. I will receive calls to lecture up to the 6th of January, 1872, at this place. Should be glad to receive calls to lecture in Michigan, Indiana, or Wisconsin during the winter.

WARSAW, IND.—C. Hendee writes.—I became a trial subscriber for the JOURNAL. Last July I sent you three dollars. Liked the paper first rate, but now I like it better still. I now inclose three dollars, in order to commence anew, hoping it may never have another fiery ordeal to pass through.

LONGTON, KANSAS.—H. A. Wilcox writes.—Inclosed I send you \$5.00 to renew my subscription to your valuable paper.

REPUBLICAN CITY, KANSAS.—J. M. Turner writes.—I can sympathize with you in your loss, as I was burned out by a prairie fire the same day that the fire swept over Chicago. I lost about twelve thousand dollars. But when I heard of the fire in Chicago and other places, I made up my mind to bear my cross without complaint.

Remarks:—Thank you, brother. The fiery ordeal will bring a compensation to the world, and perhaps to those who suffered most by it, in developing the highest and holiest feelings for their fellow men.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—An "Old Californian" writes.—I see that all the loose worldly goods you had were swept out of existence in the dreadful fire which lately befell the rich and beautiful city of Chicago. This crushing misfortune must not dishearten you. I am poor, could find nothing to do for a long time, am sick and nearly bottom dollar, but I will divide my little pile; so I inclose to you a one dollar greenback, to aid you in your misfortune, and to assist in keeping alive a paper which has the boldness to give expression to free and liberal thought in the face of the intolerance, selfishness, and bigotry of sectarianism. Be true, and the angel world will prosper and protect you.

Thank you, brother, or sister, as the case may be. The dollar shall be used to send the JOURNAL free to the poor widows and orphans who apply for it, four months.—ED. JOURNAL.

EL MONTE, CAL.—J. Cleminson writes.—Inclosed please find post office order for \$5.00. You have my heart-felt sympathy for the trouble and losses you have experienced in the recent calamity that has befallen your city, and be assured that you should feel it in a more tangible shape had the means at command.

TIPTON, IND.—J. W. Matthews writes.—I can not think of receiving the JOURNAL without paying for it. I only wish, dear brother, I was able to send you a thousand dollars to spread the gospel of truth to the hungry thousands; but I hope to see better days.

WATERLOO, ONT.—Titus Sherd writes.—I am sorry for your great misfortune, and wish I had the means to assist you. I was glad to see the paper appear again, and I think you may consider me a life-subscriber, but that does not amount to much, as I am over 72 years of age.

OSSINEKE, MICH.—Samuel Elsworth writes.—I write to inform you that you are not forgotten, though I have failed to write sooner. I have also been scourged by the fire-fiend. I have not been able to assist you in your well-doing. The JOURNAL is still making its weekly visits to our fireside to cheer our hearts, and I hope to be able to remit to you for a renewal of my subscription before the old expires.

WICHITA, KANSAS.—W. E. Campbell writes.—Again the brilliant JOURNAL has renewed its thrice welcome visits to my humble cot. Like gold tried in the furnace it has emerged, bright and pure, teeming with bravery and truth. May the good angels stand by you, and assist in directing you. Bigoted theology is already baffled and crippled. Still she is recognized by an entire nation. (Stagnation.) If the doctrines of churches are true, it is feared she will be swallowed up by a more powerful nation, commonly known as *dam-nation*. In this county there are three orthodox ministers who hold sweet communion with spirits (ardent spirits). The county also has the honor of supporting a big double listed, indolent, orthodox minister and family, all of whom could pay "Fuddy on the railroad" without injury to their muscle or character. Another of God's evangelists on route for heaven (via water) betrayed the confidence of a farmer, stole a sack of sugar and eloped. Has not been heard from since.

LOS ANGELOS, CAL.—D. Anderson writes.—It is useless to say that I am sorry to hear of your adversities, for all good men can not but be so. I therefore send you another \$2.00, and consider that I am a subscriber during my life. I am 62, and as hearty a man as I know. You can depend upon it, I will send the news from the Summer Land as long as I am here, and when I get over I can do for myself.

CRETE, NEB.—E. J. Thompson writes.—I inclose \$7.00. You will see by the names that these are all new subscribers, and with the exception of \$2.50, is money donated by our good brother, J. W. Vose, of this place, who is one of our whole-souled men, and is helping the cause all in his power. He is himself a subscriber for other spiritual papers, and thinks he had rather give his money to those who are not as well able as he is to subscribe. This is all for men who are seeking light, and I think a good way to find it is by reading the JOURNAL.

FRONTENAC, MINN.—H. Savage writes.—We can not do without the JOURNAL, and if the money we send you is lost, we shall send more for its continuance.

LASH'S MILLS, IOWA.—Orrin McKawn writes.—I send you \$1.50 to renew my subscription for six months; would like to renew for a year, but money is hard to get, and in consequence I was thinking of stopping the paper; but will not desert you now. The paper must be sustained.

RUSHFORD, MINN.—T. Raymond writes.—I will not give up the JOURNAL as long as I can raise fifty cents. May the angels ever guide and guard you.

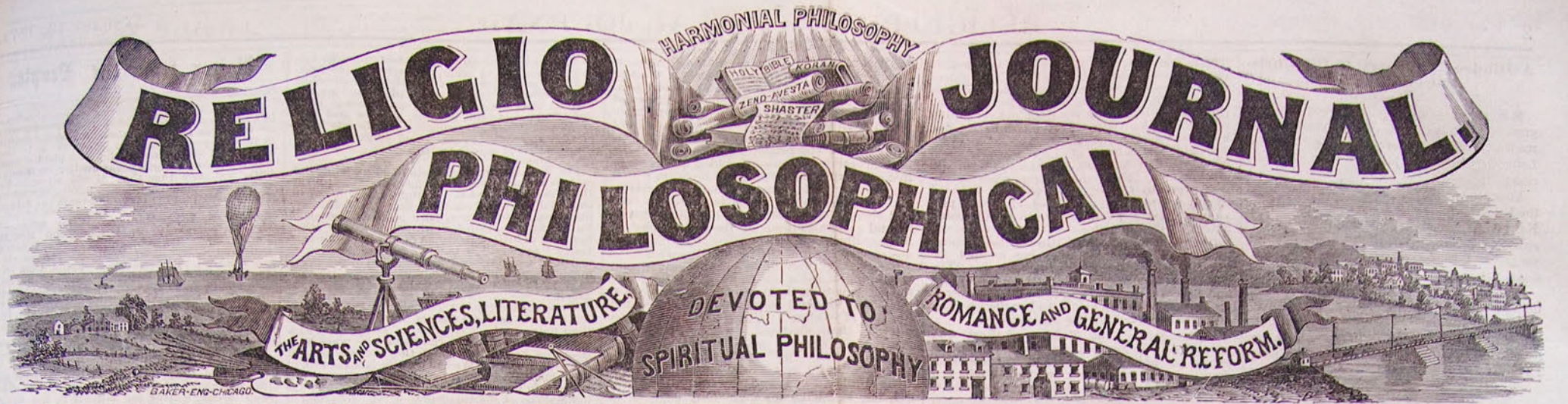
LEOMINSTER, MASS.—J. Dickinson writes.—I believe the great calamity of Chicago has brought out the true metal. Such a spirit as yours can not be crushed. I never received a gift with more true happiness than I did the JOURNAL after the fire.

KENDALLVILLE, IND.—H. Leavenberg writes.—Inclosed please find post office order for \$3.00, which you will please place to my credit, to aid me in subscription. I am not very well off in this world's goods, but am bound to pay for the paper if it takes all I have got.

MERIDIAN, MISS.—L. M. Hart writes.—Please find inclosed \$6.00 in a post office order, for a subscription to the JOURNAL. I have received the paper since January 23rd, 1871, without soliciting or ordering it. I never thought you had sent it to me for the love you bore a stranger, but I took it in, and it is but fair I should take care of it, even coming as it did. Knowing your misfortune in being burned out, I send you arrears, and provide for another year, hoping to remain in the form long enough to read it out.

GENESEO, ILL.—Simon Fuller writes.—You will find inclosed \$3.00 to renew my subscription to your valuable paper. You have my heart-felt sympathy in this your hour of need. I would have sent it sooner, but for the want of means. I am 81 years old and quite feeble, but I want the JOURNAL as long as I live.

And you shall have it, venerable brother. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has a guarantee of life from the spirit world for five hundred years at least. But little over five years of that time has elapsed. We will publish, and you shall have the reading of it, free—if necessary—during the whole of our lives on the material plane. If we pass on first, this shall be a specific bequest, that our successors shall furnish the JOURNAL to you as long as you may want—pay or no pay.—ED. JOURNAL.



(\$5.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.)

S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

[SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]

CHICAGO, JANUARY 13, 1872.

VOL. XI.—NO. 17.

Phantoms and Apparitions.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—As the following letter of inquiry is of singular interest, I lay it before your readers, with the subjoined reply.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Dear Sir.—I desire information on the topic of apparitions. Medical books refer to the case of Nicolai, a German, of the latter part of the last century, who published an account of the apparition that he beheld from February 24th, 1791, to April 20th, of the same year. Dr. W. A. Hammond has republished a portion of it in his essay on wakefulness, pp 57—62. If you cannot refer readily to the work, I will transcribe portions of it, and underscore such parts as I wish you specially to consider in your answer.

Nicolai states that he was accustomed to be bled twice a year this had been done on the 9th, of July, but was omitted at the end of the year 1790. During the ten latter months of that year he had experienced several melancholy incidents that deeply affected him. In January and February of the year 1791, he met with several other extremely unpleasant circumstances which were followed on the 24th, of February, by a most violent aberration. His wife came into the apartment to console him.

"On a sudden," he writes, "I perceived at the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person. I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. She did not see it, and being alarmed for my welfare, sent immediately for a physician. The phantom continued for about eight minutes. * * * * *

"At four in the afternoon the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. * * * About six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures which had no connection with the first.

"After the first day the figure of the deceased person no longer appeared, but other phantoms often representing acquaintances, but mostly strangers. Those whom I knew were composed of living and deceased persons. * * * The persons with whom I daily conversed did not appear as phantoms; those representing chiefly persons who lived at some distance from me.

"These phantoms seemed equally clear and distinct at all times, and under all circumstances, both when I was by myself, and when I was in company, and as well in the day as at night, and in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me in the street. When I shut my eyes these phantoms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I held them with my eyes closed, yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. * * * * *

"I generally saw human forms of both sexes, but they usually seemed not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market place, where all are eager to pass through the avenue! At times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other. I saw also several times people on horseback, dogs and birds. * * * * *

About four weeks after they had first appeared I also began to hear them talk. The phantoms sometimes conversed among themselves, but more frequently addressed their discourse to me. Their speeches were commonly short and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes whose addresses seemed to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided! Their consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone. Sometimes, however, I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was engaged in company, and not unfrequently while real persons were speaking to me. * * * "At last it was agreed that leeches should again be applied to me, which was actually done, April 20th, 1791, at eleven o'clock in the morning. During the operation my chamber was crowded with phantoms of every description. This continued uninterrupted, till about half an hour after four o'clock, just when my degeneration commenced. I then perceived that they began to move more slowly. Soon after their color began to fade, and at seven o'clock they were entirely white. * * * * * Soon they seemed to dissolve in air, while fragments of some of them continued visible for a considerable time. About eight o'clock, the room was entirely cleared of my fantastic visitors."

QUESTIONS.

1. "Were those phantoms, as Nicolai describes them, what are termed by Spiritualists as spirits?"
2. "What were those phantoms of persons that Nicolai mentions as being living persons?"
3. "What were the horses, dogs and birds he alludes to?"
4. "Did all these phantoms exist independent of Nicolai and his bodily organization? Were they objective or subjective?"
5. "Why did the phantoms increase in number during the operation of the leeches?"
6. "What are the forms, (generally frightful ones) seen by persons suffering from delirium tremens? Are they objective or subjective?"
7. "Were the visions of Jesus seen by the martyr Stephen, the apostle Paul, by the many rotaries of the Roman Catholic church, by Jacob Boehner, by Swedenborg, by Wm. Blake, by Mother Ann Lee, by A. J. Davis, and by multitudes of modern Spiritual mediums, objective or subjective appearances?"
8. "What are the tests to distinguish between objective and subjective apparitions?"
9. "What is the philosophy of the birth growth and development of subjective apparitions or phantoms?"

Other pertinent questions might be propounded, but I doubt not your elucidation of these will so dispell the mist that enshrouds the subject, that additional inquiries will be unnecessary."

REPLY.

1.4. We regard the phantasms seen by Nicolai, as subjective, although possibly some of them may have been objective, because they appear to have entirely depended on his physical and mental conditions. That he heard them talk is no evidence of their objective character, more than his seeing them, for the sense of hearing is as liable to perversion as that of seeing.

2. and 3. "The previous answer covers the second question, as well as the third. That he saw phantoms of birds and beasts, is evidence that they were not objective.

5. "The disturbance of the circulation would, for well known physiological reasons, momentarily increase the tendency of the mind to perceive phantoms, but with sufficient loss of blood this would be counteracted. We learn that the result of depletion was, that the phantoms entirely vanished. They were produced by the unusual plenitude of blood, caused by his not being bled "at the end of the year," and disappeared as soon as that operation was thoroughly performed.

6. "In delirium tremens, the phantoms may be objective, but almost always are subjective.

7. "This question allows only a general statement, covering the entire ground of phantom seeing, from the earliest times to the modern seeing, or clairvoyant mediums. The phantoms must be studied in each individual case to learn to which class they belong. Even known mediumship is not a perfect test of their character. These statements will not be considered as mere assertions, when the answers to the 8th, and 9th, questions are submitted.

"The birth and development of subjective apparitions," can only be explained by a comprehensive philosophy of the mind, such as has not yet been taught. The mind while in the body is reached by and through the brain, and so far as physiological research leads, every impression, no matter through what sense, is received by the brain, transmitted to the mind, and registered in the memory by means of organic changes. To illustrate, a musical note is received by the ear and arrives at the mind by producing a certain molecular change in the substance of the brain. A series of musical notes, each produces a similar effect, but every note a different change. Every object seen by the eye affects the brain in a similar manner through vibrations in the optic nerves. It seems that an impression thus produced can never be forgotten, and that the brain diseased, is more liable to assume the condition into which it has been previously thrown by impressions of objects, than any other. When it does thus assume these conditions, the mind has no power to judge whether the impression thus given, is objective or subjective. For instance, the sight of the rainbow produces a certain condition in the optic nerves, and changes in the substance of the brain. If the nerve is diseased, or disturbed, a similar state may be produced on the brain, and the mind receive visions of the rainbow, even more vivid than the real spectacle, because the changes are greater. In passing into trance, beautiful rainbows and prismatic colors are often observed. In all these instances the mind itself is deceived, and is unable to distinguish between the objective and subjective.

I have not space to fully demonstrate the following statement in this necessary brief reply, but I believe it can be fully relied on. Every subjective phantom is either a resurrected impression, or a combination of impressions, the frequent distortion being the result of such combination. It is not necessary that the resurrection of a former impression be accompanied by the memory of that impression, though really such renewals of an old state of change by the brain, of itself is a species of memory. When a tangible object produces impressions on the brain, these impressions are received by the mind in a direct manner. If the brain assume afterwards, in the absence of any exciting object, the same state, memory, the shadowy presence of that object is produced; but if this state is abnormally intense, the mind fails to distinguish between the two states and receiving the semblance for the reality, phantoms are created. Of course these changes are rarely simple, but blended into each other, and especially in abnormal mental conditions, as the few colored bits of glass of the kalidoscope yield infinite changes, so the mental impressions confusedly blended yield infinite diversity of appearances.

How shall we distinguish these subjective phantoms from the real and objective spirit that appears to the medium? A most important question this, and the more difficult to answer, because the method of spirit appearance and communion are so nearly the same as those by which phantoms are produced.

Thought itself is accompanied with structural change in the brain. The mind receives a certain change, as a representative of a certain idea. Now a spirit wishing to impress a medium with a certain idea, causes the structural change accompanying that idea, and the mind receives the corresponding impressions. Externally over the same field, or at least widely overlying each other, the difficulty of distinguishing between them to be overcome, requires the most careful research. We believe that patient and extended observations of the phenomena connected with trance and clairvoyance, will yet reduce this neglected and unexplained province to absolute certainty and law, but this as yet, has scarcely been attempted; until then we must judge each case by itself. If the vision has the elements of reality in it, it is probably objective, if it has not, but is a purposeless panorama moving before the eye, it is probab-

ly subjective. The crowds that passed before Nicolai, "moving as in a market place, where all are eager to pass through the avenue," the dogs, horses and birds, which mingled with absent friends, by no possibility could be objective; nor can the serpents which twine around the victim of the delirium tremens.

It has been exceedingly prejudicial to rational Spiritualism, that its ardent supporters, with praiseworthy enthusiasm, claimed with it everything of a mysterious character. Nothing is gained, but much is lost, by this extension of the province of Spiritualism.

Man is a spirit while in the body, and amenable to spiritual laws. This fact complicates the question of spiritual influence in a high degree. The answer of the question, "How distinguish objective and subjective impressions," requires little change to answer. "How distinguish between our own thoughts and spirit impressions?"

At present no certain rules can be given; each case must be studied by itself, and, as it were, rest on its own merits. The character of the phantasms, especially, when compared with the circumstances which evoked them, usually reveal their cause.

The importance of this subject can not be too forcibly impressed on the minds of all Spiritualists and mediums. It is highly important to the latter to be able to distinguish the apparitions of spirits from their imaginations, or the unconscious workings of their own mind.

The value of their mediumship almost depends upon their doing so.

The Spiritualist can afford to be skeptical, and winnow so carefully, that only the most golden grains are preserved. Better cast the imperfect kernels out, than garner all the chaff and rubbish. Every phenomena should be imputed to material and known causes, until the contrary be proved. The facts we shall gather by such a course will be irrefragable, and of sterling value; whereas, if we set out claiming everything for spirit power, our cause will be weakened by the failure of a great proportion of our evidence.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

STEPPING OUT OF HIS BODY.

A Man who Actually Believes that he Accomplished that Feat.

Mr. B., a resident of Louisville, Ky., who is noted for the acuteness of his perceptive powers, his intelligence and scrupulous veracity, relates an experience that seems to merit the attention of those who seek to know more of the nature of man, especially since Mr. B. is not a Spiritualist nor an orthodox Christian, who might be suspected of credulity, but a materialist, who believes that the soul is the result of physical life, and ceases to exist as an individuality when physical life ends.

Mr. B. says:—Some years ago I lived in St. Louis. My house was on Olive street, and I occupied two stories of the house. We did our cooking in the first story, and our sitting-room was in the second story, from which there were an outside and an inside stairway, by which we could go down to reach the street.

One evening, returning home about night-fall, I sat down in a rocking-chair in our sitting-room, while my wife went down stairs to prepare supper. From the kitchen she could have seen me if in a somnambulist state, I had gone down either of the stairways, but she is positive that I did not go down stairs. I must have been but a few minutes sitting in the rocking-chair when I had an impulse to go down town. I had no special business, but felt that I must go, and I seemed to go down stairs by the outside stairway. I was not conscious of any unusual sensation. I felt no want of my body—no consciousness of getting out of it, if I was out. I noticed that the street-lamps were lit. Coming to an alley crossing that was muddy, I considered that it was necessary to make a little effort to spring across it, and was astonished to find that I jumped much further than I had anticipated.

Wondering at my buoyancy, I thought I would spring up and see how high I could jump, and, making the experiment I was astonished to find that I had jumped so high that I looked into the second-story windows, and it seemed to require something of an effort to get down to the earth again. Passing on, down street, I met many persons returning from work, and it struck me as singular that none of them gave way to me. I had to get out of their way or they would have run against me. I came opposite a bank and noticed that there was a light inside. This did not astonish me, as I knew that in many banks and stores a light is kept burning all night, but looked in and saw a man inside counting notes. I felt a wish to go in, and I knew the door was shut and locked. I could see that, but it seemed that the door did not close so tightly but I could slip in, and I did so. I noticed exactly the hour that was shown by the bank clock, and could hear the ticking. I went opposite the man who was busily engaged counting notes. He had hair a little grey, and very peculiar features. I noticed that he sorted the notes as he ran them over, throwing the different denominations apart, and then counting them.

Observing this for a few minutes, I was suddenly seized with a dread lest the man should look up, and supposing I had come in with some felonious intent, do me some harm, as by shooting me before I could explain how I got in after the door was locked. In considerable trepidations, I, for the moment, could not see how to get out. I did not remember that I could go out where I had come in. Wishing to have the man see me without being startled, and thinking that the best way to excuse my

presence was for him to see me between him and the door. I went round to his side to attract his attention, but he did not seem to see me even when he looked toward me. I attempted to put my hand on his shoulder to insure his attention, but somehow I could not touch him. I spoke to him but he did not seem to hear a word that I said. Recollecting, then, how I had got in, I went out through the door crack and went straight home, the only noticeable incident being, as on going down town, that those I met did not give way to me. I had still to step aside, or they would have run against me.

On getting back to our sitting-room, I settled myself in the rocking-chair, and the next thing I knew, my wife was shaking me to have me wake up for tea. How long a space had elapsed from the time when I came home from work until my wife called me to supper, I have no means of knowing exactly. Now, I might suppose that the whole was a dream, but for some unaccountable circumstances. One of these was that I had not previously noticed the bank in waking hours. The next day after this curious experience, I went down street as I had seemed to go the night before, and I saw the bank, and the man whom I had seen counting notes was there behind the counter. I recognized, at once, his marked features and grayish hair. I do not think I had ever seen him in my waking hours before. I saw also the clock that I am certain I never saw before the night when I seemed to see it after I went into the bank.

When I thus seemed to verify that I supposed I had seen the night before, I had an inclination to tell the gray-headed banker about it, but I feared he might suppose that I had been in the bank in person for some bad intent, and this restrained me. I am utterly at a loss to account for my experience. That I did not leave my sitting-room, my wife is confident. When she awoke me, I was in the chair as I was when she was down stairs. If there is a spirit distinct from body, and it was the spirit that went down street and saw things previously unknown, why was I not conscious of being out of my body? What purpose could be subserved by a spirit thus going out of the body without any object, and looking into strange places and then going back into the body? But how did I, when asleep in my rocking-chair, fancy the incidents previously entirely unknown, yet which were so strangely verified afterward?—Exchange.

From the Medium and Daybreak.

The Spirit Messenger.

The medium having been controlled, Tien-Sien-Tie proceeded to answer the following questions:—

Q. Is prayer efficacious in restoring the health when it is impaired?—A. Yes. The real philosophy of the matter is simply this:—The person who sends upwards his aspiration for the health of his friend, prepares the psychological conditions surrounding the sick man for the reception, as it were, of spiritual power and health. Prayer is, therefore, simply a means to an end, and one of the many forms of which humanity avails itself for its benefit; it is one method, but not the highest. It is subject to vast improvement.

Q. What is the highest method?—A. The highest method whereby humanity can elevate itself is the absence of the necessity of prayer—where life is one eternal song of praise, and not praise and prayer at intervals, simply when the pressure of circumstances causes humanity to feel its weakness. It is the principal or force within acting upon the individual, and making him feel his dependence upon the laws that govern his being.

Q. Do you mean to say that man is absolutely dependent upon spirits outside of the forces of nature?—A. We would rather have you infer that man is naturally dependent upon the principles of existence. Directly he attempts to infringe them, they make him feel their inflexibility. The more we trust to expediences, the more sure is our discomfiture.

Q. If a medium is troubled with low spirits, how is he to get rid of them?—A. The best method we could advise would be, first to take the medium out of such surroundings as conduce to a low and depraved condition, either physically or intellectually, more especially physically; for low and undeveloped spirits are of necessity drawn to, or attracted by, depraved physical conditions; while, when they find a high standard of physical excellence, it is difficult for them to penetrate the sphere around it. Place the medium in such circumstances as promote a healthy condition of body, thus causing the mind of the medium to centre on all that is pure, noble, and elevating; and this will eventually wake up powers that shall, by organic barriers, prevent the ingress of so-called low spirits.

Q. Take the case of a medium who is surrounded with average good conditions, and who is yet plagued with bad spirits?—A. It is the law, so far as we have been enabled to study the matter, that no imperfect and undeveloped spirit can maintain a hold on another individual unless there be some flaw therein; and therefore we must return to the physical condition of the medium suffering, and we shall find that there is some temporary downfall of the bodily conditions.

Q. Do you think the science of phrenology, in its present condition, is anything like perfect?—A. Phrenology, like all other sciences that for their unfoldment depend upon the intellectual condition of humanity, is not yet in a state of perfection, nor yet in its infancy. Giant strides have been taken, but there is still more to do. We hope to be able to offer our experience on this subject at some future time.

Q. Last week you expressed your inability to answer a question respecting a disease of

the brain which was called by its technical name; may I ask, therefore, if you are unable to understand a question put in a foreign language?—A. As we are sympathetically related to the consciousness of the medium, we are, for the time being, dependent upon his ability. All things that fail to impress themselves upon his consciousness we are unable to make any use of.

THE "STROLLING PLAYER"

then gave a sketch of a hard-working man who, though without vicious propensities, had no desire for anything higher than the gratification of his lower faculties. He might attend church, and be considered worthy of heaven; but such a person would be very uncomfortable in the orthodox heaven, where so many beautiful objects and such charming society were to be enjoyed. He contended, therefore, that the popular notion of paradise was false, as it did not even meet the requirements of those who were deserving of happiness in the future life. He promised that on another occasion he would resume the subject, and sketch the career of such a person after death.

LUCY AGNES WOOD.

"I feel so strange! This is the first time I have done this. I have been asked to come and let my parents know that I am well, and that all that I used to fancy I saw was true. I left the body in June, 1869. I was only fifteen years of age. My name was Lucy Agnes Wood, and I lived at Dunmore Villa, Forest Hill. I want my parents to know that I am so happy, so happy."

The spirit controlled with difficulty, and some of the words could scarcely be heard.

WHERE THE MUMMIES SOULS WENT.

Metempsychosis and Dollars—Plato, Pythagoras, Origen, Fourier, Montaigne, and the Intermittent Bonard Will-case.

The Bonard will-case, when in court, elicited the following:

DR. Clymer testified that he was Attending Physician to the Philadelphia Hospital. He devoted himself to nervous diseases, and has given much attention to the subject of insanity. He is acquainted with bronchial pneumonia. One of the principal symptoms of the disease is anxiety on the part of the patient about his condition. A man suffering from bronchial pneumonia would get up at night, walk about, and betray his disease by exclamations.

Q. What do you understand by an insane delusion?—A. A false illusion.

Q. Give an illustration of a delusion.—I will mention the case of a lady who was of unsound mind. She had an impression that her daughter was possessed of the devil, who took the form of various young men.

Q. Would the expression of a belief by any adult of the human species, at variance with that commonly entertained by his fellow beings, be an indication of irrationality?—A. Not necessarily.

Q. Suppose a man over sixty years of age should express an opinion that the soul of man, after death, passes into the body of an animal, without, however, referring to his own soul; and suppose that the opinion was expressed by him ten years previous to his death, and not within those ten years, would you consider that that belief, assuming it to be a delusion, would continue to the time of his death?—A. There is a strong probability.

Q. Have you studied the subject of metempsychosis?—A. I have.

Q. Give your views on the subject?—A. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls appears to have been very common at one time. It is known as the doctrine of Pythagoras. It was first expressed by the Egyptians, and was their view of the immortality of the soul. The doctrine was held by the Druids both in France and Britain. It was supposed that Pythagoras derived his doctrine from the Druids, but it is likely that he got it in Egypt. It is found among some of the early fathers of the Church. Among others, Origen, who professed to find it in the New Testament, the ninth chapter of John, I think. It is now held by Fourier.

Q. Would you consider a person who entertained such a belief irrational?—A. Not necessarily; it is a belief which has been entertained by some of the first minds in the world.

Q. Is it not at times difficult to draw the line between belief and delusion?—A. The question is a somewhat general one; it is so much of a relative and not of a positive character that I cannot answer it. It is not the number of votaries to a belief that would make me consider it a delusion.

Q. Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?

A. I do not.

Q. What is your belief?

A. I am a Christian.

Q. Have you, in your experience, ever known a person who believed that the soul of an adult of the human species, as my learned friend expressed it, passed into the body of a dog, a monkey, or a cat?

A. No.

Q. Suppose a man of large estate living in a cheap boarding house in the poorest quarter of the city, in the habit of uttering unintelligible exclamations at night, and who made two wills within a short time before his death; would you consider such a man rational?

A. There would be nothing necessarily in those circumstances to prove irrationality.

Q. Suppose a person, under such a belief as metempsychosis, and possessed of a large estate, should leave his property to a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, would you consider him irrational?

A. No.

Further hearing adjourned.

A Hindoo Missionary to the Christians of England

S. S. JONES.—Dear Sir:—It affords me very great pleasure indeed, to offer to yourself and readers another one of "M. D. C.'s" London Letters, which I have just cut from the Cincinnati Commercial.

Your readers are, no doubt, familiar with the English saying: "It is like carrying coals to Newcastle." Well, this saying in a missionary sense is being literally "fulfilled," for, behold! we have "A Hindoo Missionary to the Christians of England!"

Now, there can be no gainsaying as to the utility and almost indispensable necessity to the people in England of Newcastle coal, but, the "coal" which is brought to Newcastle by the Hindoo Missionary, are PEARLS OF COAL, TRUTH!

A. D. SNIVELY
Xenia, O.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 16.

It is just as I apprehended. I remember well, when writing to you about the Hindoos in London, sometime ago, prognosticating Pundits coming over here to teach the English people something about religion. Bishop Colenso told me in conversation of the astonishment he felt when far away among the Zulus, an African responded to his Bible narratives by asking him if he was quite sure of his facts. I have heard, too, Professor Newman relate how he was taken aback, when, as a missionary, he had expounded the plan of salvation to a carpenter in Damascus, the man merely expressed his surprise that a people so clever as the English—especially in cutlery—should have such an odious religion. But, if great Oxonian scholars like these, sent out to convert pagans, have been converted by them, what security has the Most Holy Faith, if these ingenious Orientals shall carry the war out of Africa, and out of India, and—to mix the metaphor a little—beard the lion in his den?

Is this apprehension paradoxical? It certainly is. Nevertheless, the paradoxical often comes to pass. On Sunday last a large and highly respectable audience assembled at a hall in an aristocratic part of the city to hear a discourse from A. Jayram, of Mysore, India, on the seemingly innocent subject of "Education in India." Mr. Jayram (Row is a title equivalent to Prince) holds the high position of Tutor to his Highness the Maharajah of Mysore, and is now on leave of absence to visit Europe for the purpose of studying science and perfecting himself in the Continental languages. He is already able to use English not only clearly, but felicitously. I have learned from himself various interesting facts of his personal history, which I had perhaps better mention at once, lest in the perusal of the singular address I am to report, the question of this gentleman's competency to express such important opinions should arise in any mind. Mr. Jayram, was born at Anantapur, District of Bellary, Madras Presidency, in 1843. He belongs to the highest or priestly caste, which he will lose by his journey to Europe, as he will be unwilling to go through the superstitious forms and sacrifices which, with considerable money in addition, are necessary to purify a Brahmin of high caste who has been tainted by leaving his country for even the smallest time. Through a series of domestic misfortunes he was thrown at an early age upon the hands of his grandparents, who took no care of his education, and it was only in his seventeenth year that he began to study in the Provincial school at Bellary. He next matriculated at Madras University, and became Assistant Master in the Bellary school. He then passed successive tests and became F. A. and B. A. of Madras University. In 1869 he was appointed to the position he now holds. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Jayram is in a position to speak upon educational questions in India. An additional interest was felt in the announcement of his discourse because he is the first Brahmin from the Madras Presidency who has ever come here. We have only had the roseate accounts of the missionaries themselves from that region hitherto. I may add that Mr. Jayram has no connection whatever with the Brahmo-Somez movement, which high caste Hindoos seem to look upon as a sort of Oriental Methodism.

When Mr. Jayram came to St. George's Hall, on Sunday, he was accompanied by a company of students from University College, where he is studying the sciences. This attendance was significant; it was made up of a number of students well known for their deep-dyed rationalism, and at their head was the handsome face of Professor Hunter, a law-lecturer in the same University, which said face has become a kind of banner for any intellectual radicalism going. When the young Prince took his stand behind the footlights, with the sufficiently oriental drop-curtain behind him, there was a visible sensation at the novelty and picturesqueness of the whole thing. He has a very handsome and highly intellectual countenance; a perfectly smooth and bright chocolate complexion—his face of elegance, as if carved out of some fine sandal-wood; and a large, soft and winning black eye. He wore the dark velvet fez of his caste, a black coat buttoned up to his throat, which, parting at the waist, disclosed a dark purple apron which descended below the knee. He is a much handsomer man than Bahoo Chunder Sen, who was justly admired; and his address showed him to have much more scholarship and intellectual power than the Brahmin leader, whose force was in his large heart, and the warmth of his enthusiasm.

In a quiet, clear voice, the Prince began by alluding to the two systems of education which England had introduced into India, represented by the secular and the missionary schools. With much grace, he thanked those who established the latter. So long as the English were making sacrifices under the belief that the poor Pagans are lost unless brought to embrace their faith, they (the pagans) cannot be too grateful. But, said the speaker, sooner or later, the truth must out, that Christianity has no successes in India, and is never likely to have, notwithstanding the working for over a century of a vast machinery especially designed for that purpose. Among the millions of India, the number of educated natives who have become Christians would fall short of the number of one's fingers. The only persons whom the missionaries are the Pariahs, not one of whom, as is notorious, could possibly state any point of divergence between the abandoned and the embraced faith. This class constituted the first of four divisions into which the speaker divided the people of India. They are entirely without education, either English or Hindoo. The second division are of those who possess an elementary knowledge of English and a tolerable acquaintance with Hindoo literature. The third are those who have by their own efforts secured some knowledge of the sciences also. The fourth are the learned men of Hindoo philosophy and Hindoo sciences, "such as doo philosophy and Hindoo sciences," such as they may be. The first class has a religion of the senses—Fetichism. Christianity, "with its medley of dogmas and theories, half fetichistic, half metaphysical," is far less attractive to this class than their own idols and oracles.

The missionary rarely masters the vernaculars enough to make himself intelligible. If he does that, the apostle scarcely forgets the whiteness of his skin, or his comfortable bungalow, enough to mingle with the dark masses toiling under a tropical sun. The missionary's five hundred a year is enough for a splendor in India, which he is fond of. He generally has a phaeton. His hebdomadal harangues fall on careless ears. From the ignorant class the only converts to Christianity are those induced by poverty to accept a faith which always provides at least a livelihood for every Christian native. "Can you wonder, then, if a few unfortunate or unprincipled Hindoos take shelter under a religion which does not compel the idle to work?" But this course is fatal. "The contempt and disgust which these dissipated and ignorant wretches engender in every mind, are in themselves sufficient to bar the progress of Christianity among the better classes."

With regard to the division of those who have a tolerable English education, the speaker said one of its first results was to make them skeptical concerning their own native religion; and if he challenges his own country's beliefs, he is tenfold more severe in his criticisms upon the alien faith—Christianity. "He pounces upon the thousand metaphysical difficulties which surround its doctrines, and which have puzzled the ingenuity of its highest philosophers, without being brought one step nearer to a satisfactory solution. Nay, he rips open its very fundamental conceptions, chasing to light every inconsistency, inconsequence, and self-contradiction lurking or enshrined therein, while their helpless champion, trembling with horror, but unable to stop this work of vandalism, wonders if Heaven's wrath has spent its lightning. Meantime, the havoc proceeds. The shattered images crowd on every side. The different attributes of the godhead, so irreconcilable with one another, and, therefore, incapable of predication together: the strange doctrine of prayer, also useless if (God be just, so impious, so blasphemous, if implying his openness to adulation); the simultaneous belief in Predestination and Free Will, an impossibility, both of thought and fact; inherited sin, and salvation through the sufferings of an innocent God—a conception allied to the wild caprice of blood-thirstiness—and, to crown all, the working of this very salvation through centuries of human suffering, without bringing the greater part of mankind any salvation at all—this scheme, which even human pride might blush to own."

The rest of this passage, uttered in a ringing but never loud voice—spoken with eloquence of dark eye-flashes as well as of tones—had its close drowned in a spontaneous outburst of applause from the intent English listeners. Could I believe my ears? Can an assembly in this Christian land applaud such sentiments? I looked around to see if the company was made up of the Bradlaughites, the Secularist regulars, the South place Radicals, the Vosevites, with most of whose faces I am tolerably familiar. Not at all; they were as average an audience as one could find listening to symphonies at St. James' any fashionable evening. When the Hindoo found that he had the sympathy of his audience with him, he unsheathed himself even more freely, and brought before us a droll picture of the missionary dodging the learned Pundit—who ever goeth to and fro seeking a missionary to devour argumentatively, a process—as missionaries go—not very difficult. He mentioned it as a remarkable fact that no instance has ever been known of a missionary even attempting to convert a learned man or Pundit. Such he gives a wide berth when he can. But unluckily he is not always successful. "The Hindoo, in whose constitution a love of controversy is constitutional, seeks out his antagonist, and hurls at him every objection in the most damaging form that his ingenious brain can devise, while the preacher, goaded to the quick and unable to maintain a show of contest, flies into a passion or gets entangled in platitudes which bring upon him mischievous merriment." But the final and deadly blow which the always feeble prospects of Christianity in India have received was stated by the orator to be the discovery which the prevalence of the English language and literature has forced upon India, that this religion—whose only forcible argument was that it was the religion of "English intelligence and civilization"—this religion recommended to India is "exposed to a life and death struggle from the rapid advances of science in the very land of its highest triumphs, in the very cradle of its early successes!" If Christianity has little chance with the very ignorant in India, if it only rouses the antagonism of the tolerably educated, what chance has it of conquering the conviction of the scientific, or the prejudices of the Hindoo Literature? The speaker showed that these—his last two divisions of the people of India—were profoundly engaged in translating their old faith into a rational substance, and converting their gods into ideas; and could abhor nothing more than another and fresh importation of miracles and legends. He gave a most interesting account of the present phase of Hindoo Philosophy. "The state of society in India, in respect of beliefs and principles of action, is and has been for a long time, very much like that of Greece and Rome in their palmy days. In those countries the beliefs of the higher and educated classes—of their philosophers—had little in common with the superstitions of their less advanced countrymen. If they tolerated them it was because they were prudent, or because they knew that all men could not be philosophers. Something like this obtains in Hindoo society. If the Pundits encourage the popular beliefs, it is from policy. Their philosophy is to subtle for the masses, nor is it their interest—being priests—to popularize it. The Brahmin has two schools—the esoteric and the exoteric—the one full of ceremonies, prayers, penance; the other of discussions of the phenomena of the universe." All of which was taken to be such a fair transcript of the Broad Church in England that the audience was amused, and some one in my vicinity whispered out: "Stanley all over."

The speaker, unconscious of the parallel he had suggested, proceeded to claim that no system of philosophy is more "logical and profound" than the Vedantic, which, he affirmed, very nearly approaches that of Mill and Bentham in fulfilling the requirements of modern scientific thought. Buddhism—an offshoot of Hindoo philosophy—was simply an unsuccessful effort to reconcile its rational character with the emotional cravings of the masses. The original philosophy which Buddha thus compromised with popular ignorance is much purer. "It could appear to all but for the misleading fact that the Vedantic Philosophy expresses itself by a mystical phraseology." This is not, the speaker submitted, a demerit, for it amounted simply to using the actual language which represented Hindoo habits of thought. "The Berkeleyan Idealism, which reduces both the objective and subjective worlds to permanent possibilities of sensation—undoubtedly the most logical theory yet conceived by the European intellect—has been distinctly enforced in the Hindoo philosophy for centuries. When it enunciates that the internal and external worlds are varying manifestations of one principle—'Maya,' the mere dhalier in Hindoo philosophy thinks only of the goddess so named, and pronounces the doctrine absurd."

the patient student finds that though the ordinary meaning of "Maya" is illusion, the real significance of it is Phenomena (in contradistinction to Noumena). The modern theory of Evolution is shadowed in the Vedantic resolution of all into one unconscious, self-existent and ever varying principle—matter with its many aspects and properties. From this flows its conception of necessity, which means only that constancy and uniformity of nature which European science affirms. The popular Hindoo notion of three deities is merely a flesh and blood personification of the three fundamental generalizations of the philosophy of force. Brahma is the constructive, Siva the destructive, Vishnu the restorative—Force."

The speaker went on to say that the awakened mind of India was eagerly, "Only, like the magic gate in the Arabian Nights, the portals of our hidden energies open to no sound but that of wisdom." Christianity has not yet uttered that charmed word. He criticized the secular schools of the government and its universities severely, because they not only do not teach what India needs and craves above all, Science, but have no man there capable of teaching any science. He showed that India held treasures that would make deficits impossible if her people were instructed in science. With regard especially to social science, it was an unrecognized, unknown phrase among English instructors in India, at the very moment when the most momentous social changes were going on. Simply as matter for thought, India, with communities representing every variety of social organization and custom from the remotest past, furnishes the greatest field for the study of social science on earth; but it can be explained only through Hindoo scholars, for it is impossible for Englishmen to come close enough to the people or their customs to study them. England should therefore take the greatest care to teach the physical and social sciences through her educational institutions in India—a course now not even begun. Nay, said the speaker, so carefully are we given a religion we will not have, while real knowledge is kept from us, that from the provincial schoolmaster up to the Director of Public Instruction, a sublime ignorance reigns concerning the highest achievements of modern science and research. I can not describe to you the impression made upon the large and intelligent audience which listened to this eloquent Indian scholar. When he was through, a large company of literary and other citizens gathered around him, and assured him that they profoundly sympathized with the just demands of India which he had enunciated.

That India shall have fewer missionaries and more science has indeed been, for some time, the theory and theme of a large and cultivated class; for it is recognized that it is the missionaries who dread science and keep it out of the schools there. It is very plain, however, that with A. Jayram, Row, and several dozen clever Hindoos of high rank and influence, thirstily imbibing from the universities of England the principles of Darwin, Huxley, Mill, and Spencer, India will not have her path to positive knowledge piously impeded much longer.

M. D. C.

Letter from J. Russell Robinson.

BROTHER JONES: You've passed through the fire I perceive, with your old JOURNAL-office clothes all burnt from your editorial back, and stink of the smudge so bad that it is disgusting to the olfactory nerves of my conscientiousness, so that I can't endure to read it any longer, unless you'll consent to permit me to smother down the fumes with a postal order scented with the essence of greenbacks, to make its perusal somewhat more tolerable. To be sure, I can do as I've always done prior to the fire,—read it and pass it to such as can't pay for it, let them read, and then put three of them in a two-cent postage wrapper, and send them to Gallatin, Davies Co., Mo., Mrs. Libbie Santee, enjoining her to keep them budging as long as they're legible. I'd have written ere this but for the waiting for a little of the above-mentioned essence which comes each 4th of December during the residence of my earth-life; and also each quarter of the year.

We think Brother Francis' controlling influence perpetrated a great mistake in assigning to the higher order of spirits the planet and world-making business. We think if man was concerned even in his own manufacture as an unfolding principle, he had no consciousness of the process; and can't to-day, with all his love and wisdom, justice and mercy, harmony and congeniality and beauty, the primary agency by which his material organism was unfolded from the elements of light and life, repeat the work, by any ingenuity he will ever be able to secure up.

We say, defiant of the abrogation of our saying, that no man upon earth, or in the spheres, is able to make even a baby by any conscious will-power. And we can give the why scientifically, philosophically, systematically, and analogically, rendering it clear, certain, and self-evident—if demanded of us. A planet is a self-existent, eternal, immutable principle, standing as such in the elements of life, and, like man, one of its constituent eternal principles, will, by the agencies of love and wisdom, justice and mercy, harmony and congeniality and beauty, self-existent in all organic life, unfold itself by its own inherent laws in the material elements of its own being, the moment conditions are all right for its development; and no man can willingly either help or hinder it.

Again, we say as before, Nature, as a grand, elementary system, is an automatic unfold and developer of its own principles; and all the controlling influence of Brother Francis can't demonstrate a refutation of our postulate by the rule above. But we won't say that our brother's "Search after God" is useless, but quite otherwise. It starts the thought machinery into action; sets love and wisdom ago, to discover the reality of its status in relation to truth.

That Catholic Irish lawyer who purports to inspire Brother Francis has circled round, confessedly, for three hundred years to find God,—like a wildcat in the search after the elements he exists in,—like the chap that "couldn't see the town for the houses."

Whatever minds may think of the old book as a clew to metaphysical science and philosophy, in hunting for the divine principle of life's unfoldings, we regard the last verse of Romans 11, as at least a good hint, and it will be amply satisfied by all science, philosophy, system and analogy, so as to become self-evident to any intelligent and intellectual thinker.

What signifies all these flittings of scientific fragments, if they can't be philosophically, systematically, and analogically arranged in the proper order of the way, etc. We obtain our science of literature, arithmetic, etc., by just learning their elementary principles, and then their combinations into organic or systematic order, analogically. Intellectual Love and Wisdom go out to explore together: the latter primary principle acting in the capacity of eyes, to direct the way, etc. Nature in all its organic developments uses seven primary principles, be it to organize thoughts or material elementary forms. Love, to collect their elements; Wisdom, to see that these are of the proper order for the organism; and to direct the mechanical structure of it, which is its philosophy. Justice sees that all parts are equitably adjusted in the structure. Mercy holds all secondary principles to their proper standards, taking care that justice is defrauded of none of her legitimate rights; benevolence is not pity, which, many suppose, Harmony adjusts all parts of the elements in equilibrium order; and Congeniality, the associate primary with harmony, brings all the elements of an organism into their congenial relations; and Beauty as a grand dome, with

all the work of the afore-mentioned primaries collected in one grand order, displaying to the intellectual consciousness as the varieties of all colors intermingled in the blossoms of Nature are displayed; thus are the primary principles of life's unfoldings—Love and Wisdom, Justice and Mercy, Harmony and Congeniality, and Beauty interblended and united in one grand effort, to unfold the elements of organic truth in seven grand orders of development.

The Winona Republican, thinking Prof. Huxley's reasons for not accepting the invitation of the Dialectics of London "all right," said in one of their daily issues along back, that "Prof. Huxley, like most scientific men, has a profound contempt for the humbug called Spiritualism." The other day he was invited to attend one of the notorious Home "seances," in London, for the purpose of assisting in a proposed investigation of the great medium's pretensions, and sent a noteworthy answer to the invitation, "which you've also published."

We wrote a reply to their remarks, and they saw fit to give it to their readers, on the first page of their journal, the day after its reception, which we send enclosed. You can judge who "brought the American Tarbo," although they essayed to fix it all upon Huxley. We had n't the faintest idea of its publication in their paper, and thence wrote it in the vein we did, to indicate to the editors the indifference of Spiritualism to all the contempt of universal editoriality, and wrote it on "both sides" of the half sheet of legal cap. It excited the whole city into a grin, and our right arm has received many an exultant shake from the citizens, who, all but the D.D.s and the M.D.s, secretly hope it is true. They discover that our "ism" is growing to a mighty power in the land, and bids universal defiance to all opposition. Even Brother Francis' planetary artists could n't suppress its on-wardly if they would.

We're happy to find the JOURNAL alive and speaking.

Winona, Minn.

Letter from an Old Man.

BRO. JONES:—Permit me to say that I sympathize with you and the people of Chicago, Peshtigo, and all those who are suffering from the late fires in the northwest or elsewhere. But as to yourself, I hardly know which to admire most, your independence, perseverance, or audacity. Your independence seems to make you say, with Burns,

"If you would gain Dame Fortune's smile
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor.
Not for to hide in the hedge,
Or serve a train and tendants;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

This is a noble sentiment; but you go a little further, and say, "I am not to be crushed."

For your perseverance I need only say,
The JOURNAL was dead, but is alive to-day.

As to your audacity, allow me to say, it is full equal to your other two characteristics just noticed; if not, how dare you, in the face of the sermons preached on the late fires at Chicago, and other places, as being special judgments of the (mythical) orthodox God on those places; and the proclamation of your city mayor to the people of Chicago? These sermons must have been terrible, for it is published that on two occasions the affrighted, or disgusted, congregations there half absconded. Is not this hopeful? But among all this fire, I should like to know if our Protestant priests could not have got a little holy fire to light their tapers with, as well as their Catholic brothers at the holy sepulchre.

Does not this special-judgment preaching about fires smell of fire worship? If we worship this mythical God for his judgments, might we not worship light and heat, (fire) real elements he makes use of, as we are told to execute them with more propriety. But sir, how dare you, in the face of this preaching, ask me or any body else to assist you, by patronizing you again in a business that has so lately called down the just judgment of a just God, as we are told. And more, does not this kind of preaching tend to shut the door against all help or charity in feeling, word, or deed, for any of the people of Chicago, and all others under like circumstances?

God being just, logic says his judgments must also be so; and, for me to say to him, "You old tyrant! you have desolated the most of Chicago, yet I will feel for the sufferers, and speak kind words to them, and give them what assistance I can, in spite of you, sir!" Would not this seem audacious enough?

Be this as it may, as you have the spirit of perseverance, independence and audacity enough to say, "I am not to be crushed," I will exercise a little of the same, though orthodox Gods, priests, and sects forbid it. I am in my seventy-fourth year of age; have been crippled with hardships, miasmatic fevers, and drugs over twenty-six years, and for more than two years past been unable for the most part of the time to dress my feet, or get into bed without help; yet I have worked, and still work, to support my family, pay for the JOURNAL, and some books.

I have been a medium since 1850, and performed many cures through spirit aid and otherwise, by magnetism or laying on of hands, and have not taken one cent as a fee. I am called a faith doctor, but make no such pretense, but will say I have been much interested in Dr. Fahnstock's statuvolic theory, and the articles in the JOURNAL respecting it. In Volume XI, No. 9, the doctor, in a letter to Dr. H. T. Child, says,

"But I have yet to see or hear of the first cure that has truly been made by the laying on of hands, simply independent of faith or belief on the part of the patient that such a result would follow."

And further on he brings in the "will" of the patient as an aid to cure. To all interested in this subject I will say that I have no objection to faith, or will, on the part of a patient, but doubt that they are absolutely necessary to effect a cure; for some patients have told me, after being cured, that they had no faith; and many others that I have cured, who were but a few weeks or months old, and could not talk, and could have no faith or will in the matter. The addition of the scientific department to the JOURNAL is, I think, a most valuable one; for I look to science, reason, and good deeds, and not to so-called holy books, theological myths, nor even a God in the constitution, for my rule of conduct or salvation; now will I have them in my heaven.

Brother Hull's article about God in the constitution is valuable and instructive, especially to those who have not been behind the scenes, by showing somewhat of the origin of the mythological orthodox God; the folly of praying to him, the tyranny, cruelty, meanness, and contemptible crimes of sectarian religionists; and warnings to beware of them. Let us condemn error but save humanity. Are not orthodox religions the greatest frauds that ever cursed humanity? Are not governments the next in order? Is not law and physic near akin to them? Has not church and state always been united, and law and physic nearly allied, all more or less ready for mutual aid and protection? If not, why so much class legislation?

All this has tended to exalt the few and crush the many, and for this reason I have buried priestcraft, kingcraft, lawyercraft, and doctorcraft in one grave, and written for their epitaph, NO RESURRECTION!

For the enclosed four dollars please send the JOURNAL as directed.
DR. LAIRD.
Pomona, Tenn., Dec., 27, 1871.

Voices from the People.

ALLEGAN, MICH.—Charles Putnam writes.—In a late issue of the JOURNAL, if my memory serves me right, you made the statement that the doctrine of total depravity was an infamous lie! Good enough. I like to see a solid shot planted square into the enemy's works occasionally. It is sure to hurt, and more than that, it will serve to keep them awake, and give them an inkling of what they may expect from the same quarter in the future.

DIXON, ILL.—Mary A. Hilles writes.—We have for our guests Dr. Sprague and Mrs. Abba Lord Palmer. Dr. Sprague we think a very fine man and an excellent medium. The people are not receiving the benefit they should from his extraordinary mediomistic powers. As we gather around the fireside, Conversation occasionally gives us a short lecture through him, that for depth of thought, and clothed in the finest language, I have never heard equaled.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.—H. C. Towne writes.—Enclosed you will find seventy-five cents to help you along. I heartily wish it was ten, yes, a hundred times more; but a disastrous prairie fire on the 8th of October burned me out of house and home, leaving me nothing in the world but the clothes I stood in.

MAQUON, ILL.—J. M. Grove writes.—Enclosed find \$5.00, for which please credit J. B. Allen of his subscription. I have not noticed in your list of receipts anything from Maquon, but about the 15th of last month I expressed you \$15.

PUT IN BAY, OHIO.—W. S. Wilde writes.—I have delayed writing for a long time, but better late than never. I am too poor to subscribe for a paper, but you might as well take my subscription to take the JOURNAL away from me—the best paper published. \$3.00 enclosed.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—A subscriber writes.—I am rejoiced to see the dear JOURNAL once more, face to face. Despite the old orthodox idea, which perhaps is derived from Shakespeare's theory of not being able to return from that bourne just little out of sight, as also many ideas of John Milton in his "Paradise Lost," to whom many a pious soul is indebted for a large share of their religious ideas, never does the JOURNAL is recognized in its coming back, and heartily welcomed. I am glad to see the spirited determination of so many of its friends, "conspiring with conditions" so necessary to insure its coming. Its presence is a solace to all, in any position in life. May the spirits of dear ones gone on before impress every friend of freedom to renewed action in this, our common cause, thereby supporting one of freedom's noblest advocates and exponents. Whenever Brother Francis finds God, I am quite sure he will never be found in the Constitution of the United States. But if the churches should locate him there, the question might arise, as it did with the little boy, who, upon entering a menagerie asked the showman which was the elephant, and which was the rhinoceros. And I hope they would be as generous as the showman, whose answer was, "Well, bub, you have paid your money, and you can take your choice."

VERMILLION, ILL.—L. M. Jackson writes.—I am in arrears for the JOURNAL since Oct. 23rd. I will send you \$3.00, which will assist you some, I trust, in this, your hour of need, and place me in a more pleasant situation. I wish that I could assist you more, but this is the best I can do at present. While in Indianapolis, a short time since, I visited the rooms of Madison Doherty to get, if possible, a spirit picture of some of my friends whom I could recognize. I obtained a very good one of some lady who appears to have had what I shall call a swelling, for want of a more appropriate name, just below the lower jaw, on the right side of the neck. It is quite a good picture, and for one who could recognize it, would be a very good test. Mr. Doherty appears to be a very honorable gentleman, and is doing a good work. I prize the JOURNAL very highly, and hope it will continue to be as interesting in the future as it has been in the past.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—J. W. McConaughy writes.—Regretting your recent suffering and loss, I rejoice at your early restoration, and hope your future may be more bright and prosperous.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Mary Chute writes.—A few days since I received a beautiful painting of flowers from our friend and sister, Mrs. E. A. Blair, with a beautiful verse inscribed on a scroll in the centre, as follows:

"Long we've sought some gift to bring
Love's messenger of purest flowers.
Let their influence e'er cling
To cheer in lonely hours."

Long may this sister live to accomplish such a grand and beautiful gift.

COLFAX, CAL.—Thomas Woodliff writes.—Will you please publish to the world that I am a spiritual physician and inspirational writer? You must trust the spirits more.

REPLY.—Then what?

THOMPSON, OHIO.—E. Hurlbut writes.—It has been rather hard to get hold of money here, which has been the reason of my not renewing my subscription to your indispensable paper long ago. But I am thinking that it must be much harder for you to do without the small mite of \$3.00, send you, after passing through such an ordeal by fire, than it would be for me to raise that amount in renewal of my subscription for the JOURNAL another year. In consequence of this prevailing argument you will find enclosed my prayer for the continuation of the visits of your soul-cheering JOURNAL.

REMARKS.—You are right, my brother. The little exertion that our subscribers have to make to pay up arrears, and renew in advance, is nothing to the exertion we have to make every week to earn the six hundred dollars we have to raise each week to pay current expenses of the paper, to say nothing of meeting liabilities for retaining our Publishing House. If all would consider this matter, and make it their own case, they would soon make us flush with funds. How many will try, just for a Christmas and New Year's present to us? Our just dues!

VERONA, WIS.—J. H. Pierce writes.—Enclosed you will find \$5.00 to pay in part my delinquencies. I am sorry I can not pay more. Last year the crops were cut off by drought, this year by chinch bugs. I was taken sick five years ago this winter, and have not been able to labor since. I am seventy years old.

REPLY.—Have no anxiety, venerable brother. You shall have the JOURNAL. If you do not feel able to pay for it, the angels will prompt somebody to do it—all is well.

ATLANTA, ILL.—Mrs. J. M. Tefft writes.—I am much pleased with J. K. Bailey and Hudson Tuttle's remarks about Mrs. Woodhull. No doubt she is a good medium, but when any spirit, in the form of an angel, gives out "my policy" as a rule for other people, I think they are setting too heavy a burden on their shoulders.

WINDSOR, CAL.—D. P. Myers writes.—Spiritualism is taking deep root in the minds of our people, and I am happy to report the signal success of our friend and brother, Dr. J. H. Priest, late of Berlin, Wis., who is clairvoyantly enabled to diagnose and cure the most complicated and inveterate cases of disease. He is also used by his angel band in disseminating the spiritual theory from the rostrum and in giving spirit tests.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—D. A. Eddy writes.—Please send me two copies of the JOURNAL, number twelve, dated Dec. 9th. Enclosed find pay for the same. The JOURNAL, thus far, since the fire, is intensely interesting, and I think, so far as I judge by your correspondents, that you have every reason to be encouraged.

GREENWOOD, NEB.—D. Dayton writes.—Please find enclosed seventy-five cents for three months' subscription to the JOURNAL. All the money I can spare just now. I will endeavor to pay for the balance of the year before the first quarter expires. I have never been a subscriber for the JOURNAL, but have read it more or less since the late war, and am fully convinced of its merits. I believe it the duty of every Spiritualist to lend you a helping hand.

Arts and Sciences.

Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address: Lock Box 333, Mobile, Ala.

(NUMBER XIII.)

Science a Positive Reflex from the Spirit Side.

All close observers are doubtless aware of the reticence and reserve of spirit teaching, respecting things common to our plane of observation. They are likewise aware, that the more reliable class of communicating spirits are governed by a sense of propriety and self-respect, that forbids their pandering to our unbecoming sense of curiosity, much less those selfish feelings, that so often apply to them, for a sort of mutual admiration recognition.

This evidence of their practical wisdom and good interest, is sufficient in itself, before any just tribunal, to overthrow the bigoted assumption, that they, our nearest and dearest friends, who thus return, are but the mental time-servers of the Devil.

For one, the writer's dearest of all friends and kinsmen, are in spirit form, and many of them have returned to commune with him under the impress of the noblest of impulses,—and to hear a set of pompous pusillanimities, thus traduce them, though it be in ignorance, serves but to excite the deepest feeling of contempt. Preachers, priests, and others, never make such remarks to the writer with impunity. But of this anon. In resume we have often noticed a seeming failure to answer such questions as would have almost saved a life-time study, and we have as often speculated how much better our spirit friends understand the fundamental range of natural law than ourselves, or than we may learn by research to understand them? It would seem that apart from their own respective surroundings upon which their experiences are based, they either know little, or which is more probable, they are indisposed to teach much beyond what we can, and seem required to learn for ourselves.

We have noticed in circles organized for such purposes, they are singularly reserved on the conservation of those forces that connects our spheres of being, and very seldom, if ever, hazard a questionable statement; nor do they, unless led by some self-suggestive question, go beyond the confines of what it is our privilege either to learn here, or infer from substantial parity as to the beyond.

There is, however, this difference between us and our spirit friends,—their light of knowledge is less abstractive than ours. Their teachers are less fettered by the ignominious tyranny of preconceived opinion than ours. These facts, together with the consideration, that there is less of the pomp of self-sufficient display in their manner of teaching than ours, makes them the preferable as teachers. Yet, admitting all this, still there is a sphere study incident to this life of ours on earth, which it would seem from all we can learn, cannot be neglected with impunity. Each mind must study and comprehend for itself. Though it may observe, collect, and compare all the suggestive facts it finds within its reach, along the pathway of the past,—it must analyze and digest them as so much mental food, if it would grow on up direct into the higher ranges of truth—life, to which it aspires.

Our spirit teachers openly and earnestly advise us of the importance of making the elevation of our minds through judicious culture a means of progress, henceforth and forever, and also of the paramount importance of devoting this earth-life of ours to that end, and always show a willingness, and even desire to join and aid us in all of our studies and aspirations. Such seems to be the character of the reserved teachings awarded to those who are earnest and honest, and yet disposed to get their thinking done by the spirits.

Then, there is another class of over-credulous recipients of spirit teaching which, if it comes from the spirits, is not unfrequently misconstrued, and defended in proportion as misconstrued; as a mother's yearning goes out after her deformed child. This class can only be taught the prudence of truth through the exceeding follies of falsehood—and the influencing powers deal with them accordingly—and it may be, as claimed, that being vague themselves, they attract spiritual counterparts, that but add thickness to the fog in which they are blundering. This class remind us of Don Quixote and Esquire Sancho Panza on the wing. And sometimes these long-legged snipes on the shore, who wade deep to little purpose, being so constituted that when their heads dart down after a tadpole their tails momentarily contemplate the sun. Yet even these, after a life of "hide-and-seek" chagrin and mortifications, are so instructed in this contrivance way, as to acquire more experimental knowledge than such as are less credulous, and yet, too self-wise to study for themselves.

We know some of our leading and most worthy spiritual teachers who have found the credulous "Jordan," a most wonderful and contradictory road to travel, as soon as corrected by the severest, credulity correcting experience, they generally come out of the furnace all the purer ore, "right side up with care."

There is another less flexible class of investigators, and to these we may append mediums, who cannot be ruled through other influences than their misfortunes. These are subjected to the sorest trials to bring them into the service for which they are best fitted. This class, particularly the mediums, are generally more stately inappetuous and powerful, run with a wild momentum through all the pioneering mortifications of tangent extremes; but to learn in the life-sequel of a wonderful experience, that trial, trouble, and tribulation, are our best teachers. They could not have learned this (to them) all-important lesson in any other manner so well.

There is another and final class of Spiritualists, more modest and retiring, neither fish nor fowl—neither milk nor cider—so demoralized by the pompous world around them, as to dare not say above a whisper, they have a soul of their own. The higher range of this class are as yet in their swaddling, complaining of this and then of that, whining over the misfortunes (to them) of impulsive mediumship; always criticizing practical reform in an impractical way, and now and then denouncing their betters, because perchance they do not understand them—half afraid, half the time, the old he ones at their elbow. As to the class who, on such grounds ignore physical mediumship, they would be good if they had the moral courage, but the old Orthodox scare is embedded so deep in their own self-righteous natures, that nothing save the experimental

fires of "Hell and Hecla" will melt it out. We have some warm personal friends of this class, that often scare at their own shadows, and are so befuddled by the pressure of their surroundings, that were they to meet the Devil on the highway, they would run into hell, to hide from him, if it happened to present the best seeming refuge.

The inferior portion of this class, is equally wishy washy and irresolute—equally self-righteous—equally disposed to run with the fox and bark with the hounds,—and equally big, on those small occasions, that admit of the mutual admiration practice, of magnifying the weaknesses of their species.

Though we would not repeat any from the fountain source of truth by harsh remarks, we feel compelled to say we could take the premises of "Darwin's Theory," so-called, and make almost equal thinkers, better moralists and far more constant philosophers out of the insect colonies of monkeys.

And yet comes the genius of justice inquiring even of us, why we thus sit in judgment on others, since we are all alike weak, and to those in advance of us equally the subjects of criticism.

Our spirit teachers, if only recognized in the character of our own intuitions, teach us clarity and toleration. We, who at times criticize most severely, should admit in humble sincerity that we alike have grievous weaknesses, to the unfeeling exposure of which, we should feel equally pained.

Could we all, who have chronic sores, bear with "Christ-like" fortitude to have them lanced in us, by the insensate critic's spears; we should much the more courageously mount Calvary, bearing our cross in the face of our irreverent crucifixion. Irrespective of the imperfection, holding forth the mirror it is well, that the classes referred to, and such others as are circumstantial deformities, should see themselves as others see them, and if possible, profit by the seeing.

Letter from E. Lindsay.

BROTHER JONES:—The cheerful face of the JOURNAL has arrived once more. It seemed as if a friend had indeed returned. Its pages are better filled, the types clearer, and it seems to have commenced life a little higher up. Long may it live to enlighten humanity, lead mortals to live a better, truer life, and point to a brighter future. We have established a "Lyceum for Intellectual Culture" here, making the platform free and open to all. One of our Advent brethren felt called upon by God to kill Spiritualism—and after occupying one Sunday, proposed to occupy the next. Finding that Spiritualism still crawled after his first effort, sent for another of the lord's servants to help him swallow it. No less a personage than Elder Cornell, came, saw, felt, and swallowed until he came to affinity-hunters, free-lovers, and Victoria Woodhull. Then again began the shining process: That God permitted us to believe this life that we might be damned, thereby adding to his glory. Ah! surely the blood of rams, bulls, and the Son of God are but the sacrifices of men; but as for God, he will burn whole hecatombs of human beings to crown his triumph and give amusement to the invited guests of his Pantheon. He proceeded with a long preamble to the effect that enemies were not reliable witnesses in any controversy, as they would color things. So he would kill us with our own statements and proceeded to read Lizzie Doten's prayer to Lucifer, and other garbled extracts—from our papers, Davis, Edmonds, Jamieson, and other speakers; related how his bosom companion had been led from the path of Christianity by a serpent in the form of a man Spiritualist, in his absence; how she told him she had no more faith in the blood of Christ than any other man, and how she had made him a mere wreck of his former self, broken down in spirit and health. Poor man! he really is to be pitied for bringing all these misfortunes on himself by not allowing his wife to have an honest opinion of her own. That comes of his bigotry and prejudice.

He finally closed by admitting the whole phenomena of Spiritualism, and laying it all to the Devil. He admonished us that if a demon appeared in the perfect form of our mother, father, etc., to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" That the time was fast approaching when we would all be tried, and those whose faith was not surely grounded in the blessed Bible would fall, for Spiritualism would sweep the earth from center to circumference. And that he had placed the matter before us truthfully and in the fear of God. Mr. Cornell was followed by Mr. Cox, a Spiritualist who labors for his daily bread, and could not be expected to cope with him in oratory as he has been preaching at least twenty-three years. Nevertheless he produced Biblical facts to support his position, which Cornell could not, nor did not answer. He proved conclusively that God, man, and angel were used interchangeably, and meant one and the same thing,—showed the errors of Adventism, and the beauty and worth of the spiritual philosophy, and closed by complimenting him on having had so sensible a companion, and hoping he would soon see the errors of his way and return to labor in the same useful field with his wife for the good of humanity and his own soul.

Windsor, Sonoma Co., Cal., Dec., 1871.

To Our Brave Brother, Greeting!

It is well that there are deeps beyond deeps in the human soul, that cannot be reached by any of the storms that rage so wildly on the external and material plane. The malice and envy of foes cannot penetrate to the innermost fountain; fire cannot burn it; and in your case it remains to be seen whether water can quench the divine but mighty flame. When touched by the right key, the ever-flowing fountain quickly responds, by sending to the parched surface, bright jets of sympathy, charity, and love for humanity, and for you, my brave brother. I hope that so many of these sparkling jets, these little rivulets, singing as they go, will unite in making a great river which will flow toward you, till you shall ride triumphant on its topmost wave, with renewed success and prosperity; and may the dead ashes of your buried hopes and purposes, rise again to the surface in the sweet, pure white lilies of angel thoughts and teaching, and may the strength and power be given you, "to gather,—gather them in," in such a multitude that you will be enabled to feed all the hungry, starving sons and daughters of earth, that are now turning with such deep disgust from the bitter and dry husks of old moth-eaten theology.

Take courage, my brother, and move steadily, calmly on, for on looking for you clairvoyantly amid the ruins of desolation, destruction, and death, I saw you sitting on a rock in a green field, flowers and clinging vines, and gently-bowing whispering trees, all around, but at a little distance from you and just over your head, hovering a beautiful white dove bearing in its beak, a wreath of bright green leaves scintillating with tiny gems. So you see you are "to be crowned" sometime.

E. A. W.

North Bennington, Vt., Dec. 5, 1871.

List of Lecturers.

HEREAFTER we shall keep a standing register of such speakers as are furnished to us by THE PANTIES INTERESTED, with a pledge on their part that they will keep us posted in regard to changes; and in addition to that, expressly indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by word and deed.

Let us hear promptly from all who accept this proposition, and we will do our part faithfully.

J. Madison Allen, Andover, N. J.
C. Fannie Allen, Stoneham, Mass.
Addie L. Ballou, care of Religio-Philosophical Journal.
R. A. Beales, Versailles, N. Y.
Dr. J. K. Bailey, box 294 La Porte, Ind. #15
Rev. J. O. Barrett, Glen Beach, Wis.
Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.
Ell. P. Brown, Richmond, Ind. #2
Ettie Brown, 18 West Washington St., Chicago. #
Henry A. Beach, Spring Valley, N. Y.
W. H. Benson, Madison, Wis.
Mrs. Bell A. Chamberlain, Eureka, Cal. #
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Callins, Green Garden, Ill. #
H. T. Child, M.D., 634 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. #
A. H. Colby, Winchester, Randolph Co., Ind. #
Lewis S. Cummings, care of the JOURNAL.
John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y.
Andrew Jackson Davis, Orange, N. J.
Dan. T. Edwards, Cedar Creek, Mo. #2
Mrs. M. A. Ellis, Indianapolis, Ind. #
J. J. Fish, Avon, New York.
Thomas Gates Foster, Care of Journal of Light, Boston. #
Rev. J. Francis, Ogdenburg, N. Y.
I. H. Garrettson, Richmond, Iowa.
Mrs. E. E. Gibson, 12 Burroughs Place, Boston, Mass. #
K. Graves, Richmond, Ind. #
Miss Helen Gower, Bloomington, Ill.
Prof. R. Garter, Coldwater, Mich.
Mrs. M. Hayes, Waterloo, Wis. #
Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.
Joseph F. Hamilton, Bellair, Iowa.
Thomas Harding, box 301, Sturgis, Mich.
Samuel S. Hartman, Goshen, Ind.
U. S. Hamilton, Beloit, Wis. #
W. H. Holmes, Grass Valley, Cal. #
O. B. Hazen, Madison, Wis. #
H. H. Houghton, Stowe, Vt. #
L. D. Hay, Mobile, Ala. #
S. S. Jones, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago. #
Rev. P. Johnson, Ypsilanti, Mich. #
D. P. Kayner, M.D., St. Charles, Ill. #
Mrs. M. M. King, Hammond, N. J. #
L. Lewis, Valparaiso, Ind. #
P. R. Lawrence, Ottumwa, Iowa. #
Chas. A. Lohmeyer, Battleville, Oregon.
Geo. W. Lusk, Eaton Rapids, Mich. #
O. S. Lott, Pine Island, Minn. #
Mrs. F. A. Logan, Genesee, Wis. #
J. Mansfield, Seattle, Ohio. #
P. C. Mills, Waterbury, Mo. #
Joel Moody, Mount City, Kansas. #
J. S. Maulsby, Esq., Vancouver, Washington Territory. #
Mrs. S. A. Peasall, Disco, Mich. #
Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Kansas City, Mo. #
Dr. E. Perkins, Kansas City, Mo. #
Harriet E. Pope, Morrisville, Minn. #
Isaac Padon, Woodhull, Ill. #
Thos. S. A. Pope, Mount City, Kansas. #
Mrs. M. H. Parry, Beloit, Wis. #
J. S. Rouse, Casey, Ill. #
Mrs. S. A. Rogers, care of A. J. Grover, Rock Island, Ill. #
Samuel Smith, Rockford, Ill. #
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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Atheism—Plurality of Gods—A Giant God—The School-boy's Prayer.

(NUMBER LXIX.)

The world to-day is constantly looking for an object in the universe that possesses Omniscience, Omnipotence and Omnipresence. In ancient times, humanity seemed to require many Gods, each of which represented some peculiar human passion. To-day, however, all these Gods, these myths of the imagination, have been *boiled down*,—concentrated into one infinite God, who possesses all the characteristics of those of primeval times. The same desire exists to-day for a God as in the early history of the world, and each one has fashioned one to suit himself. No two agree in regard to this question; no two worship precisely the same God. Some bend the knee to a Spirit diffused throughout the whole universe, others to an Immense Principle that possesses consciousness; others to a Characteristics that permeate every molecule of matter,—in fact no two agree exactly. What difference, then, between the Christian people, and those of pagan countries in respect to a God? Are not the Christians idolaters in the same sense they are, and may they not be regarded as heathens? Supposing each one should embody their God, or their ideas of one in human form, would any two agree? Whence the Christianity, then, in believing in the existence of any God? Whence the utility of prayer? Whence the virtue in any mind that fashions a God for itself? Whence the superiority of one over another? Whence the necessity of worship? But the world is making rapid progress in all those things that relate to a God, for a plurality of them has been banished—we mean in the sense that pagan nations have them, and now humanity's attention is only directed to one Infinite God, with various shades or coloring, such as only the mind can give it. This is progress—this a long step toward Atheism,—the banishment of a plurality of Gods representing the various passions, and instituting in the place thereof one Giant God, who not only represents all the passions of the smaller Gods, but is Omnipotent! This one Gigantic God has absorbed, sponge-like, all the smaller ones, but he who still adheres to the Gods of his ancestors, is regarded as a vile pagan,—idolator, and the emissaries of the Giant God go forth to those who have many, and try to convert them.

It might be well to consider which man is the most enlightened—one who believes in a plurality of Gods, representing the different passions, or one who believes in one Giant God, or one who believes in no God at all? The Christian would tell you, that the first is a pagan,—heathen, and the last a vile, dark, benighted Atheist, neither receiving any favor in the sight of his God. The one who believes in many Gods, representing the different passions, and presiding over different departments of the universe, governing and directing the same, has his belief founded on a more solid structure than that one who believes in one Giant God who has within his infinite organisms all the passions that they possess. To-day, then, the pagan nations are far in advance of the Christians in their ideas in reference to the origin of the universe, and the controlling influence that presides over the destiny of the same. But what of the Atheist? Oh! how dark the word! What a low dismal sound proceeds from the lips when it is uttered! The bleak shores of Atheism,—who stands upon them, and with his flag, Excelsior, moves grandly forward in the pathway of existence, believing in no "plurality of Gods," believing in no "Giant God!" There is something transcendently grand in the word! You find no Atheists in our jails; you find none in our penitentiaries; you find none that are illiterate! Traverse the country over, penetrate the purlieus of vice,—and the realms of prostitution and crime, and you find no Atheists there! Go within the prison walls of

all our penitentiaries, and you will not find a dozen inmates thereof that are Atheists! Their mission is grand. Believing, as some do, in the divinity of man, they march boldly forward amidst the serpent-like hisses and sneers of professed religionists and sectarian bigots! With one hand controlling the complicated machinery of earth, they look hopefully forward, when they shall be able to control that of the Spirit World. Their aim is noble; their aspirations bounded only by infinity, and while they work on the terrestrial, they yearn for the time to arrive when standing on the celestial shores, they shall work there, and thus onward, gloriously onward, until they can control those forces which shall develop a rose, an oak, or any forest tree? Scorn the Atheist! Spit upon him, and deride him; but he do not stock your prisons; he do not frequent the haunts of vice—he belongs to the nobility of creation! But are we an Atheist? *Not in the sense which humanity uses the term.* We are an Atheist to a plurality of Gods; we are an Atheist to your Giant Infinite God, such as humanity to-day worship; we are an Atheist to a prayer-answering God. Never did he answer a prayer—it is absurd to suppose it. The New York Times contained a touching incident where a little boy prayed to this Giant God. He was only five years of age, and had entered the Phelps Industrial School, No. 235 East Fifty-fifth street. He was a beautiful child, with large gray eyes, brown hair, rosy cheeks, and very full, regular features. He attracted unusual attention. Visitors as well as the teachers admired him, and even the very roughest of his playmates were kind to him. The teacher taught him a piece to recite, which caused great laughter on account of the bright, active and prompt manner he had in delivering it. A gentleman visited the school, when the lad was called upon to recite his piece. After he had finished, the gentleman placed his hand upon his shoulder and said: "Well done, my boy, here is five cents for you." The teacher noticed an unusual expression of joy in the child's face, but duty calling her attention in various other directions, it soon passed from her mind for a while. The boy was regular in his attendance at school, but soon came a change in the child; day by day he grew paler and paler, and his step less elastic and buoyant. When he was asked if he was sick, his answer was always the same: "No, not sick, but tired." He was noticed daily to take his bread home (he lived with his grandmother); no questions were asked why he did so. Many very pale and sickly children are in those schools. Thus day after day and week after week passed, until one day he came in looking so thin and pale that his teacher asked him to go home and rest, that he might feel better to-morrow. Tears came in his eyes, and he said, "I want to stay in school." The teacher not knowing then that he was starving for his bread, allowed him to remain. At noon his grandmother came to him, saying that he had not eaten a morsel of food that day (not stating that she had none in the house.) He took his bread and left. He was soon attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, and in his weakened state could not throw it off. He grew worse that night, and in a half dreaming state would call out, "Grandma! oh, grandma! what shall you do for bread when I die?" During his illness the teachers called, and learned from his grandmother that daily had the child divided his bread with her, and many a day this was all they had to eat. While the tears were flowing profusely, she said: "I shall never forget the day that the gentleman gave him five cents for reciting his piece. He came in so delighted (with his usual allowance of bread,) and said: "Look here, grandma; here is so much bread, and here is five cents that a gentleman gave me for speaking my piece. Now we have all the bread we want to-day." He then went out and bought some rolls with his money. When he was near his end, speaking aloud, he clasped his little hands and whispered the Lord's prayer, though to him the "daily bread" had not come, and departed whither no hunger or pain shall come. He was buried by the ladies of the school. Yet this noble boy's prayer was not answered by your Giant God. To-day, then, we glory in being an Atheist to a plurality of Gods, to one Giant God, to a prayer-answering God. He never did; he never can answer a prayer. At present, there is more Atheism in the world than ever before,—such as we have alluded to, and as a consequence less crime and superstition.

Spirits can and do answer prayers. They hear your voice, sense your aspirations, and sometimes comply with your wishes as the parent does to a child. We are encompassed by the unseen living. Not a thought within our mind that is not recognized by the spirit visitants by our side! No Giant God takes cognizance thereof; but spirits, with all that pure, loving kindness that distinguish the mother, read the thoughts of our mind as easy as you can a book. You are in their charge. When you kneel in prayer, they are by your side. When the tear of sorrow rests on your eye, they see it. When trouble encompasses you, they are ever near you. While we would deprive you of a plurality of Gods, of one Giant God, we would put in their place the unseen visitants of the Spirit World, whose loving kindness will be ever manifested toward you, and who alone can answer prayer, and then we would search for the Fount of All Knowledge, outside of individualized intelligences.

Some say we are an Atheist. Let them call us such. We shall build up a superstructure that every Spiritualist may well feel proud of, and which will shed an influence that will encourage morality and virtue, and instill within the mind a sense of its own divinity and powers. We pity that man who, when reading our articles, is haunted with the

"bleak, dismal, dark, damning shores of Atheism," or who condemns us because we write as man never wrote before, and venture in fields hitherto untrod by mortal man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Calamities—Their Author—Is There a Compensation?

In our last articles upon the subject embodied in the above entitled caption, we considered more especially the religious calamity. The bigoted religionist doubtless was startled with amazement at the thought that religion could in any sense be considered a calamity.

The first instruction received from the great supposed author of all religion, was for our first parents to abstain from the fruit that should give them knowledge—aye, he commanded them not to eat thereof under penalty of death, on the very day they should do so.

If the report is true, to speak in mild terms, what a story God told his young children (they actually lived, according to the record, many hundreds of years afterward), and what a calamity his teachings would have resulted in if he had been believed—absolute and eternal ignorance for them and their posterity!

And we have seen what a calamity it proved to be, on the hypothesis that "all our woes" had their origin in his religious command. There could have been no violation, if the command had not been given. And what a command to be given by the great author of all religion!—a command that would have entailed ignorance upon a world to all eternity, if obeyed.

In keeping with this supposed divine command, the priesthood everywhere tell the people that "carnal reason is dangerous." The Roman Catholic churches forbid their blinded devotees to read what they call the Holy Bible; they tell them it is dangerous for them to do so, because the Devil will lead them into wrong interpretations of it, and tempt them in such a way as to lead them down to hell.

The Protestants (that is the truly orthodox) will tell you that any other than the so-called King James translation is full of errors, and you must not read them, lest you peril your souls. And both Protestants and Catholics will tell you that the mythological account of God's command to Adam and Eve is a veritable report of literal facts, and that the violation of that command was the cause of all human woes. We appeal to every reasoning mind to weigh the subject well and see if such a command, if kept, would not have been the greatest calamity that could have befallen the human race? Behold a world densely inhabited (as no one could have died but for the "disobedience of the first pair, which brought "death into the world"), and all so ignorant, that when asked they would not know it, nor would they ever had any "knowledge of good and evil."

But for a violation of God's religious command, the world would be teeming with unnumbered millions of inhabitants, all so ignorant as not to have any conception of good and evil, and what is worse than all else, they could never die! They violated his command, and the curse followed—"all mankind were "doomed to never ending hell torments."

So it will be seen that but for this command—this first religious instruction of God to Adam and Eve, this terrible calamity of endless damnation to all mankind, would not have followed! Hence we say that the first religious teaching the world ever had was a terrible calamity. It must be borne in mind that not until less than nineteen hundred years ago, according to the Bible and the priesthood, was there any "plan of salvation" laid. All before must have gone to hell, and the ninety-nine hundredths of all who have been born since, according to strict theological analysis, will be their companions to all eternity.

"All our woes" followed as a natural sequence, from God's first religious command to Adam and Eve, a command he knew they would disobey, and but for the command, there could have been no violation, since God, himself, was the sole author of the terrible results that followed.

The benefits or compensation derived from that terrible calamity, we have considered in a previous article.

In our last article we dwelt to some extent upon the religious scourges which the world in all ages has endured—the persecutions that had followed closely upon all who ventured to give utterance to thoughts contrary to the teachings of the dominant religious party.

The corollary to be drawn from such an exhibition of tyranny and oppression, is that like causes produce like results; consequently, those who have sufficient intelligence to appreciate the laws of eternal progression, and the principles involved in, and underlying the laws of life, should never suffer themselves to be hampered in thought, and the expression thereof, by any church organization, nor any pledges or resolves which in the least requires an acquiescence in any views which do not fully meet our highest conceptions of truth and right.

If the mass of mankind have thus been hampered, and if we have only arrived at a plane of thought thus free from religious dogmas and intolerance, by angelic teachings, let us see to it that we do not ourselves, in the least impose upon others a yoke of mental bondage, such as that we have escaped from.

The compensation the world has, and will derive from the long ages of religious servitude, is in every sense comparable to physical servitude—*extremes right themselves.* Such was the case with physical slavery. So in turn, the extremes of religious servitude have, from time to time, awakened men to reforms. They have suffered upon the cross, and endured the burning fagots, and from such suffering, light and knowledge, by slow degrees it is true, has been ushered into the world.

To-day, in this country, it is admissible to review, and expose every religious fallacy, and there are multitudes of the best thinkers in the land who rejoice that they live in such an age.

Then let us see to it, that we reap a rich reward—a compensation through the experience of others, which shall save us from all that others have endured, who would have rejoiced if it had been their privilege to enjoy that liberty of conscience which is ours.

We warn everybody who loves the truth; who enjoys the privilege of hearing it expressed, to weigh well the propositions presented to them, to become incorporated as integral parts of any new-fangled religious body, whether it savors of politics or not. Remember that the first beginning is but a step, and yet it is advancing in the same direction of all other religious organizations, which have circumscribed and limited individual freedom of thought, until a man's religious belief was equivalent to mental slavery.

We have already shown that religion is based in ignorance—the Philosophy of Life in knowledge. The wisdom not only of this but of the supernal spheres, is imparted to Spiritualists through media. It is no longer a theory without evidence, that man is immortal, and maintains his individuality upon the next plane of life, but it is a demonstrated fact.

The communion of the inhabitants of the material and the spiritual planes of life, is of every day occurrence. It is no longer a matter of conjecture or belief that a man is immortal—it is knowledge.

The old theological teachings are contradicted by actual experience of those who report themselves from the Spirit World. Endless damnation, Hell torments, vicarious atonements, are all found to be fallacious, born in ignorance—which never had an existence except in the brains of fanatics and ignorant devotees of an absurd system of theology, based upon the mythological traditions before referred to.

Spiritualism teaches that man is eternally a progressive being—a well defined system of philosophy controls his very being. If so, why "go back to the flesh pots of Egypt?" Why strive to ally ourselves with old and effete systems born of ignorance, and continued in life by persecutions and suffering?

The watchword of every Spiritualist should be *onward and upward, now and forever.*

Let our glorious philosophy pervade every nook and corner of society. Let it be felt in our common schools, in every phase of church organization, in all governmental affairs, in business relations, in promulgating the arts and sciences. Let it go everywhere, and make its impress upon every mind—not by dogmatic enactments, by resolutions, creeds, nor invidious distinctions between men and women, but by the broad and fearless expression of truth—by the utterances that shall carry conviction that the angel world does indeed inspire tongues to utter great words of truth, and to employ natural elements for the amelioration of the condition of our fellowmen.

Let us, under the inspiration of the angels of wisdom, do that which shall lead to the welfare of all people.

Hereafter we expect to dwell more particularly upon the great work that will appertain to this new dispensation, as a result of past experience, and as a compensation for calamities suffered.

Mediums now in Chicago.

By reference to the Medium's Register in the JOURNAL, the names and places of residence of several of the best mediums in Chicago will be readily found. There are others who will do well to send in their names at an early day.

DR. DAKE, THE GREAT ANALYTICAL HEALER, is now located at No. 64 twenty-fourth street. He is as full of health and vim as a man well can be. His mode of treatment is strictly on the spiritual plan.

The Doctor visits adjacent cities and towns, having regular set days at each place in his circuit. On such occasions, his rooms are thronged from morning to night with invalids, who generally give him the praise of being one of the great healers of the new dispensation. He can be addressed in regard to his appointments, etc., etc., at his residence in Chicago.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, 148 Fourth Ave., Chicago, continues, as usual, to do a world-wide business in *diagnosing*, prescribing, and curing the sick by letter, upon the *positive and negative principles of cure*. Her spirit guides *always do the work*, by taking special charge of the sick persons—no matter what part of the world they may be in. The worst types of disease, unless vital organs are absolutely so far destroyed as to be beyond the possibility of restoration, yield rapidly to the spirit manipulation and alternative remedies prescribed.

MRS. MAUD LORD, 261½ Park Ave., has held two circles and cabinet seances, in the reception rooms of our office during the last week, which were attended by the best citizens of the city and country. The manifestations were very fine, and gave universal satisfaction.

THE BANGS CHILDREN are holding seances regularly at their residence, 227 South Morgan street, as advertised in this paper. They are patronized by the best people in the city and country. They are doing much good, by showing the power of spirits to manifest, physically and mentally.

DR. McFADDEN, 186 West Washington street, the most eccentric and yet very remarkable medium, whom the Chicago Republican calumniator did not run out of town, as he claimed he had, was unscathed by the fire (one of God's elect, doubtless) and now has a large boarding house, and holds seances every evening.

His patronage has been increased ten fold by the *Republican's* onslaught upon him. He has recently fitted up a large boarding house, got himself and wife new clothes, and indeed they are apparently quite rejuvenated.

The doctor, it is said, has abandoned most of his profanity, for the sole reason, as he says, that none but respectable people now patronize him, consequently he has no curses hurled at him to reflect back—pretty good philosophy.

MRS. M. E. WEEKS, No. 1253 State street, has been out of health since she was burned out, but is now able to attend to business.

She is one of the most pleasant mediums in the city for test communion with departed friends.

She is easily reached by the State street horse cars, and all who call upon her will be well paid for their time.

There are many other good mediums in the city not in our register, but of their places of business we have no report.

Charles H. Read the Medium.

A highly-esteemed friend, Dr. Grasmuck, of Fort Scott, Kan., wrote us a letter quite severe upon Charles H. Read, the wonderful physical medium—not against his mediumship but his manners, etc.

We penned the following private note in reply, but finally concluded to publish it, as it may serve as an answer to any further inquiries in regard to the same person:

BRO. GRASMUCK:—Yours is before me. I deeply sympathize with you and the friends who have been grieved by Read's conduct.

Your closing remark covers the whole ground. "He is evidently insane," you say. I agree with you; I believe he is insane when excited. When *not excited* he appears well enough except he is a little silly, and very egotistical—quotes the professors of Harvard University to a surfeit. Poor fellow, I pity him! Don't you?

He is a splendid medium, is he not? The angels can use just such an organization as his to manifest to us—to give us knowledge of the power we may have in spirit life—powers yet beyond human comprehension. Without such an erratic, half-crazed man certain phases of spirit power would not be shown to us, so fully as they now are, through his mediumship.

Shall we in turn do wrong by publishing to the world his idiosyncrasies, or shall we make the best of it; aye, take a lesson from him by the rule of contraries, and see to it that we do not even in degree abuse anybody, even though their conduct is very repulsive. I hope your public authorities, whom you say have him under arrest, will not imprison poor Read for his misdemeanors while in a fit of temporary insanity. If they do, it will be no worse for him than for hundreds who have been imprisoned and executed upon the gallows, for eccentric conduct while under spirit power.

Remember, brother, that as all phases of character pass from this life to the next, so the next life must abound with as great a diversity as this. All persons may control media to some extent. Sensitive mediums reflect a combination of character when surrounded by a variety, even in this life. Let us think of these things and be philosophers. Never fear what people will say. Neither you nor myself are responsible for Mr. Read's abusive talk, or rough and disgraceful conduct. It is the power of angels to do remarkable things in his presence that we investigate. Remember that, my brother. Read, in spite of all objectionable characteristics, emits a certain element that combines with certain other elements found to exist in the room containing his audience, in which wonderful spirit power can be manifested.

All who assemble to witness such manifestations are not highly moral, and yet the angels will try to show them as well as others, what they can do under favorable circumstances. It is kind in them to do so. Let us make the best of the matter, and if the angels from heaven can endure poor, half-crazed Read from year to year to enlighten us, let us endure him for an hour or two, for the sake of the knowledge we may gain of the powers of those who occupy the higher planes of life, to which we all are rapidly tending.

To Whom it may Concern.

The undersigned takes pleasure in certifying that he has been an invalid for fifteen years, and has doctored a great deal but without much relief.

My wife saw Mrs. A. H. Robinson's advertisement as a healing medium in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and desired me to send for a diagnosis and prescription. I, having been brought up under the teachings of the church, would not believe in spirit power to heal the sick, and utterly declined to give any symptoms of my disease. I only consented to have my wife write, and send a lock of my hair. My skepticism was such that I would not allow the medium to have any clew to my disease. To my utter surprise, in due time came an answer from Mrs. Robinson, most minutely and perfectly diagnosing my disease, and giving me a prescription for a cure, which has worked like a charm upon me.

All the medicine I have ever taken from the doctors before, only gave me either temporary relief or none at all. While Mrs. Robinson's prescription renovated my whole system from a complication of diseases, which had been the cause of continuous suffering for fifteen years and upward.

My own experience has given me the utmost confidence in the power of spirits to diagnose and prescribe for diseases through proper mediums, and I frankly certify that I believe Mrs. A. H. Robinson, residing at No. 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, to be one who can always be relied on as most truthful, and possessing powers equal to any emergency in the most desperate cases of sickness. D. F. MITCHELL.

Coon Creek, Mo., Dec. 28, 1871.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—*Nature's Hair Restorative* brings back the original color. It is not a dye, and clear as crystal. Contains nothing injurious. See advertisement.

Items of Interest.

—Miss Carrie Sain is acting Adjutant General of Kan. ss.

—Bro. Eli F. Brown is lecturing in Dayton, Ohio, with good success.

—R. S. Knap, of Glenville, N. Y., sends to our care one dollar for Brother Rame's family.

—Dr. E. B. Wheelock has been giving the friends of Carriage, Mo., a Happy New Year's greeting.

—Our file of the JOURNAL is now nearly complete. Many thanks to our friends.—J. R. Francis.

—I would rather be a live heathen than a dead Christian, and religion in Chicago was only mammon.—George Francis Train.

—Rev. L. W. Brintall, of Winthrop, Iowa, has a parish twenty miles long by ten wide. His parish is "broad" and "thin" in his ideas.

—There is one medium in Chicago, three in New York City, and one at Moravia, N. Y., in whose presence spirit faces can be seen.

—"The Debatable Land" is having a larger sale than even its best friends anticipated. We shall have another large supply before this paper goes to press.

—The table that danced while Beecher was preaching, has been removed by being removed from Plymouth Church. It was a very naughty table, indeed.

—S. A. Thomas, of Pennsylvania, Ind., has entered the field of labor as a disputant and expounder of the Harmonical Philosophy. We hope he may meet with success.

—Mrs. Jane Lindley writes as follows from Nevada City, Cal.: "For the past few days great excitement prevails all over the State on account of the spirit faces seen on the window-panes in four different houses."

—E. L. Staples writes desiring us to call the attention of healing mediums to a boy in his neighborhood who has fits, and hopes some one may volunteer to cure him. Address Mr. Staples, Chillicothe, Ohio.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey, who has been lecturing at Delton, Beloit, and Darien, Wis., and Manchester, Ill., goes now to Woodstock, Ill., to give a series of lectures. The doctor is a spiky writer and an able exponent of our philosophy.

—The Romeo, Mich., Observer, devotes nearly six columns in presenting to the world the short comings of the highly moral and religious acrobat, Rev. James S. Smart. If he don't smart under the castigation he can stand hell fire.

—Bro. J. T. Waters, Louisville, Ky., has placed in our hands \$5.00 for the most needy medium in the city. The lady (medium) who was burnt out and lost all she had, will please call at the JOURNAL office and get the money so kindly donated.

—Levi Dinkelspiel has been lecturing at Kansas City, Cameron, and Brookfield, Mo. Those desiring his services can address him in care of box 1209 Kansas City, or at Brookfield, Mo. He will probably labor in Missouri during the coming winter.

—D. B. Tiffany writes as follows, from Xenia, Ohio: The JOURNAL comes regularly now, and O how I do really love the resurrected volume. It was always good, but somehow I think it better than ever. Long may it live to enlighten the enlightenable.

—"For wood they shall bring stone." We observe that the cedar posts in front of the prophet's residence are giving place to granite, which are very beautiful, of pyramidal shape. Headquarters are not abandoned yet it would seem.—Salt Lake Tribune.

H. P. Fairfield has just returned to his home at Ancona, N. J., from a successful lecturing tour in Ohio and Michigan. He was in Michigan when the fire was accomplishing its work of destruction, and was an eye-witness of the suffering there. He is an able lecturer and is doing a good work.

—We are glad to learn that the discussion between D. W. Hull and Rev. W. Parker, of Wauseon, Ohio, will be published in book form. A book containing their arguments will be valuable and will meet with an extensive sale. Both are able men and they will present all the facts in the case that are of any interest.

—In San Francisco, Cal., a picture has appeared on a pane of glass, consisting of a man apparently thirty-five years of age, with dark, wavy hair parted near the middle, and wearing a full, dark, long-flowing beard. The head rests a little on the left shoulder, and the face (which is a full front view) has on it a sad expression.

—A. L. Demmon, Pardeeville, Wis., inquires: "Whose photograph is to be sent when an applicant sends to a spirit artist for a spirit likeness?" We suppose he should send his own; then if he gets a miniature of himself, and the likeness of a friend in spirit life on the same plate, he will know that it is a new picture at least.

—B. Bartwell writes from Harpersfield, Ashabula Co., O.: "The time of our subscription expired on the 23d of Oct. which was my birthday. I was eighty-four years old then. My wife Sophia on November 4th was eighty-one years old. We are both very fond of the JOURNAL. For that reason I enclose \$1.50. Please continue the paper six months longer."

—Henry Stewart writes as follows from Ithaca, New York: "Since E. V. Wilson lectured here two years since, Spirit circles are held in a number of families, and Spiritualism is on the gain. A number of mediums have been developed for speaking clairvoyance, and one, Mr. J. Franks, is a medium for spirit voices, spirits often giving us new and holding conversation with members of the circle talking in audible voices."

—Prayer is shown to be one of the most powerful aids to self-control to some, not because help is given in answer to such prayer by an outside power, or by a benevolent God, but because the act of prayer diverts the train of thought and feeling into new channels, and the power of the temptation is broken by the nervous force taking a different direction, on the same principle that a distressed child is most easily pacified by directing his attention to some new object that will interest and please.—J. E. S.

—In the Methodist Church at East Thompson, Conn., on a recent Sunday, the person had just risen from his knees, when the congregation was astonished to see the pulpit "tip over and go smash upon the floor below." The pulpit was regarded as an evidence that no one should attend this church. Providence is against it. Delity conspired to produce the catastrophe. The prayer was too long or too short or too meaningless, and did not suit him, and in consequence he tipped over the pulpit.

—"He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." Thus says Solomon. We have been lending to the Lord during the past few years. In fact we have more money on deposit with him in the Bank of Heaven than at any bank in this city. With him it is in a double distilled gold coin safe, with a lock attached that no one but the Lord himself knows the trick to open. We do, indeed, pity the poor, and in so doing have a respectable bank account with the Lord.

—The Catholic clergy are again examining Louise Latan, the alleged "stigmata," who, according to them, is bleeding away at a great rate. One Father Ubaldo says that Louise loses from five to ten ounces of blood every Friday, and that he has himself tested by her side and seen a "big bundle of clothes soaked in blood," from her simply wiping her hands on them during the night. Moreover, the reverend father affirms that Louise had taken no food whatever during the last six months. In spite of this and her persistent sanguinary effusion, "she has a ruddy face and enjoys excellent health." The result will finally be Louise will become a saint.

—The little child can see God in most of everything. As his mind matures, however, his God vanishes, until finally he places him somewhere in the heavens, connected with something he cannot understand. The Galaxy contains the following illustration: "An illustration of the limited ideas of children, very closely like those of the savages who have repeatedly taken the first white man they saw for superhuman beings is recorded in respect to a worthy farmer, who was

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms in one of the New England States. One day, after a general training, the warrior found occasion to call at the house where our subject resided; and, sneaking in his full panoply, he dismounted from his steed, marched up to the front door, and rang the bell. It so chanced that our young friend opened the door, but as the overpowering vision of red and yellow, steel and feathers, flashed before him, he instinctively turned and ran up stairs to his mother. "Oh, mamma, there's somebody at the door!" "Who is it, Sammy?" "I don't know, mamma, but I think it's God!"

—In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every human soul. It is nature's prophecy of life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his betrothed Clementhe asks if they shall meet again; to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that flow forever; of the stars, among whose fields my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel there's something in thy love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clementhe."

—John Quincy Adams was accustomed to indulge in the following prayer during his whole life:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

That prayer is a good one, but the following, by a little friend of ours is equally as expressive. He had eaten too many apples:

Now I lay me down to sleep;
O Lord into me take a peep;
And if I die of the belly ache,
I pray you my soul to take.

—Rev. James S. Smart seems disposed to rule or ruin the Observer. In his malicious attack upon us in his last Sabbath evening's discourse, the spirit of hatred and revenge seemed to characterize his whole effort. Probably no pulpit was ever desecrated for a viler purpose than was his. He appealed to his congregation to withdraw their patronage from the paper, as we are informed, and to stand by him in this ungodly attack upon the Observer.—Romeo (Mich.) Observer.

Remarks:—From the tone of the editorial contained in the Observer, we judge that the reverend alluded to will experience considerable difficulty in ruling that paper. We had rather sit down in a filthy mud-hole than in that minister's pulpit or seat, for we think we would be less defiled thereby. He is nothing but a human excrescence or wart, and if the editor of the Observer don't let him alone his hands will become very dirty.

—We have reasons to know that there have been somewhat remarkable table-tipping and rapping manifestations in Plymouth Church, and the influence of his preaching; and it may justly be inferred that the remarks made to him regarding Spiritualism were directly attributable to those manifestations; and if they were it is impossible to regard his attempt to ignore them, and all other material presented by raised distinction, as to the particular kind and character of Spiritualism which he accepts with anything of a shrug of astonishment. That the table used by the unseen influences has been removed from the church, is also another fact which those who have confided in his devotion to truth for its own sake, let it be what it may and lead where it may, may well regard with suspicion the truth of the foundation of their confidence. If the spirits did act upon the table as a means of calling attention to their presence, they should not have been permitted to continue their efforts until they had accomplished their wishes—namely, their identification.—Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly.

—Dr. E. E. Perkins and his wife, a trance speaker, have again returned to the field of labor, and desire to make engagements to lecture in various points along one of the lines of railroad between Kansas City and Chicago. Mrs. Perkins is an excellent test medium, and we have no doubt she and the doctor will be instrumental in doing great good. They are not particular which line of travel they take; they will take that which furnishes the most calls. They would like to stop at every town and hamlet on the route they take, where the friends can furnish a room to speak in and board and lodging. For particulars address Dr. E. E. Perkins, Postoffice Box 1209, Kansas City, Mo.

—The Oneida Circular defends the Oneida Community as follows: The C. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system Bible Communism or Complex Marriage, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the principles of male continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference, between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Community stand with marriage. Free Love with them does not mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to breed children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage; for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the community property are pledged for the maintenance of the women and children of the community.

—H. Breneman writes as follows, from Harrisburgh, Pa.: "Let me give you a short sketch of Spiritualism here. We have organized a society of public circles every Sunday evening in Barr's Spirit Hall. Our circles are well patronized. We have the Potts boys as mediums. William is a speaker and also used for drawing pictures and landscapes.—I mean his magnetism,—his hands are not used, for he is often from home when spirit pictures are made. Late in the evening they have their programme to making ambrotypes or ferrotypes of spirit likenesses, of which you will be advised in time. This is evidence that spirits improve or progress in spirit life as well as here in our mundane sphere. Andrew, a twin brother of William, is a physical test medium, and is controlled by the spirit of Patrick O'Car. He makes our circles very interesting. Mrs. A. S. Stearns, late State missionary, gave us three lectures the last three Sundays to crowded audiences in Barr's Hall, which lectures by their eloquence and logic have made an impression that will do the cause good. Localities in want of a speaker should keep her employed. She has left us and gone to Sunbury, Williamsport, and further north in the State."

—Two ministers of the gospel having met a poor girl, the following scene took place as both contributed to her wants in a manner more unique than "orthodox": "I double your pile, Bro. P.," the Baptist brother said, as he slowly placed an X over the V. "I go you one better," the Methodist exclaimed, he put a ten on the other money. "I cover your stake, brother P.," and the Baptist clergyman's expression showed he was getting excited as a twenty from his purse was put on the rapidly increasing pile. "I'll top the spongers with a fifty," howled brother I., as he drew out his last note and placed that sum with the others, glaring savagely at his companion. "Here's a \$100 note, little girl," said the Baptist quite blandly, now that he had got ahead of his Methodist brother-in-the-Lord; "you may rake in your spoils, for you've 'cleared out' and 'enchered' both my friend and myself, and left us both 'dead broke.'" They then walked off humming a hymn. Now, what we would like to know is this: what did those clergymen do before they were converted?

—Wm. M. Connelly has been for thirty years a prolific writer for the newspaper press; during the war, edited that famous Southern paper, The Southern Loyalist, and knows much of the rascalities of Southern radicals, Loyal Leagues, and Kuxkux; was the sole originator and prime mover of the Southern Relief Movement that gave food, clothing, shelter, and medical attendance to over four thousand ragged, starving, sick, and destitute returned Confederate soldiers; was the Judiciary General of the Knights of the Golden Circle before the Rebellion; gave efficient aid to Janney and the patriotic Mexicans in overthrowing Maximilian and driving Imperialism from this continent; was the first man in America to aid with money the Irish Rebellion of 1848; was the last man convicted in the United States of feeding hungry fugitive slaves, and knows much of the famous underground railroad; in 1842 published a work on the rights of labor, and has since been always a supporter of workmen's interests; gave efficient aid in the suppression of the African slave trade; wrote police systems in three States, and knows more about the practices, habits, and modes of life of thieves, and the rascalities of police officers than any man in the country who is not a thief; graduated in law fifteen years ago; is an authorized minister of the gospel; has been thanked by both State and Federal Governments for services; has five times held State and Federal offices, but has not a stain upon his official record; has made an educational discovery of the most immense value to parents and others in every part of the country; neither lies, swears, drinks spirits, or gambles; is tied to no party and fears no truth, and is aided in his labors by a familiar spirit who was a Scotch Covenantor, and another familiar spirit who was once one of the noblest cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church. He will answer calls to lecture. He can be addressed in care of Dr. L. Limerick, Louisville, Ky.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received, and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Toleration is Tyranny.

There are various grades of tyranny, but they are essentially the same in spirit, and oppressive in their character, according to the degree of power, as much as the spirit that prompts its exercise.

Mankind have fancied themselves wonderfully liberal when the power to tyrannize over their fellow men has passed from them, and they have been compelled to grant certain privileges to others. We heard of a minister who preached a sermon of woman's privileges, declaring that the great talk about woman's rights was upturning the world, and that woman would never succeed in obtaining what she called her rights, but if she was willing to ask for her privileges, he and all other men like him would be willing to grant them. Growing eloquent, he said:

"Let all the women cease this great bluster about their rights, and in a proper spirit ask for their privileges, and society will soon grant these, and settle down into the good old times."

He forgot the great truth that nothing is settled until it is right. We have seen how the question of slavery was settled time after time, but it never would remain settled until right triumphed over might.

In beautiful contrast with this minister's sermon we listened to an elegant allegory by Mrs. Celia Burleigh, which we regret that we can not present to our readers as it was given by her. We quote from memory, and give it in our own language. She referred to a time when woman was not permitted to walk abroad in the streets. At length one bold innovator covered her face and head with a thick veil, ventured forth upon the streets, and actually walked among the men.

The good conservatives, alarmed at the terrible event, cried out, "Society will be ruined. All the old safeguards of purity are gone." But she continued to walk forth, and others followed her example, even amid the cry that had been raised. They were all veiled closely. Soon, however, a brave woman committed the unpardonable sin of drawing the veil aside and uncovering the right eye. The shout of the conservatives went up louder than ever at this dreadful infraction of morals. It was not so bad a thing, after all, for women to walk abroad, but the very idea of a woman appearing in the street with her right eye uncovered was terrible in the extreme. It would lead to inevitable misery; there would be anarchy and confusion everywhere unless this was stopped.

Other women walked with the right eye uncovered, and society did not fall into chaos. Then a strong woman, reasoning that if one eye revealed to her so much beauty, two might do much better, and she boldly uncovered both eyes. This was another fearful invasion just,—what they had predicted would come. Now it was well enough for women to walk the streets with one eye uncovered, and this might be tolerated, but to go with both exposed was too daring and wicked to be endured and must bring the saddest consequences upon society.

Finding this new liberty was agreeable, some strong minded woman ventured to throw off the veil entirely, and uncovered her face. Now the evil was at its highest pitch. Every barrier to modesty, purity, and morality was gone, the order of society was broken up, and chaos must inevitably come. It was well enough for women to walk the streets, and open their eyes to the light, but when the entire face was exposed, was more than could be borne.

Every observer of human progress will see that this allegory has been enacted in our times in regard to the various reforms that have taken place. The history of the Pilgrim Fathers fleeing from oppression in the old country, so full of progress, has its dark side, in which their toleration was manifested toward the Quakers by hanging them, and toward the Spiritualists of their age, who were the witches of Salem, whose history is written in a fearful record of blood. In all countries and among all peoples, the victims of oppression, when released from bondage, have become oppressors in turn, showing that bondage is a poor school in which to learn the lessons of true liberty.

We admit that toleration may be a stepping stone toward freedom, but it is an assumption of power which does not belong rightfully to any one. What right have we, as an individual, to tolerate another who may differ from us, and who may be as sincere and as near right as we are? It is not toleration that we want. It is respect; respect for the rights and opinions of others, which is the only foundation on which we can justly claim like respect for our rights and opinions.

The law is simple but absolute, that each individual must decide all questions for themselves, according to their position and capacity, and so long as this decision does not interfere with the rights of others, it should be respected—not tolerated—not permitted only, but respected. Even "error may be safely tolerated or permitted, if reason is left free to combat it," and indeed the only safe and effectual plan for removing error is to submit it to the crucible of reason and investigation, and thus expose its fallacy. No error was ever banished from the world by persecuting its holder, but all error will flee away as the mists of the morning before the rising sun, if reason pours its light upon it. Toleration may result from indolence and indifference, or an unwillingness to enter into conflict with error; but these are unworthy motives.

The lesson for us as Spiritualists, is to come up to a higher ground than persecution or toleration, and learn to respect every man who holds an honest opinion, however absurd and erroneous it may appear to us. We know it is a nice point to respect a man, and let the responsibility of his opinions rest just where it belongs, on the individual who holds them. We have been taught that we must care more for other people than for ourselves. A stranger, dropping down from some other planet, would really suppose that the chief labor of each one was to take care of somebody else.

We are all concerned lest some one else should do wrong, and the spirit of censure and condemnation which follows closely on toleration, is abroad in the land. The only rebuke we have ever received from our spirit friends has been when we felt like condemning others. They say, let every man be convinced in his own mind. If you make a person act from your standpoint, he is no better than if he had acted differently, from his own inclination. Force never did and never will make men moral, any more than it will make them loving.

We trust our readers will enjoy this beautiful poem as much as we have. It seems a proper conclusion for these remarks:

THE WORLD'S OLD SONG OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

BY JOHN J. GLOVER.

When man first trod the face of earth
And brutal force the mass controlled,
Ere reason scarce had had its birth,
Or words of love had e'er been told—
The rude world sang the wierd-like song
Of "I am right and you are wrong."

When tribe 'gainst tribe its force combined,
And plans to subjugate were laid;
When nations formed to gather strength,
And armies in the field arrayed—
The world still sang the cheerless song
Of "I am right and you are wrong."

When Christ, with meekness of a child,
The Golden Rule to life applied,
By Jewish priests he was reviled,
Betrayed, mocked, scourged, and crucified—
Then sang the world the bigot's song
"Yes, I am right and you are wrong."

Paul, Stephen, Peter, Justin, James,
And other martyrs to their faith,
Have left behind immortal names,
But paid the forfeit by their death,
Because the world e'er sang the song
Of "I am right and you are wrong."

When Huss and Luther dared oppose
The edicts of the Papal See;
When Murray from the Farallists
In public dared to disagree,
Loud rang abroad the hateful song
"Oh! we are right, and you are wrong."

Seets have increased and multiplied
As Father Time strode on apace;
Yet every sect claims excellence
With more intolerance than grace,
And sings unto the gathering throng,
"Come! I am right, the rest are wrong."

Though Jesus bade him without fault
To be the first to cast the stone,
And taught the code of charity—
For none are sinless—no—not one—
The world sings now, as then, the song,
"Yes! we are right, and you are wrong."

When first some tender hearts were moved
In pity for poor Africa's slaves,
Though all now claim a friendship true,
Division marks those moral braves;
They heard that self-complacent song
Of "I am right and you are wrong."

When Galileo proved the truth
That grand old Earth itself turned round,
By dint of force did he retract,
And, silenced, yield his vantage ground—
The world sang unto him the song,
"Oh! I am right and you are wrong."

Albeit many now have learned
That news may flash across the sea,
Just hint that souls may send us back
A message from eternity—
The world sings loud the same old song,
"Oh, I am right, and you are wrong."

Whoever dares a step to take
Advancing to a point in front
Of science or theology
Must stand the buffet and the brunt—
And hear that constant, dismal song
Of "We are right, and you are wrong."

Thank God! though bigots think it strange,
That nevertheless, earth moves along,
God speed the day when man may change
That hackneyed, pharisaic song,
And sing a wiser, better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

When churches practice what they preach,
And preach from heaven-taught, liberal creeds
The recreant sinner then may feel
The vital force of Christian deeds;
And sing in time, a better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

When all shall lend a willing ear
To doctrines new and still untrod,
And pause awhile e'er they condemn,
To learn the truths of either side—
Then may be heard the better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

So may the universal church
Of brotherhood be broad and strong;
As man may frankly own to man,
"I may, as well as you, be wrong."
Come, let us start that better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

In Memoriam.

Passed on to the higher life Lydia T. Bradley, in the 57th year of her age.

This estimable woman will be missed by a very large circle of friends. Her life has been marked by the most disinterested benevolence and devotion to humanity. Her kindness and desire to relieve suffering made her welcome to all. She was educated in the Society of Friends, and when Spiritualism came she was one of the earliest to enter upon its investigation, and soon expounded its truths, and labored earnestly for its diffusion, believing that it tended to make life more cheerful and happy. Most of her time was spent in the care of the sick, to whom her devotion was constant, and there are many who will long for her presence and kindly ministrations. To her, the change is a blessed one. Many of her relatives and friends who had been endeared to her by the strongest ties, had gone on before her, and the meeting with these, and with all who had been endeared to her by ties of kindness and love, must make the "home gathering" a joyous one. Rest in peace, our sister. Thy memory is precious, and the example of thy good deeds will cheer us in hours of trial, and we will look forward to meet thee in the home above. Farewell to the worn-out casket, and God and good angels bless the spirit now set free.

To the Friends of Humanity.

At a meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists, held at Troy, N. Y., Sept. 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1871, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That there is need of more liberal, humane, and comprehensive methods for the relief of diseases of the mind. That we recognize the possibility of great good to the human family from psychopathic (magnetic) treatment of the insane, and that all efforts in that direction commend themselves to the hearty support and co-operation of all Spiritualists and persons of liberal thought.

The following persons were appointed to consider the subject, obtain such information as they can in regard to it, and report to the Association next year:

Henry T. Child, M.D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Penn.; Henry F. Gardner, M.D., Boston, Mass.; J. G. Atwood, M.D., corner of Irving Place and 17th street, N. Y.; Susan C. Waters, Borden-town, N. J.; Sophronia E. Warner, Cordova, Ill.; Andrew J. Davis, Orange, N. J.; Dr. Meade, Boston, Mass.

As Chairman of the above committee, I am desirous of receiving, not only from the members of the committee, but from all persons interested in this important subject, information in reference to it, and would be much obliged by an early reply to the following questions:

1st.—Have you any direct information in reference to cases of insanity treated by magnetism?
2nd.—Have you treated any cases, or witnessed the treatment by others?
3rd.—Can you give me any information of the general plad of treatment of insanity?

H. T. CHILD, M. D.
634 Race street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Report.

At a meeting of the Board of the American Association of Spiritualists, held at 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Dec. 28th, 1871, present Victoria C. Woodhull, Anna M. Middlebrook, A. A. Wheelock, and Henry T. Child, reports were received from Eli F. Brown, for July, August, September, October and November.

On motion of Dr. Child it was
Resolved: That on account of our financial condition, we dispense with the services of Eli F. Brown, as Missionary, after the 1st of Jan. 1872.

A constitution for the UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD, prepared by Mrs. Woodhull, was read and considered.

H. T. CHILD, Sec'y
634 Race street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Miscellaneous.

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Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
ROSICRUCIAN MUSINGS.

BY P. B. DOWD.

In the JOURNAL of Nov. 18th, 1871, I read, "Wm. B. Fahnestock to Henry T. Child," and it sets me musing. Then really there is no magnetic fluid—no invisible aura—that pours out from objects, radiating around them—not unlike the light of a candle—which is the vehicle of thought and expression, the light of persons, the conveyor of subtle characteristics, whereby we know more of each other than we often do by word or act.

After all the talk, this fluid is merely imaginary. Glory to Fahnestock, who has demonstrated (so far as assertion is demonstration; and who shall deny that assertions, positively and dogmatically made, are not demonstrable to a certainty) that in nature, only, individual things exist with a vacuum between. For the atmosphere (be it our air, ether, or electricity), which flows around objects, and is inhaled and exhaled by those things, must be a foreign substance, and carries none of wasting bodies away with it as it is exhaled, nor leaves any of its vital essences behind to animate and reanimate the human form, for the very moment you admit that I breathe any part of myself out, no matter how dead or decayed, or however wasted or attenuated that part may be, that moment you admit the fact that I transmit myself in part to whatever may chance to breathe or inhale that which once has been in, and thus a part of my organization.

Indeed, I exist in the flowers my hand has trained, the animals I have petted, in a degree, as much as in my children! How are you independence? Freedom sounds good, especially of will, with its accompanying power to induce the stativolic condition, and resulting health.

Man, be thy own physician! sounds grandly. But, do you know, my friend, that in eating food at your table, you are eating the exhalations of the person whose hand or hands prepared the food? and can you say how much of health or disease are taken by you in this one way alone? I know of places where a truly sensitive person would have to be in the stativolic condition all the time, in order to live a single day. Does not all nature teach the utter dependence of all individual things; and why dependent, if it be not by reason of the subtle chords of sympathy, which binds worlds and atoms together, as well as holds mankind in intimate relations. These chords have been called spirit, or magnetism, or electricity, but really, what does the name signify?

We bridge space and dissipate vacuum by sound, and who is there so bold as to assert that we do not pour out a vital fluid in every word uttered, which indeed enters into others, and affects or influences them in many ways? Christ said, "My words are spirit;" and what is spirit but life; and is not all life one homogeneous whole? Indeed, it radiates around, and fills all things. These bodies are only condensed life, which in its condensation hath left a vacuum surrounding, toward which all nature rushes to destroy; and across which imprisoned or embodied life rushes to defend its own individualization, as rushes the electric fluid from the battery of the storm cloud. This fluid is all unseen till just as it speaks in thunder tones. So with animate nature, the more fluid, the more flash, talk, gesture, or motions and emotions.

To say there are no fluids only those in motion, or that there are no currents in the atmosphere of earth, or in its bodily structure, or in my own individual atmosphere or bodily structure, that are unseen, hidden, and unknown, is to assert an absurdity, and stultify reason.

We taint the atmosphere unawares, and purify it in the same manner. A thought sets in motion the brain and nervous system, and these motions evolve vital force, and when long continued, exhausts the reservoirs of vital force, and we become weakened, and hence sick. The exhausted body or mind is a vacuum, and like an empty sponge is ready to drink up any fluid within its reach. Fluid is a name we have given to subtle substances which move rapidly in obedience to the universal law of attraction. Water is fluid, and breaks in mountain waves with deafening roar upon ocean's shore, flows in and out of earth's caverns, pulsates in her veins, bubbles up in her springs. Air is fluid, and flows from shore to shore, from pole to pole, here and there in mountain waves, carrying devastation and ruin in its path, and here and there resting in calm, or moving in gentle, murmuring ripples, flowing in and out of all vacuum, of which the human lungs are not the least, for every pore of the skin is a vacuum, through which the atmosphere alternately flows in and out. Indeed, every atom of organic life breathes. Electricity if fluid, admitted by science as substance, although so peculiar in its character as to defy the laws of gravitation, for it weighs nothing.

If electricity is a substance, it is a fluid, and if so, it must be subject to the same laws as water and air; hence there are forms of matter wherein but little or none exist. But the fact is patent, that like all fluids it seeks its equilibrium, and flows toward vacuums, as water flows downward.

Now it flows in the human system the same as in and around the earth. If it flashes in the storm cloud, and rends the atmosphere with awful groans (thunder), as it destroys vacuum caused by extreme heat; so also in the human system it flows from pole to pole, and when obstructed, it dams up, collects the storm clouds, and hurls tornadoes of pain and suffering upon vacuums, till they are destroyed, and fluids flow onward again without hindrance, pain or noise, and consequently unnoticed.

Fahnestock seems not to recognize any fluids higher than electricity. Here, like modern scientists, he stops. He recognizes no subtle essences within electricity, as the latter is within the air. It were as logical to deny the aroma of a rose; for this is a fluid substance of which we drink, as much so, as when we drink of the murmuring brooklet which waters its roots.

I also have an aroma peculiar to myself, which indicates my individual characteristics, which some drink of to their health, others to their sickening; and the same is true of Fahnestock, Underhill, and all mankind. We are all teachers and the taught. In teaching, we give ourselves in words and acts. In learning, we are drinking in the aroma of others, which, when it does not agree with our mental and spiritual stomachs, makes us vomit with disgust. But vomiting is sometimes good. Who knows but what thoughts are fluid? They seem to reside everywhere, in and around everything. When hungry we eat and drink; when weary we repose upon an idea as upon the solid earth. They flow into us when we are receptive, i. e., when hungry

or thirsty. This receptiveness is a condition, which we sometimes produce by effect of will, being assisted thereto by fear, faith, and belief; but sometimes this receptiveness is produced by external circumstances over which one has but little control, such as grief, physical pain, mental anguish, etc.

To say that all persons can enter the stativolic condition, is to assert an untruth! I venture the assertion that Fahnestock, himself, can not enter, or "throw himself into the condition." Why? Because he is an unbeliever, and has no faith in anything outside of himself. He ties to no one but self, and relies upon, and believes in nothing save the demonstrable. Hence, he is full of ideas which he gives out, as an overflowing spring water, which others drink. Those who drink Fahnestock, can enter the stativolic condition, not by reason of their own power, but by reason of their belief in Fahnestock and his ideas.

To believe in self is to be an egotist. It has been said that "truth is many sided," and I think F. has one side; but when he denies the existence of magnetic fluid, he simply assumes that which he does not know. To warm ones self by a fire, is to receive heat therefrom; to look into a fire steadily for a long time, is to receive the subtle spirit of fire, which consumes even the fountains of organic life and motion. To be alone with the night, awakens the soul to the mystery of all being, and calls it forth penetratingly, as if to see. He who gazes at black persistently, whether with the physical or mental eye, becomes in time luminous. Despair hath made many clairvoyant. Why? Because opposites produce each other; and this production is only an interchange of fluids, or change of polarities. Good becomes evil, and evil becomes good. A child only a few days old can have no belief in any save its mother, and yet, how many of my readers have known instances where the mother had worked, nursed, and rocked the little thing in vain for long hours to still its crying, assuage its pain and lull it to sleep, but who hushed to sleep as if by magic when some one else took it in their arms. Ah! is not sleep one phase of stativolicism? But what more conspires to produce sleep than surroundings? Indeed, surroundings are only another name which in our ignorance we give to mingling essences and subtle fluids of things, both seen and unseen, which we drink in as a sponge drinks water.

Wellsville, Mo.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
CELESTIAL SPHERES.—No. 5.

BY D. G. MOSHER.

We shall endeavor to show that there is no limit to the progressive degrees of intelligence, and that there is a perfect chain from the infinite lower to the infinite higher, and that in the structure of the human or animal organism to its highest perfection, has been designed by, to us, incomprehensible intelligences, a complete chain of which may be considered as an incomprehensible, diffusible intelligence existing within the realm of a human or animal organization; a microcosm of the infinitude of all organized forms in existence; the same existing, also, throughout the boundless realms of infinitude.

We will now proceed to compare some of the interior workings of the human organism to the various operations going on in the outer world, which are all cognizable to the perceptions of the human mind.

The conception of the American national compact was, in every respect, equivalent to, or required an ancestry, and the same acts and conditions, as are required in the conception of human or animal offspring. In either case, alike, the germs previously existing are indispensable, and the offspring is, in accordance with immutable law, an exact image of the organized aggregation of parental seminal and ovarian germs.

At conception there is always a contest between the seminal and ovarian germs for the ascendancy, and if one or the other is not victorious it is an exception to the general law, and the result is a non-organization, or a hermaphrodite offspring, possessing in a nearly equal degree the sexual and other peculiarities of both parents.

The American national compact, when first organized, was perfectly characteristic of the sum of the germs or individuals forming such compact, any variation therefrom being only on account of the influx of a greater or less degree of spiritual inspiration.

Co-existent with the organization of the American physical congress, was organized a corresponding spiritual congress, by which the physical congress was and ever is controlled and directed in the transaction of all important business.

The conception of the American congress, as well as that of the general American government, was the result of spiritual influx by the germs or individuals composing the physical or "natural" congress or general government from the spiritual germs or individuals comprising the spiritual congress or government. Be it understood that these natural and corresponding spiritual organizations were merely co-conceived, co-organized, and are co-progressive.

The conception of *Young America* was on this wise: Oriental became espoused to Americanus (a squaw) and the twain were united in matrimony. The husband was of mixed descent and inherited a large proportion of Caucasian blood. The spouse was of pure American blood, and Americanus being desirous of offspring, and Americanus being pleased with the idea consented to the proposals of her husband, resulting in the conception and organization of the embryo of *Young America*. The germs (first American settlers) from the loins of Oriental impregnated the ovum of Americanus (Indians) and the travail of Americanus immediately followed.

The Oriental germs; from their inherent nature being most powerful, (at least in their own estimation) commenced a warfare with the ovarian germs, the contest resulting in the supremacy of the Oriental blood, with a very small proportion of American blood, characterized the embryonic *Young America*.

The historian who is familiar with American history and the biography of Columbus, and his peculiar inspiration ever prompting him in the direction of the discovery of an unknown country, may readily discover the true causes of the peculiar characteristics of *Young America*, with his prominent Yankee proclivities, aside from being the recipient of special spiritual influx or inspiration. The acorn contains the infinitesimal germs each of which possesses the peculiar characteristics of the oak, the same as each individual or germ of the first governmental organization or aggregated germ of the yet embryonic *Young America*. At the time of the conception of *Young America* the germs (inhabitants of American soil) were in a state of chaos, the same as the germs of the prospective chick before the incubation of the egg. Conditions favorable to the incubation

of the egg, as well as to its conception and formation were mainly dependent upon influences beyond the control of the infinitesimal germs. Every law in existence is brought to bear in the conception, organization and construction of each and every form, however imperfect such form may appear, or however repulsive to our senses—poisonous or destructive to our organizations.

We have made the declaration that the germs of all life forms have ever existed, and we can with equal truth declare that the infinitesimals of every organized form had a beginning. Place the egg which contains the germs or materials for the prospective chick in favorable conditions and the work of organization immediately commences. Little groups of germs congregate at different points within the shell, forming little head centres as nuclei, which attract other germs, until the various organs of the organization are formed, apparently independent of each other at first, but finally connections are formed as a necessary sequence in completing the organization. These nuclei may be compared to cities, towns, etc., which eventually become connected and formed into one grand, incomprehensible, organized form.

Mosherville, Mich.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

BY JOHN J. TAYLOR.

The influx of Spirit power we have had for the last few years is no new thing. The history of the world proves that spirit communion has existed in all ages, and that this has been the source of all the various religions. At times, when conditions were more favorable, there were greater manifestations of spirit power, from which would be organized a new religion with certain fixed dogmas that hemmed in the human mind like a picket fence, and all other spirit emanations that came outside of this creed were anathematized as false and wicked. These creeds dammed up the stream of the world's progress, which, if let alone, would have brought far different and better results than we now have in the religious world.

The former manifestations of spirit-power were attributed directly to the Deity, and hence, it was considered blasphemous to question them. Now we understand the source from which they emanate, and many of the laws and conditions necessary to their existence. Now we know that nothing is supernatural, for we have learned that the domains of nature, with its laws, belong to the spiritual as well as the physical conditions of life.

We have also learned that all persons have, to a greater or less degree, certain spiritual gifts, that can be cultivated and developed as any other power or attribute of the human soul. Now, we know that clairvoyance explains the ghost stories of our grandmothers of the olden time.

The light of reason and knowledge have dissipated the dark mists of superstition from the soul of man; consequently, he sees clearer than ever before, his religious nature, his duties to himself and his fellows, as well as his true relation to the seen and the unseen worlds.

PROPHECIES.

But the object of this communication is to give to the public certain prophecies that were made, long before the advent of the present phase of Spiritualism, as an additional evidence that these things have ever existed.

My mother, Elizabeth Taylor, who now enjoys a green old age of seventy-three years, was gifted from an early age, with visions of coming events. Never a death occurred in her family, nor of any one who was near and dear to her, that she did not foretell, even when they were in good health. At the time she predicted, they would sicken and die.

In 1832, she predicted that a difficulty between this country and France would spring up, and that both countries would prepare for war, but that just before the beginning of hostilities, the matter would be settled by the King of England. This occurred precisely as she foretold within the next two or three years. The following was the vision she saw:

She seemed to be elevated, so that she could see over Europe and America. While looking, she saw a dark cloud gathering over a portion of Europe, and also saw one gathering over America. Soon they became very dense and dark, and presently assumed the appearance of armies, and could distinguish their colors and uniforms, by which she saw that one was an American army, and the other a French army. They were armed and equipped for battle, and were approaching each other in hostility. Just as they were about to commence fighting, a tall English gentleman, of kindly mien, stepped between them, and held a parley with one, and then with the other. Presently, both armies vanished, leaving the English gentleman alone, when the vision passed away. This Englishman was William the Fourth, King of England, who sat as umpire between the two countries, and settled the difficulty between them a short time before his death.

In 1835 she saw another vision which at the time filled her with terror. All at once she seemed to be lifted to an immense height, so that she could see every part of the United States. The sky over the whole country was clear and beautiful. All nature was calm and serene. While viewing this beautiful scene, she saw a small cloud gathering over the Southern States, which in a short time overspread the whole south and assumed a terrible, blue-black appearance. Turning her eyes to the north, she saw the sky there was still clear and serene. Presently the cloud that hung over the south assumed a more terrible appearance, and was greatly agitated, and was soon in rapid motion and gave the appearance of an immediate and terrible storm.

Presently she noticed a small cloud in the northern sky, which spread all over the north in an inconceivably short time, and assumed the same terrible and agitated appearance. The agitation of the southern cloud now became fearful. While looking at this awful scene the two clouds gradually developed into armies, and became so plain that she could distinguish the colors and the uniforms of the soldiers. They marched toward each other armed and equipped for battle. Before they met, she heard a voice from above, saying, "On account of the wickedness of America a fearful judgment shall be visited upon her." She was then impressed that this would occur twenty-five years from that date, and then the vision vanished, leaving her stricken with terror.

How truthful a picture of the beginning of the great rebellion that occurred just twenty-five years from that date. She was not permitted to see the result of the war. But ever afterward she contended that about the year 1860 there would commence a fearful war between the North and South on account of slavery. How fearful the judgment we all remember. I will never forget the effect of the relation of this vision upon my young mind at the time.

She has often told me of a vision she had in the winter of 1825, '26. We then resided near Columbus, Ohio. In the neighborhood there were religious revivals among the Baptists, Methodists, and New Lights—a sect then springing up in that state. Her father was a Baptist minister, and conducted the meetings in the church. She became much interested,

but was at a loss to know what church she should join. One evening, she fervently prayed that she might be directed in this matter. That same evening the following vision appeared to her:—She seemed surrounded with a clear and beautiful sunlight. A beautiful portly woman descended and stood before her and handed her a *New Testament*, and told her, *as yet*, the New Light church was the best, because they had no creed but the New Testament. But soon a free religion would appear! The vision then vanished. She followed the advice.

She afterwards had many visions that gave her glimpses of a better and freer religion. When Spiritualism made its advent, she joyfully embraced it as the New Religious Light that is to bless the world. In that faith she died.

Attica, Ind., Nov. 29th, 1871.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A CONSTANT YEARNING.

BY WM. C. W.

"Within the heart of man there is a constant yearning For something higher, holier, unattained; Upward and onward, from present turning, Yet resting never when the point is gained; Some unseen power the soul is urging Through childish weakness and ambitious youth; And day by day all souls are still converging Nearer and nearer to the central source of Truth."

Happily, in the above, did the lady poet state a truth, yet do any of us find a path, always pleasant, by which we can approach that pre-eminent soul of infinite wisdom—a path of pleasure, without sighs, thorns, or tears? Do we not come through the sweat of the brow, through pains and agonies of heart known only to ourselves and that Power which calls us to come to him? And why is this so? Is it not because God, in his high and holy councils of wisdom, has decreed that we shall come toward him, even from the cradle, in groans, in tears, in joys, and sorrows, in intermingled light and shade.

When the mariner steps upon his noble ship, bound for the far off land of home, where he knows there are pleasant faces and warm hearts that wait his coming, that will greet him with tender affection, he does not expect all calm, serene days in his voyage—rather does he not expect there will be fearful sound of rushing waves and broken surges? At times great black volumes of clouds, rent asunder by flashes of lightning—to hear the thunders in the wild wastes of waters? To feel his ship staggering and plunging among the roaring caverns, to hear the creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of the ship, and the howling of the winds, as the sounds of funeral wailings.

If the mariner cannot reach the fireside where dwell his loving wife and children without toils, struggles, and dangers, will the heavenly Parent let any of his children reach the goal of their highest aspirations, to obtain the great strength of soul, the joy and peace, that is born of a noble life, without innumerable strivings and flights upward and onward toward his holy perfections?

Did the gentle Nazarene find this world a pleasant voyage to make? Did his disciples? Did not his followers during the first centuries stand amid burning faggots, wrapped in mantles of sorrow and rolled in garments of blood? Did Socrates or Confucius find this world a pleasant home? Did Huss? Did Luther, or Fox? Do not all earnest souls, that refuse to float with the tide, find it necessary to contend with tempestuous storms, and to gather their soul strength, now struggling in the trough of the sea of human conditions, then lifted high up by some surging wave, and carried among the shoals and rocks?

At times, in safety sitting under our own vine, we may look out upon the world, and perhaps think the bitter storms of persecution are past, but they are not. In a little different form, or style of manifestation, the venomous spirit exists, as much as it did when Socrates, for telling he truth, was recompensed with poison hemlock, and the grave; as when Plato was imprisoned and sold into slavery; or the time when Quakers were hung on Boston Common, shut up in lonely prison walls, their tongues thrust through with red hot irons, or exiled, and forced to leave their homes on pain of death.

As we cast our eyes back upon the past, what a frightful pall of misery has superstition and ignorance thrown down upon the pathway of humanity! The victims of their cruelty with life blood have moistened the soil of every land and clime, and yet through all these angry passions, slaughters of humanity, and hurling down to the grave, men have been searching for God, trying to find religious freedom and truth.

The foremost souls in the conflict have been crying out, "Watchman, what of the night?" Does that falling gleam of light across mankind's moral sky mean that morning is nigh? Doubtless, daylight is breaking, the darkness and mist of the night is slowly departing. The children of earth are beginning to learn that there are many paths through which we approach the Father; and the sweetest and best of them all are justice, peace, loving kindness, and tender mercy. He is not a being of angry passions, but a serene fountain of love, though sometimes veiled behind a cloud.

Then let us go forward with an elastic step, marking the passage of death as the grand gateway to the Eternal City. "Arched as with a rainbow of everlasting life, and we may bid our fellowman walk through unabashed," accepting the blessing with an unflinching trust, as a boon dropped from out the bosom of Infinite love.

If the Greek could believe that Venus sprang from the foam of the sea, or phoenix from her ashes, may we not much more rationally believe that an immortal soul shall rise from these bodies of ours, and heavenward take its way? If a ray of light, or floating dust among the sunbeams, cannot be lost from out the domain of immortality, then much less shall a concentrated spark of divine life be lost.

Bordentown, New Jersey.

Letter from J. H. Mendenhall.

BROTHER JONES:—I have just seen the first number of the JOURNAL that my eyes have looked upon since the great Chicago fire, dated November 29th, 1871. Read "Search after God." No. 62, and now I am ready to aid you; yes, I wish I could send a hundred instead of one dollar.

You do not know how much good the "Search after God" has done us. We live in a little cozy place in this city, are poor as to this world's goods, but have had some interesting things come to us from the spirit world. God speed the JOURNAL, or rather, some of his big boys. We will let the old gentleman rest—he is getting too old to work, and I do not think he likes the JOURNAL anyhow; that is, if he is as represented by the divines of the day.

Peoria, Ill., Dec. 10th.

A Chinese thus describes a trial in the English law courts: "One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
WHAT IS TRUTH?

BY FRED ALLES.

For ages men have written, and philosophers have essayed upon the subject of Truth. Varied, indeed, have been the separate conclusions at which they have arrived,—as widely different as are the many shades of human attainments and knowledge. In many instances several have arrived at the same general conclusion in regard to some particular point, but no two have ever agreed upon all the points involved in any one idea. Man is immortal. The great majority of mankind agree upon this one point, in the abstract, but entirely disagree as to what that immortality shall consist of, some holding that they are destined to pass away from here, and go on to higher spheres, there to acquire more knowledge and a continued growth in the perception of what to them is truth, onward from sphere to sphere, indefinitely. The orthodox base their idea of immortality on an eternity of praise and singing of psalms to please their God. Many persons have a hope of heaven and an eternal life resting on one thing, and that is a happy reunion with the dear ones who have gone before, nothing beyond that,—in fact, heaven will be found to usually mean, and immortality to consist in, that which we most enjoy in this life.

The liberal writings of the present day are very often crowded with sentences denouncing the falsehoods which they claim are being taught by churchmen, and yet, a blue hell-fire orthodox sermon, of the Jonathan Edwards style, contains as much truth as Paine's "Age of Reason!"

Diversity seems to be one of the ruling laws permeating the economy of nature, and man seems also to be subject to the influence thereof. What is meat for one man may be poison for his brother. Some men are so constituted as to be natural vegetarians, they seem to fatten and thrive best on that kind of food, while another would starve, almost, on the same diet. This will hold good in the mental as well as the physical. Man is so formed as to require a certain amount of mental and spiritual food. That which is adapted to one brain may be rejected by another. When men have ideas inculcated into their minds when young, they sometimes become almost a second nature with them, so much so, that it is almost impossible to rid themselves thereof. Some men are taught to believe that sin came into the world through the action of Adam and Eve, and that there is no atonement, therefore except through Christ. To such as these the doctrine of a Vicarious Atonement is a literal truth, just as much as the rejection thereof is a truth to those who do not believe in the theory. The doctrine that one man can atone for all the sins of the world, is rejected as a falsehood by those who do not or cannot believe it, so also is the fact of spirit communion cast aside by those who have no faith in it. Both are right for both are acting out their highest capabilities. From these ideas we may deduce the fact that no one is competent to erect a standard by which another can gauge his conception of truth.

Herein lies the cause for the failure of all creeds and party platforms. The human mind refuses to be bound by the chains which another has forged; not that the bond of itself is objectionable, but because it does not fit. We can have no true conception of any condition until we have ourselves been in that condition. No one is competent to say what another shall believe, because no one mind is capable of judging of what another mind is able to receive.

Philosophers, to almost a universal degree, seem to fail in one thing. When they arrive at a conclusion in regard to some theorem in moral ethics, they hastily conclude that, because this is a truth to them, it must of necessity be to the rest of mankind. They claim to have arrived at an ultimate, and that human power of reasoning can carry man no farther, and they stubbornly contest that their idea shall be recognized by all. But the roll of a century proves their truth to be a falsehood. What is the cause of this? It is attributable to two things, one is that what one mind will conceive to be a truth, a differently constituted mind would pronounce a falsity; and, secondly, to an eternal law of progression and change which pervades all things,—one century denying what the preceding one attested.

What, then, constitutes truth? It consists of that which each individual mind accepts as true. So long as any mind accepts of an idea as true, so long is it a truth, but just so soon as a doubt springs up in the mind, then it ceases to occupy a place in that category.

All ideas and thoughts are true, to some persons. When an idea has answered the specific purpose for which it was created; it is banished—it has done its work. When we have extracted all that is useful and beneficial from our physical food, it is cast aside, and so with our mental nutriment, when it is no longer useful, it is laid away as a cast-off garment.

A system of philosophy or religion, can never be improved by its enunciators abusing the merits, or denying the truth of another creed, but can best gain proselytes by an exposition of its beauties, independent of a contrast with the defects of another system. It will be accepted, as people gradually arrive at that plane of thought when their mental nature shall require such food as is contained therein, and will as gradually be rejected as they progress up to that point, and discover something more inviting beyond. Truth, then, is what we honestly believe, and our simple faith is Truth.

I would then call upon all to rally around this standard, upon whose pendant shall be inscribed the signet of "Universal Liberty." A liberty whose bounds shall be as broad as the universe, and as undefinable as infinitude, whose limits shall be beyond the power of finite mind to grasp. That liberty which shall concede to others their rights as graciously and as fully as it demands an admittance of its own. It is the germ of a new liberalism, whose conception has been brought about by the oppressions of humanity—a goading of seeming ignorance by concealed wisdom—and whose birth is now dawning upon the world. It is an Evangel which is coming to comfort men in their hours of adversity and sorrow. It is the shadow which foretells the dawning of the day when all shall recognize the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God.

Chicago, Dec. 18, 1871.

It is now asserted with scientific confidence that the world, by an accumulation of ice in Antarctic regions, topples over, upsets and washes out things generally about once in every ten thousand years, and that Noah's flood was produced in this way, though the Bible says that the rains descended to aid the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep.

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Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

The Third Day of God's Work.

"And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so."—Gen. 1, 9.

"And God said," spake with a voice, or commanded. Was this voice spoken from the mouth of a physical being, as a man speaking; or, was it the sharp action of certain positive forces in nature called voice? Such as the voice of the wind, or the voice of the waters. That it had an effect, and a marked one, is evident from the results recorded.

"Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place."

They came together, obeying this voice, into one place, not many, as now, forming springs, rivers, lakes, seas, and oceans, but were gathered together into one vast ocean, overlying all matter; just as the waters above the firmament were gathered together; the one hiding the sun, moon, and stars; the other hiding or covering the earth. Thus we find the waters held apart by a ray of light—not sunshine, beautiful and cheerful, but dull and grey and cold. Whence came this light? Echo answers back from the waters, "Whence?"

"And let the dry land appear."

Let it rise up and appear above the waters, or let the waters retire from the land, or was this land made out of nothing, in the form of a globe or ball, as a potter forms a vessel out of something? Or, is the action of light slowly but surely absorbing the world of mist existing between the heavenly bodies and the earth? Or, was there a world, plastic and soft, made up of all manner of minerals floating in infinitesimal particles in this vast ocean of mist, now for the first time reached by a ray of light? This light condensing the mist into water, and with the assistance of heat, forming motion, magnetism, attracting gravitation, drawing together,—electricity quickening into life, producing a result—the world—our earth.

"And it was so."

What was so? We ask with an earnest desire to get at the truth. The earth obeyed, and showed its rock-crested shell up out of the waters. The waters rolled into one place, and our dear old mother earth came forth from the waters,—born out of the womb of mist. We ask, did God give birth to the earth, or the earth give birth to God? Was God in the earth, and a part of it, and dependent on the earth for his being, as we are for ours? Will some of God's ministers answer us?

"And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters called he seas."—Gen. 1, 10.

This voice is the language of Nature. "God is a spirit." "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;" hence spirit, the law, and matter, the phenomena of the law, and mind, the sense expression or phenomena of matter in any form, sometimes of a very low order, and sometimes of a high intellectual order. We are progressing finely toward the form, features, and facts of him who made all these things.

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass; the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind whose seed was in itself, upon the earth. And it was so."

"And the earth brought forth grass and herbs yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself after his kind. And God saw that it was good."

"And the evening and the morning were the third day."—Gen. 1, 11, 12, 13.

How gradually Nature is unfolding! How beautiful all her works!

The mind that spoke these words was a thinker, and contemplated God from an independent standpoint, evidently considering God as a spirit in Nature, acting under law.

On the first day, out in the dark, amid darkness, moving upon the face of the water, preparing the way for light, and there was light. On the second day, and so soon as the light penetrated the darkness, the mist condensed, forming water, at once gathered together into bodies called seas, and on the third day, or era of time, matter began to appear, or fully appeared. The dry land appeared.

That land or earth had long been above or out of the water, is quite evident, for in this era grass, herbs, trees having their seeds in themselves, appear. The reader will observe, however, that there is as yet no fruit—all nature is cold, and only the germs of life are quickening into action. We have now the base or foundation for life, and have accomplished out of darkness and confusion, light and order, water and dry land, grasses, herbs, and trees with the seed of fruit in them. We find the mists of space clearing away under the laws of light, heat, and electricity, gravitation, magnetism, and pneumatics, all movers of infinitism or God, preparatory to the introduction, through combination and correspondences, of two other parts or principles in God—the animal with instinct and reason. These principles or parts of God are now in germ form of life; needing increased heat and light to develop action—first, in the saurian life; second, in the animal or instinctive life; third, in the biped or reflective life, with reason; fourth, the spiritual life or immortality—God.

In our next we will contemplate the sun, moon, and stars, or the fourth great period of creative power.

Is Henry Ward Beecher a Spiritualist?

We clip the following from the Ottumwa (Ill.) Weekly Courier of a late date. It is a Beecherism, and smacks strongly of Spiritualism, and yet we suppose Mr. Beecher would be offended if we called him a Spiritualist.

We are a Spiritualist, and teach the thoughts he utters in this article:

BEECHER AND "LITTLE BEECHES."

"Henry Ward Beecher started his hearers last Sunday evening with an sermon on Spiritualism, in which he treats the subject very leniently, to say the least, and virtually endorses the Pike county theory of angels, as set forth in the story of 'Little Gabe' being told by spirits from scenes of danger to where it was safe and warm." His text was from John 11, 8.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit."

"After speaking of the conversation of Christ with Nicodemus about being born of the spirit, Mr. Beecher said:

"I suppose that from the beginning of things this world has been open to the influence of spirits; that other influences come into the world. Such a truth as this is to be infinitely desired. There is a disposition to treat it with scorn and neglect. It is not impossible to believe that there is a spiritual unity or influence which we can neither understand nor appreciate. This is certainly the doctrine of the New Testament. It is taught by the Savior and the apostles that both divine and demonic influences roll in upon the human soul. It is the atti-

tude of most thinkers to repel everything that they can not prove by the senses, and therefore the doctrine of Spiritualism has been in bad repute. There is nothing that we so much need, and should so much desire, as that there should be wafted into this sphere the influence of the divine spirit. The doctrine fits and harmonizes with the higher life toward which we are groping our way. We do not know what we are. We go step by step; we are conscious of vague longings and aspirations, and conscious of vague longings and aspirations. What every thoughtful, rational man should desire is that there should be an influence to teach us the divine. Fantastic and false notions have arisen during all ages in connection with spiritual phenomena. This does not interfere with the truth in the mind of the real seeker after it. Where does our knowledge of the divine come from? It is no argument against astronomy that men sought it through astrology, or against chemistry that it was sought through alchemy. Seeking shows a need that it is not a part of God's economy to allow. Our Savior declares that we can not understand these things. 'If I say, I have told you of earthly things, and ye believe not, how can ye believe if I tell ye of heavenly things?'

"It is impossible to interpret a higher sphere to those in the lower. We are not to suppose the spiritual influence a supervision of our faculties. 'So far as we can gather from the Word of God it would seem as though this is a process of recreating. It wakes up our dormant powers; it re-creates, beautifies, and fruitifies. The periods of growth have been when men believed most in the invisible. This belief has inspired men to activity in the best part of their nature. We are often influenced by a spirit outside of ourselves. It comes unexpectedly, is uncalled for, and often unwelcome. In one sense this is understandable. There is a way to prepare ourselves for the presence and action of the spirit. Men prepare themselves for friendship, but refuse to put themselves in a state of reception for the spirit. There would be summer if there wasn't a farmer on the continent. There would be flowers if there wasn't a florist in the land. But the farmer prepares his ground, and we can co-operate with the divine influences that seek to guide us. By this divine help we can not only grow, but can successfully resist demonic influences. We are not to set up antagonism to the working of the spirit. How many have been lovingly won from evil ways by this divine influence. As the sun wakes up the flowers, so does the divine mind stir up the dormant soul. When the influences come to you that stir the better nature and make you hate evil, believe. It is the light that comes from above. If you are given no noble conceptions of what you are capable of being, believe. If there comes a sense of sweet spirit communion, believe that God's great love sends the ministers of His to guide, comfort, and instruct you. Is there anything we desire so much as that light should shine upon the Great Beyond?'

Note from E. V. Sprague.

E. V. WILSON—DEAR SIR:—At a recent visit at St. Deroin, Neb. I met Prof. Clark Braden. At a lecture of mine I affirmed that you told me that since your discussion with him at Cleveland, his friends at Du Quoin, Ill., had written you, requesting you to allow them to get another gentleman to discuss Spiritualism with you, and you had consented. He replied:

"It is all a lie. No friend of mine ever wrote him so. It is a lie."

Will it be your pleasure to state through the JOURNAL whether what I said was "a lie" and oblige, yours truly,

E. SPRAGUE.

Letter from J. P. Hazard.

BRO. JONES—I have frequently inquired if any photographs of the spiritual paintings which I saw in your office last May had been seen in the market, but have been unable to learn anything upon the subject.

I should be very glad to know how it may be, and fear the originals may have been lost in the great fire. The Ministering Angel regarded as one of the most beautiful things I ever saw on canvass. Had it been mine I would not have exchanged it for a quarter section farm in your fertile state, though I would not be able to pay \$100 for it. If it is lost, I shall scarcely know how to forgive its custodian, after his promise to have it photographed at once.

I am very glad to hear you are re-established and in successful operation. With my best wishes for your success in this greatest of all causes, I am respectfully yours,

JOS. P. HAZARD.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 23, 1871.

REPLY—Dear brother, all were consumed. Not a photograph nor any other copy was ever taken of either—all were consumed. I have this consolation, I have the promise from the spirits controlling Br. N. B. Starr, whose paintings you so much admired in particular when here, of paintings much superior to those you saw.

I expect to receive something very fine from Brother Payette and Sister Blair. As yet I have only received five from the wonderful spirit artists, who use no human aid, only the mediumship of the Brothers Potts, of Harrisburg, Pa. You have seen Brother Potts' letter in regard to those. The manner in which they are produced is truly wonderful.

As I receive new spirit paintings I will announce the same through the columns of the JOURNAL. It is a beautiful phase of spirit power. It is condemned by some, perhaps, because it is done in the dark!

E. V. WILSON.

The lecture of E. V. Wilson, in this city, on Sunday, Dec. 31st, attracted unusual attention on the part of the Spiritualists here. The well-known character of the man, his iconoclastic manner in dealing with old theology, his wonderful tests and eccentric method of annihilating error, has won for him a reputation that he might well be proud of. The interest in his lecture here was so great that the voluntary contributions from those present amounted to nearly \$30.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Allegories of Life, by Mrs. M. S. Adams; Lee & Shepard Publishers, Boston.

This volume is splendidly gotten up, and the design of the author is to inculcate moral lessons through the instrumentality of allegory. It is not a novel, yet the author is decidedly novel and unique in the way she expresses grand truths. She gives in beautiful language twenty-three illustrations of important truths, which are so pointedly portrayed that they cannot fail to make a very vivid impression upon the mind.

A Treatise on the Intellectual, Moral, and Social Man; written under forty captious, with an Essay on Man, embracing fifteen headings or captions. By Hiram Powell.

The author in part first of his book takes into consideration: The Best Books to be Read, Rich and Poor, The Source of Wealth and Poverty, Aristocracy, The Other Side of the Picture, Proposals of Basis, Faith and Knowledge, Purpose of Life and Principles of Morals, The Moral Law, Liberty of Sentiment, Cheerfulness and Happiness. In connection with these subjects he presents many facts of interest to every reflective mind. The Essay on Man refers to those conditions of life of which men should have a perfect knowledge.

Use Nature's Hair Restorative. See Advertisement.

Take Notice.

We are in receipt of letters from Malinda Newell, Mary Berry, and Rebecca H. Irey, none of whom give their post office address or state. The above-mentioned parties will please send their respective addresses to this office at once, and their business will receive our prompt attention. Our correspondents will please make a note of this, and be careful to always give post office address and state.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to add a class of people to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them marked F. W. O., which means free, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, "every dollar counts;" but as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourselves greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund:

Amount previously acknowledged.....	\$531.75
Mrs. P. W. Stevens, Sacramento, Cal.....	3.00
John A. Lookahik, Benton, Iowa.....	10.00
G. H. Calgrove, Vernon Centre, Wis.....	1.50

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukan, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box,

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871.

For sale at this office. \$2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

Agents wanted.

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Full Plate Movements, adjusted to ten or Silver Cases, for Gents' use.

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The ELGIN ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC for 1872 has just been received from the Aldine Press, and is in the hands of Chicago Jewellers for presentation to their customers. It will also be forwarded by mail to any address upon application.

NATIONAL (ELGIN) WATCH CO.,

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v11 n16 4t

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v11 n11 4t

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Medium's Column.

DR. ABBA LORD PALMER.

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Can diagnose disease by likeness, autograph, lock of hair, without a failure, and give prescription which, if followed, will surely cure.

Can trace stolen property, tell the past, present, and future, advise concerning business, and give written communications from spirit friends.

Diagnosis of disease with prescription, \$2.00. Communications from spirit friends, \$3.00. Delineation of character, with advice concerning marriage, \$1.00. n1 v10 1f

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Cures all diseases of the blood, permanently eradicating all cancerous, scrofulous, syphilitic eruptions, and excretions matter from the system. Price \$2.50 per bottle.

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Cures nervous depression, and loss of vital force, pain in the region of the kidneys across small of back, prostration and general weakness, headache, gloominess of mind, and coarseness. Price \$2.50 per bottle.

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An unequalled compound for the speedy cure of Catarrh. Price \$2.00 per package.

Full directions with each remedy expressed or mailed promptly to any address prepaid on receipt of price. Laboratory offices and residence, No. 64 Twenty-fourth street, Chicago, Ill. Chronic complaints exclusively and successfully treated. Send for Analytical Health Journal, free. Address all letters to Dumont C. Dake, M.D. Box 30, Chicago, Ill. v11 n16 1f

The Well-known Psychometrist,

A. B. SEVERANCE,

Will give to those who visit him in person, or from autograph, or from lock of hair, readings of character, marked changes, past and future, advice in regard to business, diagnosis of disease, with prescription, adaptation of those intending marriage, directions for the management of children, hints to the inharmoniously married, etc.

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v1 n13 1f

MRS. S. A. H. WATERMAN, 67 Mul-

berry street, Newark, N. J., will answer letters, sealed or otherwise, give PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS, or Reading of Character, from writing, hair, or photograph. Terms from two to five dollars and four three-cent stamps.

v11 n13 1f

J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M.D., Box 5130, New

York City, will examine patients by lock of hair, until further notice, for \$1.00 and two stamps. Give full name, age, and one leading symptom of disease.

v11 n13 1f

D. W. HULL,

Psychometric and Clairvoyant Physician

Will diagnose disease and give prescriptions from a lock of hair or photograph, the patient being required to give name, age, residence, etc. A better diagnosis will be given by giving him the leading symptoms, but sceptics are not required to do so. Watch the papers for his address, or direct to Hobart, Ind., and wait till the letters can be forwarded to him.

Terms \$2.00. Money refunded when he fails to get in rapport with the patient.

v11 n12 1f

DR. JOHN A. ELLIOTT, THE HEALER,

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Incloses \$2.00 and two stamps, with lock of hair, full name and age, with one leading symptom of disease, and address care of Box 5130, New York P. O.

Dr. Samuel Maxwell,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

TREATS the sick by magnetic touch, and the use of appropriate magnetized remedies. Also makes clairvoyant examinations. Patients to be treated by letter should send age, sex, and leading symptoms. Board in private families if desired. Come to or address, SAMUEL MAXWELL, M.D.

v10 n17

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Dr. P. T. Johnson examines diseases by receiving lock of hair, name and age, stating sex—\$1.00 per examination. He also prepares a sure antidote for opium and morphia eaters; three months will cure the most inveterate case. Charges, six dollars per month. He also prepares a sure cure for ague, 50 cents per bottle. Will be sent by express. Address him at Ypsilanti, Mich.

v10 n17 1f

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

Healing, Psychometric, and Business Medium. 148 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. Robinson while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought in rapport with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the positive and negative forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal remedy or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business, and trance medium.

TERMS:—Diagnosis and first prescription, \$3.00; each subsequent one, \$2.00. Psychometric Delineation of character, \$3.00. Answering Business Letters, \$3.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS.

Do you want an agency, local or traveling, with an opportunity to make \$5 to \$20 a day, selling our new 7 strand, White Wire Cloth, Lines? They last forever. Sample free; so there is no risk. Address once to Hudson River Wire Works, Cor. Water St. and Maiden Lane, N. Y., or 346 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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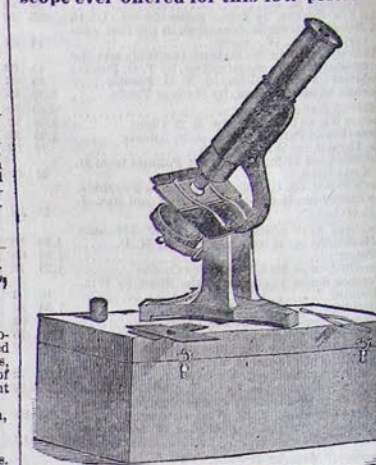
MICROSCOPES.

We are happy to announce to our numerous readers that we have made arrangements to be supplied with the very best LOW-PRICED MICROSCOPES that are manufactured. Those we are now handling have none of the deficiencies complained of in most cheap microscopes. They are made of the VERY BEST materials, are finished in GOOD SHAPE, and are not only well adapted for use, but are also ORNAMENTAL.

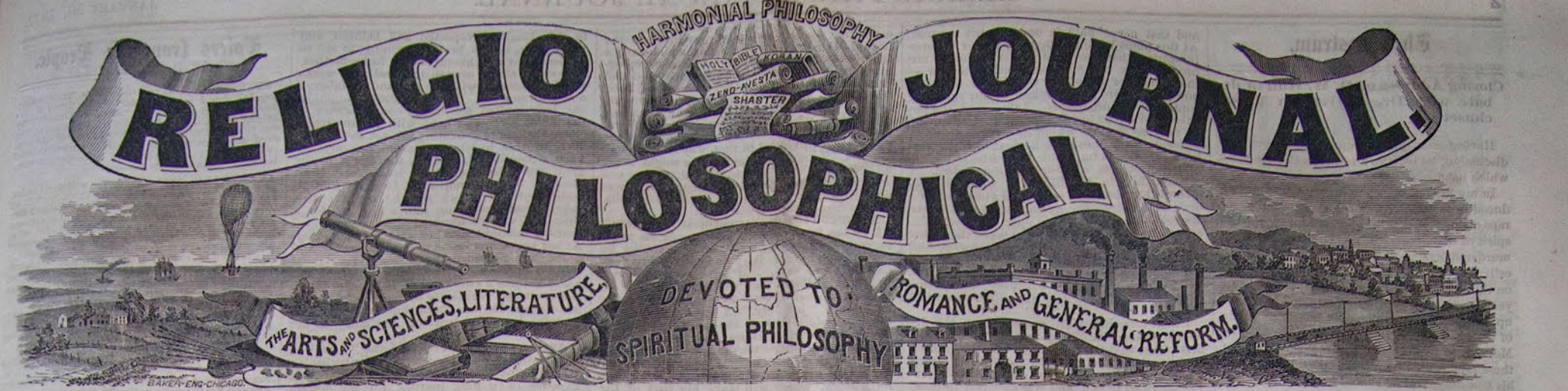


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It has the important parts of a first-class instrument readily adjusted, and well calculated not only for AMUSE, but for INSTRUCTION. It has a firm tripod base of cast iron, and the facility of inclining to any angle, for convenience of observation; an adjustable eye-piece or draw-tube, and two object glasses of different powers, with one prepared object, all packed in a neat wooden box with hinges and hooks. It has a magnifying power of twenty to 100 diameters, or 400 to 10,000 times the area.



Truth hears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]

CHICAGO, JANUARY 20, 1872. VOL. XI.—NO. 18.

Original Poetry.

CHRYSMUTATIO.
BY SARAH E. PALMER.

Death wears not oft the angel robe
That charms e'en love's fond sighing;
Not oft we gaze with thankful hearts
To see our loved ones dying:
At best we can but sob and say,
Father, thy will be done!—
Not lift our heavy souls to see
Life's last, best victory won.
But sometimes through those mystic gates
Such gleams of sudden glory
Drift down the darkness, that our hearts,
Remembering faith's fond story,
Take rapid flight like birds at morn
On wing for native heaven,—
We see through death our angel-born,
Nor heed the earth-tie riven.
And thus one night when tempest winds
Howled o'er the raging billow,
And earth was dark, a brother lay
Upon his dying pillow.
We knew his soul was entering through
The gates to Elysian;
We knew it by the enraptured gaze
That told of golden vision:
We knew it by the laboring breast—
The pale lips' painful quiver—
As trembling stayed his human feet
Beside the mystic river.
Our hearts were moaning like the wind,
Our tears like rain were falling;
We could not see the breaking day,
Nor list the angels' calling:
We only marked the falling breath,
The heart-beat's painful flutter,
And veiled our faces in a grief
Too deep for words to utter.
O bitter was that breaking weight!
Till through our mournful dwelling
A mystic sound of music swept,
Above the tempest swelling,—
Softer than summer's gentlest sigh
Where creamy buds are blowing,
O'er all our hearts those angel strains
Like silvery waves were flowing.
Our souls arose like chivalric flowers
To greet the morning's breaking,
Lifted to that wondrous power,
From pained grief awaking:
And lo! the fluttering hair was still,
Hushed was its last faint sighing,
And o'er the pale dead face a smile
Of shadowed bliss was lying:
And on our souls a glorious awe,
Past speech or power of telling,
Held every sense in trance-like thrall
With sweetest all excelling,
And every heart-beat told the joy
The angel chorists chanted.
Almost we heard their rustling wings,—
The place was glory-haunted,—
Till heavenward rising, soft and sweet,
The night winds, wildly sobbing,
Cloed o'er the song: we only heard
Our heart's tumultuous throbbing.
But gathering round the still, pale form,
We thought no more of sighing;
So near the star-gemmed portal seemed
We could not call it dying.
And from that night we gladly walk
And wait the signal given
That through the bursting bonds of earth
Unfolded gates of heaven.

La Ciede, Mo.
From The Medium and Daybreak, England.
SPIRIT-PICTURES AND OTHER
WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.

By Emma Hardinge Britten.

Sir.—It is some time since I have had the pleasure of communing with my spiritual friends and co-workers across the Atlantic, but through the long and dangerous illness of my beloved mother, together with the urgent and arduous duties of a public life have absorbed every moment of my time, my English friends and the sphere of labor so long and pleasantly occupied by myself among them have never passed away from loving memory. In earnest of my undiminished interest, in the field of London Spiritualism, I herewith send a few spirit-photographs procured through the Mediumship of Mr. William Mumler, a view of which, together with the subjoined account of my seance with that gentleman, may interest the visitors to the Progressive Library. About a fortnight ago I called upon Mr. Mumler for a sitting, impelled to do so by the remarkable accounts of tests furnished to me by reliable persons who had obtained through this channel unmistakable proofs of their spirit-friends' presence and identity. The result of my first sitting was the production of a female form, bending over me in the attitude of affection; but, although the spirit bears some resemblance to a dear departed friend, it is not sufficiently obvious to constitute a likeness. At my next sitting a large and remarkable looking head appeared on the negative, but ere the prints were taken I could not trace clearly any well-defined likeness. I remarked to Mr. Mumler that the negative appeared to present the appearance of some musical character, as there were indications of a lyre shadowed forth in the negative. Upon this Mr. Mumler immediately wrote on a slip of paper, backwards, the name of "Beethoven." When the prints were at length produced, they clearly showed the portrait of Beethoven hovering over me, and holding a faintly defined musical instrument in his hands, so placed as to present the shadow between my dress and the watch-chain which falls across it. Now, the circumstances which render the appearance of

the great musician upon my photograph singularly significant are these:—My principal occupation during my late residence in England was to write certain musical criticisms in which the life and works of Beethoven formed the chief theme of my analyses. The very last piece of musical writing which I executed was an essay on the Beethoven Centenary at Bonn, celebrated just as I was about to return to America. Whilst engaged in these writings, I have the best of reasons for believing that the spirit of the noble German was frequently with me, and by a variety of test-facts convinced me and others that he was interested in what I wrote, and not unfrequently suggested ideas or dictated corrections upon points of his life and musical intentions. The inspired and venerated spirit assured me, moreover, that he had constituted himself my musical guide, and purposed, in the bright communion of the better world, to reward my unbounded admiration of his character and compositions by assuming the office of my instructor. I think there must be several of my friends in London who will bear witness that I occasionally alluded to communications of the above named character from Beethoven, but I can most positively assert that I never mentioned them to anyone in America, and I am confident that Mr. Mumler neither knew anything of my musical writings in England nor that I was in the least interested in the appearance of Beethoven. These circumstances considered, I think the remarkable resemblance of the spirit-portrait to the well-known head of Beethoven may be taken as a striking and conclusive test of spirit-presence. A vast number of persons with whom I am well acquainted have received admirable portraits of their spirit friends from Mr. Mumler, and that when they themselves were strangers to him, and no possibility could exist of his procuring any likeness or knowledge of the spirit-friends represented.

The few pictures which accompany this article were chiefly taken for the persons who were unable to attend in person, but who, having sent their own photographs and complied with the conditions announced in the enclosed circular (*), have received portraits of their spirit-friends, just as true and faithful to life as those who have attended the sittings in person. It is for the benefit of my friends, then, in England, and in the hope that some amongst them may be blessed by the wonderful phenomena of a spirit-portrait taken in this manner, that I send the accompanying specimens and the descriptive circular of the conditions to be observed.

Three (†) of the pictures I send are taken simply through the influence of distant psychology, and a photograph, the fourth (‡) is myself and the spirit of Beethoven, and the other two (§) are acquaintances of mine, who testify that the spirit-forms seen are accurate likenesses of beloved friends, not one of whom could by any possibility have been known to Mr. Mumler. It affords me especial pleasure to bear this unsought-for testimony to the truthfulness of a medium who, my English friends may remember, has been violently assailed and publicly prosecuted, as well as persecuted by an infamous attack upon him in New York. Now, although Mr. Mumler was triumphantly acquitted of the charge of imposture, and the verity of the spiritual hypothesis remained as the only method of accounting for the production of his remarkable pictures, it seems to me eminently fit that we should

* CIRCULAR.—To those residing at a distance and wishing to obtain a spirit-photograph I would inform that I have been very successful in obtaining likenesses, by having simply a picture of the sitter, in taking a copy of which the angel form appears by the table of light. It will be necessary for those who intend sending to me to inclose their own card photograph or any one else's to whom the spirit-form desired was known or thought of, having a natural affinity for the law of love and affection, and to mention the day, the date, and the hour that said picture should be copied by me, calculating the time a week or ten days from the day that I should receive the order, so that the person of the picture would, at that time, concentrate his or her mind on the subject. The difference in time will be calculated by me. Particular attention is expected to this requirement, as much of the success of obtaining a strong and well-defined picture depends on the harmony of the Positive and Negative forces of the parties concerned. As it is seldom that I succeed in getting the spirit-form until I have taken a number of negative-prints, both time and chemicals, I am obliged to fix the price at five dollars per half-dozen. Those sending pictures to be copied must inclose at the same time the required amount.—Respectfully yours, Wm. H. Mumler, 170 West Springfield street, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

† No. 1 represents a full-size portrait of a gentleman, in an Oxford frame, resting on a low table. A tall and commanding spirit of benignant aspect, stands behind and to the one side. Her left arm rests on the top of a harp. She resembles Jenny Lind when in her youthful prime. No. 2 is a group of photographs on a table, which have been sent to Mr. Mumler to have the related spirit-forms taken. In the background are nine or ten spirit-forms, but the group is not very distinct. No. 3 is a truly beautiful production. The spirit, that of a vivacious, slender girl, of twelve or fourteen years, with a beaming, spiritual countenance, stands by a table, on which she rests a small basket of flowers. On the table is the card portrait of a gentleman, which had been forwarded, and attracted this spirit.

‡ Many will be glad to see this very striking portrait of their much-respected friend. The attitude is pleasing, representing Mrs. Hardinge as engaged in reading a book on her lap, while the spirit stands over her, with an arm over each shoulder, and holding what appears to us to be a wreath in front of the sitter. Curious enough the shadow of this object appears under the chain that hangs from Mrs. Hardinge's breast. Through the kindness of Mrs. Wilkinson, we have seen the other photograph, on which a female spirit appears. In this instance Mrs. Hardinge looks upward, as she used to do on the platform before commencing her orations. These pictures excite grateful memories of pleasant by-gone times.

§ No. 1 represents a gentleman sitting for his photograph. A female spirit stands by his side, with one arm on his shoulder, and the other across his breast. Over her head is a crown, with rays of light streaming from it. Behind her a male spirit appears. These figures are so distinct as to be quite recognizable, as Mrs. Hardinge states. No. 2 is a very beautiful group. A gentleman sits for his likeness, and a female spirit, with a star over her head, extends her arms and places a wreath upon the sitter's head. Above and beyond the spirit's outstretched arms, and immediately behind the sitter, appear the heads of two boys, apparently about ten and fourteen years of age. These figures are remarkably distinct.

still continue to investigate a phenomena thus publicly assailed, and present all the cumulative evidence to the world which subsequent developments afford.

I must not omit to record, moreover, the wonderful phenomena which are now transpiring in the presence of Dr. Slade, the physical medium, of New York. In company with a friend, I visited Dr. Slade a few nights ago, and in a semi-darkened room, but still with a sufficient amount of light to read large print by, I saw several spirit-heads form, become brilliantly illuminated with small flashing lights, present themselves in dense white substance within a foot of where we sat, smile, nod, display the full proportions of the head, and then dissolve and melt away from our eyes.

One of these heads was that of a valued friend of my own—a lady whose appearance I could not mistake. She came twice—once as a bride veiled, and once with the full proportions of her sweet face openly displayed, as she last appeared to me a mortal like myself. Writing messages on a slate by the hands of spirits, playing the accordion in a similar way, and many other marvelous tokens of invisible intelligence, also occurred in Dr. Slade's presence; and the fact that these things are all done in the light, and that Dr. Slade affords his sitters the most incontrovertible proofs of his perfect candor and honesty, increases the value of his mediumship tenfold, and renders the phenomena produced in his presence very convincing to sceptics.

Wonderful accounts have reached me through the most respectable and reliable sources of the marvels exhibited through the mediumship of a Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia, New York. A friend of mine, in whom I have the utmost confidence—a merchant of high standing, and a shrewd, keen observer—informs me that the perfect semblance of several of his deceased friends and kindred were shown him through Mrs. Andrews' mediumship. He saw the veritable head, gold spectacles, thin grey hair, necktie, and other slight but most significant tokens of identity, which, in the life that he thought was ended, had distinguished his grandfather.

A lady appeared and spoke to him. Face, form, and voice were those of the friend he had deemed dead; but to make assurance doubly sure, he requested her to turn her head so that he might behold again the dark curls for which, whilst on earth, she had been so much admired. The spirit moved her head slightly, and drew forward a mass of dark, shining curls, resembling precisely the appearance they presented in days of yore. Volumes might be filled with narratives of this kind, received from persons incapable of deception, and most unlikely to exaggerate or make mistakes. At present I have not witnessed any manifestations of spirit-forms materialized, except through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, of New York City, and those given in the manner described above; but are not such phenomena alone sufficient to stagger all our antiquated opinions on the subject of death, and open up to our view a completely new world of forces, powers, and even substances? Whilst the form I have loved, touched, handled, and known lies crumbling in the dust, a duplicate form stands before me in all the panoply of life, attired in the very garments that have perished out of being, and presenting all the tokens of real, dense substantiality that the body wore whilst its atoms yet cohered together! This spiritual substance, too, grows and dissolves at will, takes what form, and assumes what color its creator desires to show, and melts away again into the airy invisibility from whence it was gathered up, under the potent spell of a chemistry of which every earthly chemist is profoundly ignorant.

In view of such manifestations as these, dialectical and other self-constituted bodies of scientists may regret that they gave premature reports, and perceive that the law of spirit-communion must be gauged by all the senses before investigators are in a position to pronounce upon it. The leaders of public opinion elevated to professors' chairs will have a somewhat broader field of analysis to explore than "psychic force," darkness, or no more shield the impostor or mask the efforts of the honest; and we may confidently expect, as the next development of spirit-power, that we may walk and talk with the inhabitants of the better world with the same familiarity and open intercourse that we enjoyed whilst they were denizens of our own sphere. In concluding this Trans-Atlantic waif, permit me to say that, so far as my own experience has gone, public interest in the doctrinal part of Spiritualism advances in steady proportion to the increase of phenomenal demonstrations. In Boston, for five successive weeks I have been greeted by audiences numbering over 3,000 persons. In the few surrounding towns and villages—districts to which my home duties have for the present limited my visits—the same abundant evidences of public interest have everywhere met me. I am at present lecturing in my old spiritual birthplace, New York City, where the large number of respectable strangers and ever-faithful friends of yore who crowd around me bring me the gratifying assurance that the proverbial instability of the American character does not apply in New York Spiritualism.

As there are none of the American spiritual papers personally interested enough in the English speaker's successes to make mention of them, I take this opportunity of informing my English friends that the public here are still as kind and demonstrative in their appreciation of me as ever; and, in fact, I do not know but that I owe to the obvious tokens of public favor that I receive, the editorial neglect with which I am honored. Spiritualism in the United States lives, flourishes, and increases. May the hungry multitudes of Eu-

rope find spiritual food and refreshment beneath the overarching boughs of the same mighty tree, is the prayer of your friend,
EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

Tests from Spirit Life.

BROTHER JONES:—The enclosed slip from the Cleveland Sunday Voice will, I think, be just the thing for the JOURNAL, as it comes from a disinterested source entirely outside the Spiritual Fraternity. D. A. EDDY.
Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 28, 1871.

Special correspondence Sunday Voice.
NEW YORK, Dec. 18.

"It never rains but it pours." This proverb is as applicable to justice as to anything else under the sun. Tweed bids fair to be in quite as undesirable a position as Connolly. He says that he can prove that he is entirely innocent of any charge of fraud, or complicity with fraud, that can be brought against him, and insists that the large fortune he has made within the last few years is the result of speculation—not speculation—and is also prepared, according to his own showing, to prove this last fact. Strange as it may seem, the great majority believe these statements; but this belief does not cause them to regard him with any more leniency. They say,

"He may not have taken for himself, but he has allowed others to steal, and has indirectly reaped the benefit thereof. His subordinates have feathered their nests pretty thoroughly, and he, as their chief, must be held responsible."

So out come twenty indictments against the unfortunate politician. One has been already served, and he is out on \$5,000 bail—and the avenging angels of the Gotham swindled are determined, so says rumor, to put the remaining nineteen through in the shortest possible space of time. The friends of the Tammany Sachem are looking gloom.

Says one, "I don't believe in the scapegoat system, and that's what they're trying on Bill. All the real thieves will go scot free, and he, probably the most honest of the whole ring, will come to grief."

Says another, "I don't like these sudden storms of principle—they are apt to break far more heavily on the undeserving than on the guilty."

And so on. The popular impression seems to be that he is to suffer for the sins of others. His magnificent gift of last year has made him many staunch friends among the masses, and they stand up for him conscientiously.

The Spiritualistic excitement still continues. There is a professional medium, by name Dr. Slade; who is at the present occasioning great confusion in the ranks of anti-Spiritualists. You who read the New York papers cannot fail of seeing the different accounts given of his wondrous proceedings. They are almost too numerous to be believed. Of course, you have read all about the singular doings at Moravia. Although fully understanding that "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio," etc., and having been astonished a great many times in the course of my not uneventful life, some way I did not exactly credit the statement in reference to the apparitions said to appear there.

As if to give the lie to my skepticism, I received a few days ago an invitation to visit the house of Dr. Slade, No. 218 West 43d St., for the purpose of beholding spirit faces. I didn't believe I should see anything more than I had seen a hundred times before; but went. The paraphernalia ordered by the medium was a very innocent piece of black cambric, suspended in front of the table by a tow string. An aperture of about six by ten inches was made in the upper part of the improvised curtain. We all seated ourselves—Dr. Slade, a lady connected with the staff of one of our dailies, and your correspondent, at the table, after having previously examined everything in the room at the particular request of the medium. There was not the slightest chance of humbug or chicanery of any kind. There was no cabinet, no closet, no nothing, but a couple of yards of black cambric with a hole cut in it.

The gas burned dimly for about three minutes and then it was ordered turned out; Dr. Slade sitting quietly by our sides with both hands on the table. That moment I saw a form glide from the opposite corner, and then a hand appeared at the aperture holding a white rose or japonica, I could not tell which. After a moment it vanished; I then said, "What was that flower? could you tell?" It immediately returned, and I found it was a rose. Then came a slight mist, and then, as sure as I live, the face of a young lady friend, who passed away almost four years ago. It was radiantly beautiful, and my recognition of her was so perfect and instantaneous, that for a moment I could hardly keep from fainting. She bowed and smiled, and tried to speak. I said,

"Cass, Cass! my dear child, can it be?" She smiled and bowed, and pointed to her head. What she had there I was unable to make out, although the head was repeatedly bent in the endeavor to make me understand. After this the face of an old gentleman came quite as distinctly as the other, and was immediately recognized by my companion as her grandfather. What do I make of it? Don't know; I can only tell you what I saw, and what hundreds of our most reliable citizens have seen, and are ready to make affidavit to, if necessary.

I may say without exaggeration that I have received upward of a hundred letters from the east, west, north, and south, and each one containing the following question, "Did Mr. Beecher, or the church, order the table removed?"

Not a bit of it; as a church, Plymouth is ahead. There are hosts of avowed Spiritualists connected with this church; and Mr. Beecher knew it when he welcomed them to the fold. The fact was, the reporters found that they were unable to perform their tasks with either ease or accuracy. The manifestations were attracting crowds of the curious, and every motion was anxiously waited for by the sensation loving multitude. To your correspondent personally, it became altogether unbearable, and was almost as obnoxious to the other ladies.

One week ago last Sunday morning the table behaved so outrageously, (that's the word) and the knocks were so loud on the platform, that at the conclusion of the service we were obliged to confess ourselves beaten, and order the table taken out. Now we write our reports on the Plymouth collection. I clutch my hymn book frantically, expecting every moment that it will be snatched from my hands; but up to date we have been left in peace—there, that's all I know about it.

From the Winona (Minn.) Republican.
HUXLEY AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

That Eminent Scientist Catches an American Tartar in a Winona Defender of the Faith.

You've been pulling the hair and tweaking the noses of us sensitive Spiritualists:—When? Why in your issue of the 11th inst. It seems you thought we were of no account in these diggings, and that you could give Spiritualism raps over the knuckles in return for its raps on the tables, chairs, head-boards of our sleeping-couches, and every other locality accessible to their finger-ends; and as if you could not vent sufficient contemptuousness toward the pestiferousity of that twenty-three year old humbug, so called, you must suborn the dewy protoplasmic popularity of that scientist, Tom Huxley, who, from his confessed ignorance of the whole subject, decides it to be a humbug, and carries more weight (with analogous mentality) than seven millions of such men as Drs. Hare, Brittan, Hallock, Dexter, Grey, Dake, Winchester, and hundreds of others on our side of the water, with the late Drs. Elliott, Ashburner, Professors Crookes, Varley, Wallace, and a noble list of others, too numerous for detail, on the other; all of whom can render a reason from thorough investigation of its manifestations.

Wonder if wisdom won't die when Huxley does, and all progress settle back to fogyness? Well, 'tis funny, decidedly, to witness the curlicues of human affections under the diverse and conflicting influences that beset us!

You seem to think you and Huxley can frown or scowl Spiritualism out of time and out of mind; but, gents, see, the hospitable entertainers of its glorious philosophy, believe it has come to stay, in spite of all opposition from the most concentrated fogyness in existence. But we can put you in possession of a scheme of testing your success at the cry of "humbug," and the scowls of bigots, with every other conceivable device you may be able to scare up; and that is, to parade every opponent of its being what itself claims to be, upon the levee along the Mississippi in front of the city, and let every soul of such who are fully satisfied of its being an unmitigated humbug, commence to ridicule the old daddy of the flowing water, saying: "Come, now, old chap! ain't you aware how foolish it is to be always flowing southerly?" Let these people summon every educational prejudice, fanatical idea of the devil's being the prime instigator of its movement in that direction; tell him that Prof. Huxley, a great and fresh savant recently come to notice in old England, of wondrous authority, may, in the strange vicissitudes of occurring events, decide his flow in that direction to be a piece of contemptible humbuggery, and perfectly unworthy of serious notice; and should the Professor once give such a decision—he being a leading scientist, especially on protoplasm's being the basic seat of life—your fair fame as the "father of waters" would become null and void and of no effect.

And now, if all the devices made use of on the occasion we have suggested—scowls, contemptuosities, cries of "humbug," "devil in't," charlatanism, and the hue and cry of editors, D. D.'s, M. D.'s, priests, lawyers, fashionability of churches, etc., put into grand action for reversing the mighty current of the Mrs. Seip., would prove a non sequitur, you can judge of the result of similar action upon the great "humbug," Spiritualism; for, be it known to the sagacity of the corps editorial of The Winona Republican, that the said "humbug" is just as surely the mighty flow of Life's unfoldings as the flowing waters of that great river are the results of gravitation. But, gentlemen, editors, and scientists, you must hurry up if you expect to kill Spiritualism with sneers, jibes, jokes, contemptuosities, scowls, innuendoes, or anything on that line, for you'll find it a full Summer's work. It has got to be a mighty hum—or rather snapping—bug. It has been through the killing mill every year since the young Foxes invented it at Hydesville, New York, and for some valid excuse it won't stay killed. Every time it has passed through that ordeal we have observed it to rise from its ashes with increased vigor, and its killers, sink into obliquity. Gentlemen, your most respectful correspondent is an old pensioner back of the Lake. J. R. ROBINSON.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—Nature's Hair Restorative brings back the original color. It is not a dye, and clear as crystal. Contains nothing injurious. See advertisement.

The Rostrum.

Closing Address of D. W. Hull in debate with Dr. Morron, in Massachusetts.

Having now finished up our six evenings' discussion, let us take a retrospect of the work which has been done.

In my first speech, I referred to the raps produced in the presence of the Fox girls. These raps claimed that they were produced by the spirit of one Charles B. Rasmø, who had been murdered five years before, and buried in the cellar. I proposed to stake the whole issue upon these raps. It is now almost twenty-four years since those raps were first produced, and up to this time no explanation has been made of them. I then called upon my friend, Dr. Morron, to explain the cause that produced these raps, which he refused to do. Here was his first duty, and he should have done it.

Even admitting that there was no intelligence manifest, an explanation is due. But the raps went further: they spelled out names and dates and other circumstances, and here was a manifest intelligence. Even admitting that each piece of information, furnished by the spirit, was a falsehood, there is an intelligence manifest. But I showed you that everything that was claimed by the raps were true. (1) That investigation proved that such a man did stop at Mr. Bell's at the time claimed, who never was afterwards seen. (2) That upon digging in the cellar, human bones were found. And here is the first point my friend sees fit to tackle. On this he takes two positions, and when I came to hold them up for the amusement of the audience, like the man who swore the horse was seventeen feet high, because he said so, when he intended to say he was seventeen hands high, he tries to stick to it, by throwing a part of the blame on Robert Dale Owen. These two positions were as follows: (1) Whilst they were looking in the canal for the peddler, he turned up alive and well "and they all went home pretty well satisfied that whatever it was, it was not the soul of the peddler."

You all recollect how Brother Morron's friends applauded him when he told this story. But what seemed the strangest, was, that they as fully endorsed a contradictory statement made in the same speech, and in such close proximity, I cannot see how they forgot the one long enough to laugh at the other. It was this:

(2) "Upon inquiry, it was found there never was such a man in the country as Charles B. Rasmø."

There, if that don't knock my argument, what does? In the first place, Charles B. Rasmø was alive and well; and, in the second place, there never was such a man. But Bro. Morron is sure he is right, and if you don't believe him, just do the thing that you had expected him to do, write to Squire Mason. Why did he not have his certificate here? But notice how particular he is. He wants you to write Squire Mason; why not some one else? O, he has been there, and he knows Squire Mason will tell his side of the story which he is not sure that any one else would do.

I next referred to the instrument constructed by Prof. Hare, which he thought would explain the mundane origin of spirit phenomena, and which finally was the means of converting him over to the belief of a future-life. Here was no dreamer—he had withstood the battery of a thousand pulpits. But Spiritualism came with its evidence of a hereafter which Hare was compelled to embrace. The manifestations produced in his presence have never yet been explained, although he faithfully pleads for a scientific investigation of the phenomena. I have called my friend's attention to this argument in almost every speech during the six evenings we have been together. Up to this time he has attempted no explanation, and it is now too late for any.

In the next place I called his attention to Home's manifestations in the presence of three of the ablest scientists of the world—Prof. Crookes, Sergeant Cox, and Dr. Huggins. Home knew nothing of the apparatus which had been constructed for the purpose, till he was ushered in the presence of these scholarly men. But it was found that two of Home's fingers over the fulcrum would weigh four such bodies as Prof. Crookes' at the end of the lever; one end of this lever being put in a basin of water. Home had the same manifestations simply by putting his hand on another part of the basin. The accordion also discoursed sweet music in Home's presence, without coming in physical contact with anyone present. But my friend won't say a word on the subject. He came here to answer my arguments, but in most cases has not even attempted a reply.

I then called his attention to the admissions of Horace Greeley and Prof. Varley, to which, also, he paid no attention. Greeley says he has known writing to come on paper without any aid from persons present. My friend will not tell how it came there. Prof. Varley says that he has known a table to be suspended in air several seconds; what did it? My friend is sure that Spiritualism is all a humbug. In Heaven's name why does he not expose it if it is? I, myself, have (in the presence of Dr. Slade) seen a table suspended whilst I deliberately counted fifty. What did it?

I then referred to the case of Moses Hull and Mrs. Moliere. Henry C. Wright's name came on her arm at the National Convention, last year. My brother was sure she wrote it there; had he tried it again under unfavorable conditions, and, as any one who thinks on the subject would expect, she failed. By her invitation, he called on her, at her house, at Toledo, Ohio, where, after a two hours' sitting, in which he held her hands all the time, she had names and Odd Fellow signs come on her arms, back of her neck, and between the shoulders, where he knew she could not write, even if her hands were free. It is something to stake one's reputation as an Odd Fellow, yet when Moses Hull makes the statement he does, he is giving the evidence which Odd Fellows will appreciate, to a class of people to whom he is morally bound not to deceive. Moses Hull was prejudiced, and, therefore, his evidence is the best kind of evidence. Here I did succeed in getting my friend, Mr. Morron to notice this one point. He took the position that Henry C. Wright was not dead at this time (assuming that I referred to my brother's conversion to Spiritualism) but when I showed that he had died in August, and this transpired in September, he had no more to say on the matter.

Here my friend took a position that these manifestations were not produced by spirits, because spirits had no nervous systems, and could not operate without. I asked him how he knew? This argument is worth just as much against his Bible as against Spiritualism. How does God or angels operate without a nervous system? But my friend admits that he can magnetize an individual, and make him tell his thoughts. How does he do it? O, there is a nervous fluid," he says, "passing from one to the other." Of course, there is!

and that nerve fluid is under spirit control. At this point I showed that all power inheres in spirit—that the most powerful forces are produced by the most sublimated matter,—that in and of ourselves we should have no power if it were not exercised by our spirits in control of our organisms. I then took the position that spirits had bodies, and, consequently, nervous systems which they controlled. Seeing his failure here, he next took the position that it was impossible for spirits to handle material objects without material bodies. I referred him to his Bible, in which it was claimed that the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre by angels, and where we are told that we shall play upon harps of gold, and sit on golden thrones, and were the tribes of the earth are to bring their wheat, corn and perfumery, to enrich the store-houses of immortal spirits, and that little spirit children will be born there who will play with lions, bears, snakes, cactrices, and other beautiful pets.

I then introduced my argument on the Jehovah, God of the Bible, and showed, in the first place, that the root word *de*, from which we have derived our words, *Duty*, *Deed*, means *Demon*; *Divine*, spirits; and that *Theos* originally signified to run, and was ascribed to planets who were supposed to be inspired with the souls of persons who at once lived on the earth. These titles all had reference to spirits, and in these days there was no name expressive of any higher intelligences. I then took up the word *Elohim*, and found it expressive of a plurality of gods. The original Arabic word, *El*, or *Alah*, had reference to spirits of the departed. I traced these gods through the Bible, and found no power in one above another; but all were co-ordinate. That Jehovah and Adonai formed an alliance between them, offensive and defensive against the gods of other tribes, that Jehovah was impatient, as a man of war, and that he had no control over his temper, and dare not trust himself to go up with the children of Israel, for fear he might get into a passion, and do that which he should be sorry for in his more deliberate moments, and that Moses changed his mind, by telling him something which he did not know before, and that when some one told him about the tower of Babel, they had been in the habit of playing such pranks upon each other up there, that he could not believe them till he came down to see for himself. Had he been clairvoyant, he could have seen without coming down, but as it was, he could not risk his clairvoyance, and had to make sure of the matter for himself. All these evidences prove that Jehovah was a finite being, and hence, an undeveloped spirit. Take into consideration the sharp trade which Jacob, true to his Jewish character, drove with him. He was to give Jacob all the food, raiment, and other things he might want, and Jacob, in return, was to give the tithes of all he possessed (that is one-tenth of what is left) back to the Lord, to pay him. But, if he had not done it, Jacob would have found another customer who would. Was this anything more than a spirit?

Now look at the word *Spirit*. I take the position that, in nearly every instance where it is referred to in the Bible, it simply means a spirit. Hence, Jesus called the Pharisees Gods. And when the woman of Endor "saw Gods ascending out of the earth," it proved to be the spirit of Samuel.

In those days, I showed that the people were in the habit of deifying their dead, and I referred to Matthew 17th, where Peter wanted to make three tabernacles, one for Jesus, one for Moses, and one for Elias, so he could go in either one, and worship the spirit. I referred you also to Revelations, xix, 8, 9, where he fell down at the feet of an angel to worship him, but was prohibited. I also showed that every communication which they received from their Jehovah-God was received in a dark circle-room, called "The Sanctuary," and that they could get no direct communication from Him; it was only such questions as could be answered by a "yes" or "no," that were answered at all, and that it was claimed that the Lord dwells in "thick darkness," because he cannot manifest in the light.

On this point my friend sallied, last night, and went into a learned argument on the subject of demons, all of which I have admitted this evening, and carried my argument still further, and established my position, that the Gods of the Bible were spirits. He admits that the Gods of the heathens were spirits; I have proven that there were no other kind recognized in the Hebrew dispensation. Why does he not show that I am incorrect?

I then made another argument on the control of Elijah, the prophet. I showed that it was promised that Elijah's spirit should come, and when the spirit talked with Elizabeth, he told her that her son was to be a medium, who was to speak under the control of Elijah, the prophet, and that John himself acknowledges that he is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness;" that is to say some spirit uses his voice to preach with. But my friend has paid no kind of attention to this fact. He says he does not want to go to ancient manifestations. But I told him that Jesus promised that we should do the same things that he did, and he should not find fault with us for fulfilling his scripture for him.

He referred to the Woodstock manifestations, where billets of wood went to bed, guns were fired off, a part of earth burned, etc., and claims that an individual, called Funny Joe Collins, did it. In reply to this I asked:

(1) If Joe Collins did this, what evidence had he that he was not a medium, and did it by virtue of his mediumship.

(2) Is there any evidence to prove that Joe Collins did this?

(3) If this explains modern Spiritualism, does it not also explain the Bible. Every argument my friend has made against Spiritualism has been made equally against the Bible. But my friend, up to this date has not answered these questions.

On the manifestations in the Wesley family I did draw my friend out. He quotes Dr. Priestley, who thought it was all a trick. Dr. Priestley did not tell who did the mischief—he only simply gave his opinion, which was worth no more than any other man's opinion. John Wesley, who was there a part of the time, does not believe there was any trick about it. But my friend denies my quotation as it is not found in Wesley's notes. Nobody has claimed it was. I have told him over and over again that it was in the *Arminian Magazine*. The Wesley family all believed it was something supernatural, and so did Dr. Adam Clarke, whose testimony I have read to you here.

But then there was Elizabeth Hobson that I referred to, which my friend will not touch. The evidence is incontrovertible that Wesley had frequent seances with this lady, and the utmost faith in her mediumship. Wesley says he has no right to deny that she saw and talked with spirits, and that she feared God from her youth up. She saw a number of spirits at the very hour of their death, when their bodies were thousands of miles away. Read Wesley's Journal, pp. 379—384, where he gives us abundant evidence in favor of Spiritualism.

I then called his attention to spirit photography. He was sure Mumler was a humbug; but he would not tell you where the humbug

came in. In the testimony produced at the trial of Mumler, there is nothing which casts a shade of suspicion on him. A mother recognizes the spirit-likeness of her son, who had been killed in the war; others recognized their friends. A New York banker, Mr. Livermore, testifies to his wife's likeness—she, standing behind him, with one hand in the front of him, holding a bouquet. I asked my friend how the picture was produced in that way? He won't tell you. I then told him how he might make \$5,000—that that sum was offered to any one who would expose Madison Doherty, who was now taking spirit-pictures at Indianapolis. But he doesn't say he will do it.

My friend's best argument is "jugglery." All he has to do when I have made an argument, is to say "jugglery," and he thinks he has answered you. Why could he learn your parrot to say that, just as easy as to say, "pretty Polly," and then you could put her on the rostrum to debate. She can put the time in, saying, "jugglery." I have showed that the manifestations were the same as those produced in the Bible times; that people speak with tongues, just as they did in the 2nd chapter of Acts, and each time I have been answered by the words, "jugglery," or a bar-room story, which will make his part of the audience laugh, and quiet their consciences, in their warfare against the angel world.

Some of these stories were told to prove the unreliability of spirit communication. He found that spirits came, purporting to be spirits of persons who were afterward found to be alive.

To balance this, I showed him the same rule would throw out all of his Bible, for on many occasions spirits came back to the old prophets, professing to be the Almighty.

These old prophets received communications from what purported to be the Lord, and they had all the faith in the world in them, but afterwards they see their mistake, and we hear Jeremiah say, "O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived." *

Now, Jeremiah was simply mistaken. The Lord never deceived him. The trouble was, he had too much credulity, and believed everything he heard from the other side.

Ezekiel says, "If a prophet be deceived. * * * I the Lord have deceived that prophet, * * * and I will destroy him." *

Does my friend believe that the Lord will be guilty of any such petty meanness as that? The Bible is full of failures. The very fact that there is a counterfeit on Spiritualism, proves that it is worth something. Men do not counterfeit copper coin—it is too cheap. My friend's objections are worse against the Bible than against Spiritualism.

Bro. Morron has not said a word about the Maquoketa manifestation, although I have frequently called his attention to it. A spirit, whom no one present had ever heard of, comes to a circle in Maquoketa, Iowa, says she has a little girl at a certain place in Illinois, and wishes them to hunt her up, which they do, finding her with the persons described by the spirit. I have read here the sworn testimony of several witnesses to this affair. Not one of them had previously ever heard of such a person as the spirit claimed to be, and they learned nothing of the affair of her death, of the whereabouts of her child, or its name, until they received it from the spirit; this, with the numerous sealed letters, E. V. Wilson's tests, and other phenomena, he passes by in silence, or a coarse bar-room story.

Last night, however, my friend saw fit to attack the Spiritualists. Here he made a sad mistake. There is no point upon which the clergy are so tender, as this social question. I read evidences of ten delinquencies, and told you that I had about thirty more which I might read—cases where men ran away with other men's wives and daughters, or did some other meanness. I did not blame their religion for it, but the American pulpit actually comes out and says these sins of sensuality, "are the most excusable that the clergy can commit." I am not going to say that the church makes a man any worse than he otherwise would be, but somehow some monstrous mean men get into the churches, and what is worse, you see them fishing for high places so often, that it is natural to associate the title of "Reverend" with something contemptible and mean.

Friends, when Bro. Morron sums up his testimony we are done. Weigh what you have heard, and act accordingly.

Thanking you for your kind attention, I now submit the question, and rest the case with you.

* Jer. xx, 7. * Ezek. xiii, 9.

Letter from Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Having in a measure recovered from my recent severe attack of pleurisy, I am contributing my mite, as my strength and this inclement season will allow, to the cause so dear and important to us all. And I have to report in this city a most respectful and attentive congregation, which has steadily increased since the opening of our meeting; and the revival of interest has been such that Elder J. Z. Taylor, of the Campbellite Church, commenced a course of lectures last Sunday night on "The Modern forms of Infidelity," in which he included "Spiritualism." But he did "not intend to direct his exposition of Spiritualism against the lady"—he "had not heard her and did not wish to"—he "knew of some good, honest people, who were Spiritualists"—and he "could be very tender with weak people"! He "thought last summer that Spiritualism had demolished or killed itself, and withdrew his intended course of lectures—but now he had concluded to go on with it"—and next Sunday night he will pronounce final sentence upon this Nazareth. We will keep you advised. There is now a fine prospect for continuous lectures here, and the few friends propose a Business Organization by which expenses may be met, and keep the meetings free to all.

I am the guest of a noble lady, and philanthropist, who distinguished herself during the war, in ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers, and conducting an Orphan's Home, from which she has sent out two hundred and sixty homeless children, picked up by her in every condition of suffering and destitution—some actually starving and dying in the woods, where she found them, and took them to her motherly protection. Free from that narrow sectional spirit, which has left its traces upon many a gilded character, she made no distinction between North and South. These were children—helpless babes, and innocent of crime. Orphaned, homeless, and left to die, Mrs. Mary Phelps, wife of Hon. J. S. Phelps, member of Congress, was the ministering angel to save these banished, dying lambs. In her home she fed, clothed, and taught them—giving them a practical, industrial education—and sending them out, well trained and fitted for good responsible situations in life, an honor to themselves and their country—and more than all, a testimony to the sterling ability of this noble, self-sacrificing woman. Some of these girls and boys remain

in this locality, respected and beloved, and while here, it has been refreshing to me to witness their attachment to their foster-mother, who still watches over their morals, and works for their interest, with the zeal and devotion of a consecrated life. This generous, sympathizing lady invited me in my convalescence to her quiet roof—and here, with her unostentatious hospitality providing for me every comfort, in this inclement season, has my life been strengthened, and my usefulness in the great work lengthened, at least, for a brief season. I must not omit to state that in addition to her work for the orphan, this lady turned her house into a hospital for a time, and of two hundred sick and wounded soldiers, committed to her care, not one died. At her board numerous refugees were fed, and a lodging provided, until some permanent relief could be obtained—and this has her name become a sweet and sacred memory with the scattered recipients of her charities; and not a State in the Union but holds in some grateful heart its priceless testimony to her worth.

At the recent Convention of the "American Association," so called, "of Spiritualists" (2) Mrs. Phelps was present, having risked the expense of a long journey for the specific object of presenting to that Association her most valuable aid, in organizing at the Home, now vacated as an Orphan School, an *Industrial School*, to be conducted on the plan of alternating mental and manual education; and thus fit the students for a truly practical and self-supporting position in life upon leaving the school. As Mrs. S. is a practical Spiritualist, she hoped to secure a liberal audience to her views, and a hearty co-operation in the enterprise. But strange to say, while the subject of Lyceums, and the Education of the rising generation, had been made paramount as the object of the Convention, this eminent lady could not be granted a hearing in the Troy Convention! The "Woman Suffrage" question, which had no more to do with the advertisement of this Convention and its proposed objects, than it has to do with a Temperance Meeting and its professed objects, was suffered to rule out entirely so important and vital a reform as Mrs. P. proposed. And having previously absorbed the identity of speakers and societies in the lyceum claim, we are now puzzled anew to find one of our most eminent and capable, as well as most generous and practical advocates of progressive education, herself a *Spiritualist*, not even permitted to present her very liberal offer, at a Convention, ostensibly called with a view to the same, or a similar object!

The retiring President of that Association was personally notified of Mrs. Phelps's presence and the express object of her attendance; and we may well ask on what ground was so valuable an opportunity lost to the objects of the Convention? It is now more than evident that for the living, practical issues of Spiritualism, we have no support in that Association—but I truly and earnestly hope that our devoted Sister Phelps will meet a hearty co-operation from the independent and liberal thinkers of the day—and do not doubt she may prove a host within herself, and accomplish her work far better, unfettered by the apathy or promises of any Association—except it be the State Legislature. With a fair and impartial understanding of the needs of the masses, and the sincerity and honesty of our liberal and unsectarian workers, these Legislatures may sooner take up the patronage of Industrial and Reformatory Schools than any partisan Association, and would it not prove a far more profitable investment in the end, to patronize such an enterprise at once, and thus command the co-operation in time, which every true reform is sure to win. There can be little doubt that a well-conducted Industrial School on the plan of Mrs. Phelps, would receive a large patronage, and secure marked favor from the State influence, and why should not such schools receive endowments and appropriations from the State Treasuries as well as Railroad Corporations and the like? Springfield, Mo., Dec. 27, 1871.

Letter from W. W. Robinson.

BROTHER JONES:—I am in arrears for the JOURNAL since June last, and have regretted much my inability to send you money sooner; not only on account of my strong desire to assist you in the time of your great need, but as an act of justice to you and myself.

I have been very unfortunate in my business this season, but still have strong faith in "the good time coming." You will find, herewith inclosed, three dollars to apply on my subscription, which will enable me to read the favorite old JOURNAL for some months to come with a clear conscience.

In the meantime I intend to be able to send you some more money, for "be it known to all men," and Brother Jones in particular, that I must have the JOURNAL as long as I have eyes to read and can raise the omnipotent dollar. I am highly pleased to see that Brother Francis still waves. When I first saw the many startling statements in the orthodox papers, that their God had been around and set fire to Chicago, and burned the principal part of the city, I thought Brother Francis must certainly be a "goner." I suppose that if their God had fallen into one of his old-time, jealous and angry fits, and fired Chicago, one of the first points to which he would apply the torch, would be, as a matter of course, the point of Brother F.'s coat tail; but was it not a clever joke that while Francis was diligently searching for a God, this one should slip around and fire his headquarters.

Perhaps Brother Francis don't see where the laugh comes in—I do. I think I can see this angry Deity looking as much agast at the result of his hasty act, when he sees his own houses, built and ornamented by his devoted and pretended worshippers, enveloped in the flames, as the Dutchman did after setting fire to his hornet's nest, and I think I hear him, this God, making a similar appropriate remark. The hornets had built their nest in the Dutchman's barn, near the entrance; they had annoyed the Dutchman for a length of time, by buzzing their challenges about his ears whenever he entered the barn, till a warm day in a very dry time, on entering the barn, he received a thrust from one of them on the point of his nose. Hans' ire was raised to the highest pitch; he declared immediate and total extermination, seized a wisp of straw, applied a lighted match, and cast the wisp under the nest. Well, the nest and the hornets were destroyed; but the fire immediately caught the light combustibles which the barn contained, and in a moment the whole structure was enveloped in flames. Hans barely had time to secure an outside view of the show, where he stood agast at the result of his hasty, angry action. With his left hand gently caressing his badly stung proboscis, his right under his old hat, meditatively scratching his reflective organs, he gazed utterance to the following profound and solemn soliloquy:

"Dum! dat ish bad! Hans, I believ you ish one tam fool."

I am really starving for the perusal of a number of the books you advertise, and trust that ere long I shall be able to send for some of them.

Catact, Wis., Dec. 11, 1871.

Voices from the People.

STARFIELD, ILL.—T. J. Moore writes.—One hopeful sign I have just seen of the decay of orthodox Christianity, in the "People's Journal," by Zeigler & McCurdy, of Cincinnati, which says: "In one year the Congregationalists have lost one hundred ministers by their entering semi-ministerial (what is that) occupations, or by downright secularizing." How is this for low?

CENTRALIA, WIS.—H. Boyer writes.—I called at your office and subscribed for three months on trial. Never could I have better appropriated that fifty cents. It has opened my eyes and has caused me to think and do my own thinking; yes, what knowledge I now have of Spiritualism has banished all preconceived ideas of eternal punishment. It has robbed me of my Catholic faith that was founded on purgatory, superstition, and ignorance; but oh, how happy I am for the exchange, for it has made me a better man.

BRUSH CREEK, KANSAS.—C. Brown writes.—Continue your glorious paper to me—that Bible expounder and priestcraft killer. May it succeed in doing the greatest good on record.

ATLANTA, GA.—J. Ellis writes.—We are making some effort to organize a society here so that we can employ a lecturer. There are a few open and avowed Spiritualists here, and a great many investigating the subject. If a good lecturer would give us a call, and assist us in organizing a society, it, no doubt, would pay him well before another year rolls round.

LEROY, N. Y.—B. A. Beals writes.—If I have not the power to give temporally, I hope I may be felt spiritually as deeply sympathizing in the terrible ordeal of fire which you have been compelled to pass through. I am engaged here during the winter months, and shall diligently work to establish the JOURNAL as a weekly visitor in many families. There are a number of copies already taken here of your paper, and those who take other spiritual papers, exchange, making one copy answer in many families. Please accept my heart-felt sympathy, hoping I soon may be able to send something more substantial.

WILLOUGHBY, IOWA.—J. S. Waters writes.—I regret that in consequence of being encumbered with debts, for one of my scanty means, I debar me at present from sending you over \$4.50. We have been deprived, for a time, of the JOURNAL—that white-winged messenger which came to us laden with inspiration drawn from Nature's deep fountain. But we are consoled with the thought that it will soon reappear and continue its weekly visits. Brother, I am a happy man, that you are not one of the kind that adversity crushes, but, instead, serves to strengthen, as the mighty oak that has withstood the tornado, still stands firmly rooted, bold, towering and defiant. I, too, have received its strengthening visits, but do not now regret one of them.

WIRTONIRA, KANSAS.—J. Van Gundy writes.—Please send the JOURNAL to the address of J. S. Duke, Brush Creek, Kansas, three months on trial—no subscriber. Inclosed you will find \$3.50 due for the JOURNAL, and as soon as I can sell my shirt I will send you more money.

Oh, no. Don't do that, but save the dimes you may pay out for that which does you no good, such, perchance, as tobacco, gin cocktails, etc., etc. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a luxury that every one should indulge in, and pay for. It is the most sacred of all debts.—ED. JOURNAL.

LA CYGNE, KANSAS.—Mrs. R. Demorest writes.—I thank God and the angels that willing hearts and ready hands were not wanting, and that our beloved JOURNAL is again waving its bright folds over the nation, as a prophecy of the great and glorious possibilities yet to be developed to the world.

AUSTERLITZ, MICH.—Demas Hine writes.—I commend the course taken in regard to the JOURNAL, and think you will be better sustained than those who adopt the plan of eternally begging for sympathy. I have taken the JOURNAL from the start. Many of your correspondents express deep sympathy for your loss, and regret their inability to send large sums for your benefit, while you steadily refuse a cent, as a donation, but apply it to the widow and Orphan's Fund. All very good. I wish that spirit would become universal in our ranks. I send you \$3.00, which will make me a paying subscriber for another year, to the JOURNAL. I am not so much elated over the "Search after God" as some who contribute to your columns. I have been a constant searcher for nearly sixty years, and have gained in the time, but little wisdom.

OAK CREEK, WIS.—H. Fowle writes.—The JOURNAL shall live; Spiritualism shall live; the orthodox, vindictive God, blood atonement, hell-fire, eternal punishment, and cunning devil, shall die. I imagine the old devil's back bone is well nigh broken now, and the pain from the fractured bone irritates him so that he has jerked nearly all the scales off his tail. The old fool has lashed and writhed, struggled and twisted, crawled and crept and foamed, to keep in power till the skin is worn off his belly.

WAYNETOWN, IND.—R. Fletcher writes.—I rejoice that you are not crushable, for the world needs just such a bold advocate to agitate thought and to stir up the dry bones within the pale of orthodoxy.

DUNDEE, MICH.—W. P. Caldwell writes.—I have been a subscriber nearly all of the time that you have published the JOURNAL. You are the right kind of a man to publish a radical paper—at least to suit me. I have been informed that three hundred grog shops have been erected in the burnt district of Chicago. The Bible devil is always ahead of the Bible God.

MILFORD, GA.—I. Hand writes.—Allow me to say that I sympathize deeply with you in your great misfortune. We of the South are just emerging from terrible misfortune in loss of property and the complete destruction and overthrow of our system of labor, but we are slowly adjusting ourselves to the poverty in which we have been thrust. We feel, too, that we are not "crushable," although vanquished, and in some instances, plundered.

WESTFORD, MASS.—M. Fletcher writes.—We have several papers of like sentiment, but the JOURNAL stands among the first. It has been tried in the fire, and like fine gold, has come out better, purer, and stronger than before. It is the duty of every Spiritualist, so far as possible, to help, by individual and united action, the liberal press, but there are many to-day who have not such papers in their homes, and who, although they may call themselves Spiritualists, support, in a great measure, old school orthodoxy. I say to all such, they may have some kind of Spiritualism, but not the pure unadulterated.

BOSWELL, IND.—H. Fletcher writes.—I have been a Spiritualist for near twenty-three years, and I say to you that the more I investigate, the more beautiful the doctrine appears. I was brought up a Methodist of the strictest kind, but my parents being of that persuasion; but about the time that Spiritualism commenced with the Fox family, my father commenced to investigate.

MINONK, ILL.—James Pritchett writes.—I love to read the JOURNAL. It furnishes the most delicious food to a hungry soul. The fire fiend can destroy the material body, but can not destroy the soul. Oh, what a glorious thought!

BEAVER DAM, WIS.—James Pringle writes.—Notices hereby given to the truly pious and friendless who have fallen through misdirection, that they will find our house a home, and we will share and divide with them.

SHELBY, MICH.—Amos Lewis writes.—The JOURNAL has come to my address for a year. It is as a star of the first magnitude, emitting bright, beautiful rays of light to illuminate our pathway to a higher plane. Its weekly visits are a luxury we can not afford to do without.

GLENNVILLE, N. Y.—E. S. Knapp writes.—We think very much of the JOURNAL; and something in each paper that makes us rejoice, and our souls respond, glory to God!

NEPHI CITY, CAL.—J. Loneragan writes.—Inclosed find \$5.00 to renew my subscription to the JOURNAL. I do not know how we could get along without it.

Arts and Sciences.

BY Y. A. CARR, M. D.
SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and
subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Ad-
dress Lock Box 333, Mobile, Ala.

(NUMBER XIV.)

Light, Heat, and Electricity—Desultory Remarks
on Mediumship.

We are often at a loss to draw the lines of
distinction between the mortal and immortal
nature of things. Natural history and philoso-
phy are necessarily founded on natural science,
and so are all the measures of mortal founded
on immortal being.

Because we can only see the sun as finite
existences here, is no reason there is not an
infinite beyond there. We are pompously
asked by every poll parrot, at every corner,
why this "spiritual business" cannot be done
in the light?

Though we do sometimes have manifesta-
tions in modified light, we accept and consider
their question as asked, for the reason there
are considerations that preclude the presence of
either strong positive light, or immediate con-
tact of positive thought.

We had occasion in speaking of photography
to notice the necessity for the exclusion of
light from the dark room, wherein the chemical
process was conducted, for the reason that the
positive polar force of light, proved destruc-
tive to the delicate or passive nature of the
compounds used, particularly the collodion-
ate of silver film on which the picture is
usually taken.

We have witnessed dark seances of the best
character, time and again, particularly those of
Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Lord, and have conversed
with the spirits as openly, definitely, and
intelligibly, as we ever conversed with a friend,
all of whom agree on the main points (as far
as they seem to understand them), as the
means through and by which spirit communion
is affected.

The spirits, as well as all analytic parity
and deductions, say, that the solar light and
some phases of thought, are positive to them
or their condition, and renders the particles
of which they form, or individualize them-
selves, too subtle and positive among them-
selves as particles, to be aggregated into man-
ifesting form.

We can take the positive magnetic impress
of sunlight corked up in a gunbarrel into the
dark and print from it at midnight. We can
take the positive magnetic impress of light
closed up in a book into a dark room at night
and print a picture with it. We can send a
ray of light through a dark cell into a glass
jar containing hydrogen and chlorine gas, and
with terrible effect explode a compound, that
never would have mixed chemically but for
the positive impress of light. We can concen-
trate light on anything terrestrial with such
positive force, as to depolarize and decompose
it. In a word, no one denies that light is
positive and that darkness is relatively nega-
tive; no one denies that thousands of com-
pounds take place in the dark that could not
be effected in the light. But, persists triumphant
superficialness, "I do not believe it,
because I can't see it; the spirits, bright as
they are draped in their star-spangled robes of
heavenly light, could not hide themselves in
the dark, after that manner; besides," say
they, "do you think they are such fools as to
come down here as mere 'bummers' of
groveling curiosity? Out upon such stuff, it
carries sacrilege upon its face!" And as a
general thing, after divorcing themselves of
all of this, to them, heaven-born fustian, they
come down with the sledge-hammer question,
"How can spirit commune with matter, any-
how? It is impossible!"

In turn we would say, as they usually do,—
"God and the spirits doubtless know their
own business"—as to why they come in their
star-spangled robes, to the great neglect of
higher duties, is no concern of ours; they are
running the job, and we are glad of it! As to
how spirit can come in contact and commune
with matter it is quite plain, and self-evident
to us, all stupid assumes of "impossibility" to
the contrary notwithstanding. Will these
wonderfully wise philosophers tell us how
they see, hear, smell, taste, feel, and draw
deduction? But ask pardon, they do not draw
deduction! But how do they exercise the five
senses? And when they so far overstep
themselves as to think, we would like to
know how such a thing as thought, can come
in contact with their spittle and clay ensembles
of common dirt? Not that we have any
womanly curiosity, but we would like for
them to inform us, just for the sake of the
principle involved. And since we think of it,
we would also ask them to point out their
learned system of ethics or mental philosophy,
that accounts half so satisfactorily for the
source, manner of coming and purpose of their
thoughts, particularly their groveling "bum-
mers," as we can account for the source,
manner of coming and purpose of our return-
ing friends. To say the least, their position
does not reach up further than the *centric*
bewilderment of a "puppy muddle."

But as to the reasons why our spirit friends
in manifest form, have to approach us in the
dark, should we interrogate them as we have
done, we learn they, as individuals, (where
they are) compare the memories, experiences,
and intelligences of their life recently lived,
and all other inferior forms of existence
through which they have passed, and that
through these agencies their essential life-
center, has the power, as the life-center of the
germ, to call up through forces at hand, its
outer form; the soil has their (the germs)
embryo interrelational food, to which we have
referred, and is the menstrum in which they
first begin to form. So darkness being the
only passive conducting menstra, through
which spirit can approach, and bring in
requisition those electro-polar forces, by which
their elementary being can be assimilated into
manifesting form. The laws being the same
in the germination of a seed, as in the forma-
tion of manifesting spirit, and darkness as
much the surrounding soil of the one as the
earth soil is of the other. These we say,
being the conditions, relations, and relative
facts characterizing each of the two extremes,
we could match our learned interlocutors, by
Yanking them in turn, with the learned
queries—Why don't whales walk over the
African wilds? Why don't elephants survive
under the icebergs of northern seas? Why
don't birds crawl and worms fly? Why don't
day and night, like the sun and the moon, get
on the same side of the earth at the same

time? Why don't "God" clear out the
"Devil" at once; and above all, why don't
fools observe, investigate, think and reason
like wise men—or to return to the germinal
point—Why don't vegetation take root, and
grow in the air, rather than send its life hunt-
ing roots as groveling mud-bummers, down
among the "nasty" dirt of which, proud
man was made to look up some filth from
which to form beautiful flowers and luscious
fruits. Scientifically considered, our sage
questions are just as profound and unanswer-
able as theirs. And when we take the field as
we soon may, we intend to put our pertinent
questions into the prize entries of the scientific
world, with the confident hope of sweeping
every leather medal, Orthodox genius can
award.

As to the main point—there are laws by
which persons or intelligences that formerly
lived on earth, who have "died" as the
change is termed, can and do return. And
what is more, those laws can be pointed out
and demonstrated, beyond all possible question.
The reader may think we are rough, and un-
feeling, and withal coarse. The reader is
welcome to his or her thinks. We have one
one with whom to play the mutual admiration
"thing" since our *Dulcinea* Gelitobosa "has
quit."

We are called crazy, and now and then feel
like taking the benefit of our calling, out of the
mutual admiration-pie of our observant tran-
scenders. By way of reciprocity to those in
high position, who say we are crazy, we
would say one of two things in return, they
either have not brains enough to be subject to
the same misfortune, or else they are hypo-
crites; since we lay it down as a rule, (being
crazy) that there is not a properly balanced
mind truly informed on the subject of natural
laws, that can believe the unnatural assump-
tions of Orthodox humbuggery.

Hence, (being crazy) we hold that the great
big chicken-eating shouters, and journeyman
soul-savers, who reject nature and reason, are
either fools or knaves. And of the two, we
had far rather deal with the knave, upon
whom we can calculate with secure steerage,
while as to the latter or fool, even "God"
himself, who knows all about hash and sausage,
cannot tell which way he is going, nor whether
it is probable he will stop when he gets there.

Another shriek of holy horror.
Pile in lemons, let us have a jubilee round
the refugee camps of modern Israel, which,
like old Noah, is now bedrunkened and be-
puppy-muddled among his own daughters.

Deacon Squizzlezenks, my most dearly
beloved old Christian friend, allow us to point
you to the Belteshazzar eye-opener—"Mene,
Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." So mote it be!

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
WANTED—AN AMERICAN CHURCH.

BY REICHER.

"A distinguished Episcopal clergyman remarked
to us," says Theodore Tilton, in the *Golden Age*,
"that America seemed to be feeling after a church."
Remarkable as the expression is, considering the
source from which it comes, it is yet simply the
sectional language of religious bias, to a degree
more free than sectarianism in general; the ex-
pression of a conviction doubtless wrong from the
lips by a calm outlook upon the world-wide unrest
and overturning commotion among the discon-
tented people, especially in America. And is it
the want of a "church" which is indicated by all
this transitional struggling among the nations?
or is it simply the irrepressible strife, the intermi-
nable march of the race to a higher and holier free-
dom?

True, the careful study of man in his entirety,
discloses him to be a religious being essentially
yet for the proper and redeeming unfoldment of
his emotional nature is the organization of a church
absolutely necessary? The church—all churches
of the past, have been an expensive and soul-tram-
meling luxury to the race; and in America, the
most liberal land on the globe, there is not to-day
a FREE church. The simple combination of such
language seems in conflict and the supposed fact
an impossibility. Would an organization without
a ritual, a formula of service, a creed, an object of
worship, constitute a church? And yet such a
service, even in its freest spirit, indicates a species
of human slavery at variance with the spirit of in-
dividual liberty.

What is the character of the spirit, and in the
most of instances of the letter, of the sects of
America? That of arrogant kingcraft and a des-
potic priestcraft, the sacred oracle of each, enjoin-
ing respect and deference for kings and priests,
and all in similar authority; holding up the great
object of their supposed worship, God, as the
GREAT KING, Source of All Power, and Jesus
Christ his Son, Ruler of the Nations. All consent
to such service is slavery, the spirit of which is
wholly incompatible with man's pure and soul-
redemptive freedom.

It seems to have been the interest of priestcraft
in the past to keep the race divided against itself,
and aided by potentates and kings, priests, and
ministers of sectarianism, they have succeeded in
their religious craft for too long. They have taught
men in their "total depravity" to despise and dis-
trust themselves—that in human flesh there dwelt
no good thing, but that man for his redemption
must look away from himself to a power supposed
to be higher than he. Governments and ecclesiasti-
cal institutions have rapidly grown aristocratic,
oppressive, despotic, infusing a spirit and tendency
in humanity to despise itself; evils inseparable
from religious institutions, or the worship of a Deity
exclusive of and separate from man.

Even Jesus, the great humanitarian, judging
from the few glimpses of his world-wide inspira-
tions, which the trammels and the tampering of
the priesthood have left us, made no effort to es-
tablish a sect. But iconoclast as he was, his object
seems to have been to break down existing sec-
tional institutions, and to inculcate the beauty,
utility, and duty of a universal brotherhood.

"God is a spirit." "I (humanity) and my Father
are ONE,"—for we are all his offspring.

And to prove the cosmopolitan character of gen-
uine worship, Jesus continues, to the outcast at
the well: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh
when ye shall worship the Father neither in this
mountain nor at Jerusalem." But "the true wor-
shippers," he tells her, "shall worship the Father in
spirit and in truth."

The genuine worship of the divine can be con-
fined to no place or creed. If, therefore, America
ever does come into the possession of a national
church, its creed, indigenous to her own broad,
free soil, must breathe not the exotic spirit of the
old monarchical world, but the democratic (not
partisan), fraternal, liberal spirit of the new; its
ritual, the voluntary outflow of the people in the
daily practice of good deeds, charities as broad as
the race, a faith like a well of living water, in every
individual, manifested constantly in projects and
works of the hope-inspiring amelioration of all; a
creed whose only command is that of love, so dif-
fuse in its catholicity as to embrace all races and
conditions of men. A church, the great object of
whose worship, work, praise, and prayer, contin-
ued labor, shall be not a supposed omnipotent Deity
exclusive of man; all such worship is simply
idolatry. But the responsive recognition of the
divine in man and woman; more, the worship of
the only true and enduring church must embrace
the acceptance of the spirit of the divine every-
where, in all things, the tree, the shrub, the flower,
the bird, the fish, the insect, and the broad ex-
panse of the animal formation.

By the passing away of all cruelty, and the mutual
recognition in every of the spirit of the divine,
the lion is led by the hand of a child. The lamb
and the lion lie down together and all nature be-
comes harmless. And the unbroken communion
of angels and men, the harmonious marriage of our
emotional nature with science, progress and intel-
lectual purity shall form the holy tabernacle of all
aggregated good, freedom and love; there shall
be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;—all
tears shall be wiped from all faces, and there shall
be no more pain; for the former things, all ac-
tions, bickerings and priestly hate, shall have
passed away, and God, LOVE, will be ALL IN ALL.
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAN SPIRITS LEAVE THE BODY AND
RETURN TO IT AGAIN.

BY SAMUEL UNDERHILL, M.D.

I saw in the JOURNAL an article from Sister
Wilcoxson, a statement that the spirit can never
leave the body and return again, and I see the
same in Brother A. J. Davis's last very interest-
ing work, *The Temple*. Now I love them both,
feel their priceless value, and know that neither
wish to be considered infallible. Permit me to
lay before them a few of very many kindred
facts, that prove to me that they are mistaken
in this interesting particular. You know that
in my work on Mesmerism, I have asserted that
they appear to leave the body. I seem bound
to offer through your paper facts—not theory.
They make no apologies for contradicting me,
and they are right. I don't believe they thought
when they wrote. If you think that you love
them better than I do, you are mistaken. I be-
lieve that I shall not offend them.

Now I believe that the spirit can, and often
does, leave the body in trance; also in the sim-
ple clairvoyant state, and I presume in sleep.
Proof: In scores of instances I have had them
do it, sometimes voluntarily, more frequently
by request. They say they did go. Others,
clairvoyant, sitting by, say they see them go
out and see them returning. They make a
bounce in the chair on returning to the body.
Their pulse on bidding me good by at starting,
falls—in one case, from one hundred to the
minute to thirty, and never less than twenty
beats to the minute. Now visible facts in sup-
port of my position; they are few, but of
mighty import.

1st. The fall of the pulse. 2d. They are at
once insensible to my voice. 3d. They are
insensible to pins or needles. 4th. I cannot at-
tract their hands, nor render their muscles rigid,
which, before they go, and after their return,
awake or asleep, is quite easily done. 5th.
They say they go.

The clairvoyant once came from the further
part of the hall, with a solemn step, saying as
he came, with her arms folded, "Wonderful!
wonderful!" and came and stooping over the
young man, who had departed by request on an
errand, to be gone five minutes, kept repeating
the word "wonderful."

I said, "What is wonderful?"
"Why, his spirit is gone away from his
body."

"Will he not return?"
"O, yes; but his spirit is gone away, and his
body looks so strange."

"How does it look different from when the
spirit is there?"

"O, doctor, can't you see his spirit is gone
away, and his body seems all filled with air."
This clairvoyant was the best I ever saw,
and I have seen many. Clairvoyants in the
body can see no farther than the nervous fluid
can radiate. I directed one's attention to the
moon, when it was in eclipse.

"Why, doctor," said he, "I cannot see the
moon."

He was a very superior clairvoyant. You
can make them believe that they are in the
moon, or planets, if you know how.

It is Brother Davis's opinion that spirits, at
great distances, when they have left the body,
at what is called death, can send an influence
to produce raps; that it forms a distinct ex-
istence in the body, and at all ages, when the
body dies, maintains a distinct existence. Paul
could not tell whether he was in or out of the
body, when he was entranced. But the Rev.
Wm. Tenat, of New Jersey, could; and many
others, whose bodies lay cold and stiff, some
for days—the wife of Lord Holland eight days.
Look at the petition of Dr. McNab, presented
to the Chamber of Deputies, in the days of Na-
poleon, to get a law passed to prevent early
burials, and read the cases reported by him in
that petition.

Many of our entranced cases lay cold and
stiff, yet breathe; insensible to sound, or effort
to make them feel, taste, or smell. The only
real question is, can they send back an influence
by which faint circulation and slight inspiration
may be kept up? Why need we doubt it? O,
I have witnessed so much of it, before the spirit
rapping began, that it fixed the belief of immor-
tality in my mind. Don't lightly take it from
me.

Moses Hull and W. F. Parker.

DEAR BROTHER:—I see in the RELIGIO-PHILO-
SOPHICAL JOURNAL that you are still on the
war path. You do not stay whipped very well.
Well, there are castigations in reserve for you
that will last you through. I accept your pro-
position for the debate of "the old proposition,"
at ten different cities, and appoint the first de-
bate to take place any time during February or
March, in Louisville, Ky.; another in Balti-
more, Md.; and still another in Vineland, N.
J., during April.

Between this time and that, we will agree
upon other points where the question shall be
debated.

I wish you were even now in Memphis, Tenn.,
for there is not a minister that here dare meet
the issues connected with Spiritualism.

I furthermore challenge you for a written
discussion of the same proposition to be pub-
lished simultaneously in the columns of the
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and a leading
Christian paper, the same to be afterward
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MOSES HULL.

Letter from Henry Rosseau.

Mr. Francis, I desire to thank you with all
my heart, and through you your spirit guide,
who has been opening the heavens to us, that we
may see the glory of MAN in the present, and
the eternal future of life. Never previous to
this has there been a subject of such vital impor-
tance to the race, as he has made known to us.
I have many near and dear friends in the spirit
world, and they have all responded to the truth
as manifested through you, and that they know
no more of Deity than that we do here. This
being the case, there is but one way for us to
proceed, viz.: To do the best we can without
him, until we can find him.

Lansingburgh, N. Y.

The recent dispatch from Bismark to Baron
Von Arnim excites the French to renewed bit-
terness against Germany. The tone of the
journals generally is one of indignation.

It is a funny fact that when a Mormon wife
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mediately becomes heart broken, and declares
that polygamy is the devil's own institution.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an
official friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a
complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all
professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject.
This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn
of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase
their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from
time to time, that we may keep their place of residence
correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget
their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not
unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors.
The names of such persons will be dropped from this
Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their
holding in such wickedness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting me-
diums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which
aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium
visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to
certain persons, another better to others—all having their
friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and
useful in their place.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Fount of all Knowledge—The Block of Ice and its Wonderful Changes.

(NUMBER LXX.)

Having fully established the fact that obstructions to our understanding is one of the most prominent causes for a belief in the existence of a God, we propose in this to branch off into a new channel of thought. During seventy numbers of the JOURNAL, we have been constantly tearing down the fabrications of past ages, the mythical gods of both pagan and Christian nations, and in doing so, have unveiled many facts that have demolished preconceived opinions and notions. It would not suffice, however, to merely eradicate from the minds of the people a belief in the existence of a God,—either infinite or personal, possessing passions common to humanity, without establishing in the place thereof a more beautiful theory, one that has reason for its foundation, and which is constructed in such solid masonry, that future generations cannot tear it down.

In glancing around us, we behold the material world, what grandeur and beauty connected therewith! We look at the earth with its towering mountains, fertile valleys, magnificent fields of golden grain, extensive forests, and varied scenes, and our mind is filled with unutterable emotions of delight. There is a solemn grandeur in the opening bud, and as it presents its leaves, glistening with varied hues, our whole being expands with adoration at the soul thereof that seeks the light to present the secrets of the unseen world to us. Unseen to mortal eyes, beyond the scope of the keenest vision, those tints existed, and now they have been brought forth, to dazzle our eyes and gladden our senses. The seed that germinates, sends forth its branches, which bud and blossom, presents us a problem that it might be well for humanity to consider. On all sides we find these wonderful unfoldments. The seed eliminates from the ground, the flower, shrub, the plant, the tree, the fruit,—they creep grandly forth as if endowed with reasoning powers. They are, in one sense, self-acting architects; they fashion the rose with its varied colors; they rear the grand old oak, king of the forest; they present us the whole vegetable kingdom; they act independent of the supervision of the children of earth. Here, then, is a field that is worthy of our closest scrutiny and attention. We venture into the regions around us, and we find matter there. Matter is eternal,—it was never created—it is indestructible. It possesses certain well-defined laws that have always existed, and always will exist. Outside of those peculiarities the ingenuity, the skill, or wisdom of man cannot step! They are immutable in action—they possess characteristics that only will subserve the interests of humanity when their interior nature is obeyed. These characteristics of matter are omnipresent—they are unchangeable, possess everything to-day that they did a million of years ago. What does this peculiar feature of the material world teach us? What lesson can be learned therefrom? What are we dealing with? With matter, and it is omnipresent, and in one sense at least is omniscient. This is a curious assertion, and one that will puzzle the profoundest mind. We can learn nothing only in regard to that which exists. If we learn a truth in regard thereto, do we learn anything outside of matter? Child of earth, ponder this question well. Matter is omnipresent; it is the fountain of all truth; it is the garner from which all nourishment is received,—in one sense it is a God! But this position, no doubt, frightens you. In all space there is matter, either latent or otherwise. Nothing is a meaningless term. An example of it cannot be given. A perfect vacuum is an impossibility. Matter, then, permeating all space, all conditions of life, all parts of the universe, possesses one of the characteristics of the God which humanity to-day worships—it

is omnipresent. But what about its omniscience? Do you declare that matter is intelligent, that it is wise in the same sense that man is? No! We declare no such thing. It is simply the grand library of creation. Within it is all truth, all laws, all principles, everything that the human mind can conceive! The elements of the rose existed within the soil, and when it burst the chain that bound it, it only illustrated this fact, that the grand store-house of beauty is within the cold earth! Man did not create the rose—the principles thereof eternally existed, enveloped within the cold soil. Is not matter, then, the grand store-house of all wisdom? Tell us one fact in science, philosophy, in any department of the universe that is not a part and parcel of matter? What of electricity, magnetism, etc.; what of heat, cold, and all conditions of life? Tell us, please, has not matter been acquainted with them through all time? But Lucretus comes again.

Spirit—Yea, I will teach you a lesson.

Lucretus—Whence emanates all wisdom?

Spirit—O inquiring child, listen! You are searching deep into the arcana of nature, are endeavoring to penetrate the soul of things. You, Lucretus, now have discovered a God in the natural world.

Lucretus—Tell me, pray, is there any truth in science outside of matter?

Spirit—All wisdom, all truth, all science, all that can benefit humanity, are embraced within the elements around us. There is nothing outside of it—it is omnipresent, and eternal. All words are used to express ideas; all ideas that are not directly or indirectly connected with matter, are of no practical use to mankind. The artist could not express on canvas his beautiful landscape painting, did not one exist, and were it not for the materials at his command, he would be powerless.

Lucretus—Then is not Matter, God?

Spirit—It seems to be the fount of all knowledge. The cold damp soil, the minerals connected therewith, the currents of magnetism that move from pole to pole, the various bodies of water,—all things have within their embrace all the sciences. You learn the laws of matter, and then possess a knowledge which originated therewith. Electricity will transmit your thoughts from one station to another. Matter knows it, if it knows anything; if not conscious of such a possession, the rule holds good still.

Lucretus—Your remarks are new and startling. You are making matter superior to mind, instead of matter subservient to mind.

Spirit—I am doing no such thing. I am only telling you what exists. What can you learn outside of matter? You go to books for knowledge. You study astronomy! It has matter for its foundation! You study chemistry—it, too, deals only with matter. You study botany,—of what are the flowers composed? Can you learn anything that the elements do not already possess? You investigate geometry, trigonometry, and conic sections,—they deal in imaginary lines,—but without matter would be useless—they have that for a basic foundation. I point to matter as the fountain of all knowledge, the source of all wisdom, one grand basic superstructure of creation. Without matter, nothing could exist! It is eternal, and has within itself the elements of all knowledge.

Lucretus—You startle me. Henceforth I will worship matter. It shall be my God. I will worship in spirit and truth. I have found the fount of all knowledge, and hence forth I shall drink therefrom.

Spirit—Philosophers of to-day reason with very little effect. They point to an imaginary God as an example of all wisdom,—omniscience, when matter passively possesses it. They make a discovery—they combine the different qualities of matter in a peculiar way, and then call what they have accomplished,—practical knowledge. Have they learned anything outside of matter,—were not the facts there? Why does the world study the peculiarities of the material world, if it be not to glean information therefrom? Can they gain a knowledge of that which matter does not possess? Ah, how absurd the question! Within a molecule of matter are the elements of all knowledge! The puny child of earth will gaze at the azure sky, at those magnificent worlds there, and if he can tell their size, the time of their revolution, the amount of heat they receive from the sun, the distance they are from the earth, he thinks he is accomplishing wonders. Certain laws of the material world maintain their motion, the amount of heat they shall receive, the rapidity with which they shall move, and the divine architect, whether one spirit or many, must consult them. The earth engineer consults his boiler, measures its capacity, and then can only generate therein a certain amount of steam? Let him violate the rule, and the boiler will burst! In all departments of life the rule holds good. Matter is omniscient—passively so! It expresses the high mountain, the fertile valley, the foaming cascade, the murmuring stream, the wild dashing river, the lakes, oceans, the green-carpeted earth!

Look at that body of ice, it is placed within the boiler, heat is applied thereto, it melts, and then is changed to steam. In the first place it would freeze you, then moisten you, then warm you, then burn you, and finally it moves the ponderous wheels, and off the engine goes at a fearful speed! Within that mass of ice is practical knowledge, and you by experimenting only learned it! You got no knowledge in regard thereto outside of the ice—it was all connected therewith. But you may say that the ice don't sense its knowledge. True, but don't we derive therefrom practical information? We apply heat thereto and we change it into water. Then by passing a voltaic current of electricity through it, we change it into oxygen and hydrogen gases. The oxygen and hydrogen will combine when a light is brought in contact with them, with so much force that a dangerous explosion occurs

from the sudden expansion caused by the great heat evolved in the combination. One-ninth of the weight of water consists of hydrogen. It will burn in the air when a light is brought to it, with an extremely hot flame, and then combines with the oxygen of the air. Certain actions of the material world will sometimes generate a superabundance of hydrogen, causing spontaneous combustion resulting in terrible conflagrations in forests, and loss of life and property. Within the folds of matter, within its embrace, is all chemistry, all philosophy, all astronomical facts.

Lucretus—You certainly make a God of matter. Should I worship it?

Spirit—No! Emphatically, no! I am dealing in facts. I took a block of ice for an example. Within its cold embrace is a vast fund of information. It learns nothing from us; we learn much from that. Hydrogen comes forth from it—it is a colorless, invisible gas, possessing neither taste nor smell. Like a spirit, it comes from the water and is the lightest body known to the chemists of earth. Then we proceed to oxygen. It forms nearly half of the weight of the solid earth, and eight-ninths of water. There is no practical knowledge outside of matter. All your information is gleaned from that,—and outside of its laws it is darker than a thousand nights!

Lucretus—But does not man improve matter? Look at his ingenious inventions, at his grand achievements in the arts and sciences.

Spirit—He only works in accordance with the laws of the material world. He can accomplish nothing outside of them. His knowledge of them measures his powers. He understands the characteristics of a block of ice. He will freeze with it; melt it, and then warm himself in the fluid it produces, and though its instrumentality will extinguish the fiercest flame. He will convert it into steam, and move the ponderous wheels; will sprinkle it on flowers and impart to them rain-bow-tinted hues; will change it into gases that will produce a flame that will melt a piece of iron the moment it comes in contact with it. The sun will act upon it and draw it heavenward as mist when it will form clouds, then rain-drops, which proceeding earthward again pass through a cold freezing current of air, and are changed into hail-stones. This knowledge we gain from that block of ice. Within its cold surface is the knowledge, and lucky is the one who can comprehend it. Matter is eternal. It possesses no characteristic to-day that it did not always possess. No God taught that ice how to melt; no God taught the gases it produces to burn. I boldly declare that matter is passively the Fount of all Knowledge—one of the attributes of humanity's God. It is omnipresent, another of his attributes. If a God is the actuating cause of all things, is he in that block of ice—does he incite it to melt, to cool the fevered brow, to become warm and subserve the interest of man; to become hot and scald you; to change into invisible gases and burn with a fervent heat, or come together with a terrible explosion when ignited; does he actuate it to change into steam, and move the complicated machinery of a large manufacturing establishment, or cause the steamboat to move against wind and tide, and finally explode the boiler of the Westfield or Starbuck, killing hundreds of innocent men, women, and children? If God is in every molecule of matter, and a part of it, you are constantly eating him, drinking him, breathing him, physicing him, vomiting him, pounding him, burning him, and applying him to thousands of uses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

What of the Compensation?

In the first of this series of articles, (published in number nine of the present volume) under the above caption, we hinted at the leading ideas to be advanced, in considering the subject of "Calamities," their author, the object to be attained, and the question of compensation.

In this necessarily desultory manner of considering the subject under consideration, we have referred to the mythological doctrines that are now held as sacred by the great mass of mankind, in accordance with their expressed and generally received meaning, holding that they were intended, like a well-expressed fable, to convey thoughts which would present to the mind a *corollary* easily understood, when viewed from a spiritual standpoint, but which unfortunately the religious world has made to represent strictly material or literal facts.

Religion, being based in *materialism*, and resulting from a perversion of the highest faculties of true manhood, could not grasp the central idea of the *inspired author* of the fable, or mythological delineation of an important truth.

It is these grains of truth scattered through all well-expressed fables of mythology, that have enabled *chieftains of religion* to frame systems which the people would eagerly receive as the command of Almighty God. Once received by a tribe or nation, all who would dissent from the general view have been visited with torture and death. We have showed that the human family by slow degrees have gained light while traveling this rough and rugged pathway, the contemplation of which is so appalling to our souls.

We have taken the commonly-received *materialistic* view of the subject, as daily and weekly proclaimed from so-called sacred desks, in regard to the fall, the curse of Almighty God, the flood, the "plan of salvation," the persecutions of the dominant religionists, from the days of the supposed *incarnation of God*, through the conception of the "Virgin Mary," down to the present persecutions of the so-called "Mormon Saints," and shown that the whole fabric is founded on the fallacy of "an angry God" whose wrath burns to the lowest hell, and was to be appeased by sacrifices of one kind and another. The women of Mormonism, evidently as devout as their sisters of other

sects of religionists, making the great sacrifice of *all true domestic felicity*, as the only true and single companion of a loving husband, to carry out the same idea of *pleasing God*, by following the example of those who were the plural wives of the old saints, fashioned exactly "after God's own heart."

Hence the corollary to be drawn from any one phase of religion is, that the mass of devotees are honest, but absolutely ignorant of the *philosophy of life*. Then religion, having been born of ignorance, and having had its origin in a perversion of a great truth, to wit, the truth that all calamities, all trials of life, all suffering, all hardships endured, result in greater light and knowledge—wisdom; consequently result in fact in a compensation more than an equivalent for all that has been endured.

Even in taking the commonly received view of the subject, in hastily glancing at the calamities referred to in sacred books, in primitive history, we have shown, however literally they are considered, it is apparent that but for such calamities referred to, the world to-day would be destitute of any of the inventions, any of the works of art and science; indeed that the world to-day would contain nothing but innumerable myriads of immortal, ignorant, cruel savages.

In considering the subject from a different standpoint, a standpoint illuminated by the light of the last half of the nineteenth century, we shall see that the heretofore *materialistic* view of the subject is a fallacy, so puerile and childish as to be laid aside as the offspring of feeble and thickly beclouded minds of the early ages of the world, now outgrown, even as the child outgrows the small-clothes of infancy.

We must consider the great subject involved in this series of articles independently of all religious preconceived opinions or prejudice. We must come right down to the philosophy of life; look cause and effect square in the face. We must allow science to trace everything out toward a final analysis, never giving up the search for truth because an absolute ultimate is not found.

The practical things of life will claim our attention. To this end we must analyze—contrast, compare and combine. In doing so, we contemplate being able to show to our readers that there is a great law of *development* pervading and underlying everything in nature, be it *human, brute, or inorganic matter*.

We expect to unfold to the minds of all who choose to investigate, that all things in existence are eternal in their component parts, that *change is common to all things*, that from the simple monad, or *molecular-atom*, combination, decomposition and re-combination is a law of life.

Our theory is, that the principle which marks the distinctive character of individuals has ever existed as an entity; uncreated, consequently immortal, eternal, and yet every moment subject to change—internal forces and external surroundings making such changes more rapid or slow as the case may be.

That everything that exists is true to its condition on a plane of being—as the simple elements are true—scientifically, in results, when compounded in the chemist's laboratory.

Hence to us, the *philosophy of life* is all-comprehensive, includes everything in nature, everything upon both planes of existence, spiritual and physical. Upon this hypothesis we expect the science of mind will eventually remove all physical rubbish, will disintegrate, and cause the *religious fabric* which has so long cursed the world to disintegrate, crumble, and topple from dome to base! Aye, we expect in the far off ages in spirit life, the blind devotees at her shrines, will have become so enlightened that when they look back upon their life pictures, they will be astonished at their meandering track, made while in the wilderness of mental darkness.

While we have no reverence for the fallacies in the foundation and whole superstructure of all religious systems, we do look upon them as having served their purpose in the development of mind. Indeed, it has been what the world required in past ages, and without which, no man can absolutely say the world would have been developed to an appreciation of the fact that there is a *Philosophy of Life*, immutable, imperishable, and unchangeable in principles.

So it follows, that all things in nature are exactly in accordance with pre-existing causes, serve their time and place, then disintegrate, crumble to pieces, topple, fall, and disappear. So, again, we repeat, change is common to all things.

Incident to all changes when sensation is acute, there is more or less pain. The birth of a new condition, is like a new condition chemically induced, the result of the death of a producing condition. So we live in the sphere of death continually—continually experiencing new births, mental and physical. Old elements in our physical system momentarily die. New elements spring into life as a part of our organic individuality. Old thoughts and opinions long cherished as true die, and in dying give place for the birth of new ones, more comprehensive, more in accordance with other known truths. These minor and every-day changes pass unheeded. We seldom or never attempt to analyze them, or give them a passing remark. But let a terrific convulsion in the elements above or in the earth beneath transpire, which shocks the physical world, and astonishes the minds of the masses by launching thousands of souls into the next life, and destroys millions of property without warning, and it is considered a *terrible calamity*.

If men and women are momentarily undergoing minor changes, which continually develop the mind, even as the infantile mind is developed by slow degrees to more mature manhood, does not the same principle obtain in more mature minds, and is not so great an event as above supposed, in its very nature calculated to agitate thought, and do not less

disastrous catastrophes do the same thing in degree? If so, all perform a valuable mission in developing the human mind.

To illustrate still further the fact that everything that causes pain and suffering is instrumental in developing minds to conceive of means to avoid similar results, and to relieve the anguish resulting from the same, we have but to observe that certain minds are continually observing things and their effects, and devising means to get the desired result, without the danger resulting from a careless use. Hence, new inventions are the order of the day.

A machinist plods on in his rounds of executing machinery according to prescribed plans,—explosions of steam boilers result in spite of his skill as a machinist. A chemist who could not construct the machine, is prompted by the calamity which resulted from the explosion of the steam boiler (a hundred lives being lost, a steamboat, and a hundred thousand dollars worth of property having been destroyed) to investigate and ascertain the invisible cause. He finds the machinery all perfect, so far as he or the machinist can understand; but on further investigation his powers of understanding are illuminated, and he discovers that an element, of the greatest utility when combined with other elements, is by the decomposing process produced by the boiler, freed, and of such an uncontrollable character that it bursts the bonds of iron, and sends devastation, death, and destruction to everything in its way. Another thoughtful man looking still further in the same direction, discovers, a means of allowing this unbridled, untamed, unmanageable element to escape, through a well defined, well guarded and protected avenue, to its *affinity* which it is so clamorous to find, be it in the fiery regions beneath or in the heavens above. These appliances being made, and wisely managed, no more destruction from this uncontrollable element and its furious pranks is to be feared.

Perhaps we shall by and by find that *knowledge* is better than *religion* to tame, govern, control, and make good the furious, ungovernable bad man. Perhaps in another department of knowledge the antidote for the calamities which so frequently befall cities, in the form of consuming fires, in the droughts that dry up the rivulets which supply rivers, and destroy growing crops, the storms that sink and destroy our shipping while at sea; all these things, and many more, already hinted at, if not already to some degree developed to our understanding in this series of articles, will be a fruitful theme of thought hereafter, in the further consideration of this subject.

The Rev. Mr. Hepworth's Withdrawal from Unitarianism.

The Rev. G. H. Hepworth, Dr. Osgood's successor in the Church of the Messiah, New York, has resigned that position, saying that he is no longer a Unitarian. About forty of his people have left with him. On Sunday, Dec. 24th, he preached a sermon, from which the following is an extract. It will show the change in his views:

"Dear friends, I want to talk to you very plainly and very frankly this morning, and upon a subject of the greatest importance. First, I want to speak of Christ as a theological dogma. I know very little about the science of theology, and care less for it. It was always a very dry study to me, but this dogma is the basic element of my system, and therefore I speak of it. I can not resist the feeling—it has grown partly out of the way in which I read the Bible, and partly out of my own religious consciousness that Christ's life and God's life are inextricably interwoven and interlaced. I am bound to believe in Christ's divinity, or else tear certain texts up by the roots, which I am wholly unwilling to do. When Jesus, in prayer, says, 'O Father, glorify me with Thine own self, with the glory that I had with Thee before the world was!' I can not evade the conviction that the words, plainly as any words can, are intended to assert a pre-existence. If they do not distinctly say that Christ is co-eval with God, then I fail to comprehend the meaning of the passage. Now, you may honestly deny the fact by openly doubting the correctness of the text. But, admitting the text, the deduction is plain. Again, when he says, 'If a man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and take up our abode with him,' I think he clearly intimates a power co-ordinate with that of God. I don't see how the conclusion can be avoided, provided you admit the correctness of the text. I do believe this."

"Second, having placed myself right on the dogma, I come to speak of its historical value. I believe that the dogma, as I have stated it, has saved the world, and done more than anything else to mold modern society. If Christ had been a mere man, a great reformer, the changes he introduced would have died, and his voice, though it spoke in clarion tones, would have died into a very dim and distant echo long before this. The church was built on the divinity of Christ—it would not have survived if it had not been—and the church saved the seeds of the new civilization from the ruins of the old. * * * I come lastly to speak of the institutional value of the dogma. It is the only possible basis of organization. It gives us two works to accomplish, to save ourselves and then to save the rest of the world. Atheism can't organize. It never has done so; it never will. Radicalism is cold; it always seems to me like a hen brooding on stone eggs. It may warm them with the heat of its own body, but, after all, the eggs are stone, and can never bring forth life."

REMARKS:—The reverend gentleman undoubtedly speaks the truth when he says, in speaking of the institutional value of the dogma of the Divinity of Christ, "It is the only possible basis of organization. Atheism can't organize. It never has done so, it never will. Radicalism, it always seems to me, is like a 'hen brooding on stone eggs.'"

Our friends who have been, and some who are yet, so anxious to organize the philosophy of life into a "new religion," will do well to bear in mind that before they can be successful they must adopt the dogma of "the Divinity of Christ," and create or borrow a calendar of saints, and make to order a few "pilgrims," and label a goodly number of the more anxious organizers "reverend."

All Spiritualists will do well to observe that those who have gone back on Spiritualism are the *reverend gentlemen* who have been the most strenuous advocates for a "national organization of Spiritualists," with bishops and priests or their equivalent expressed by other titles—for instance, the reverends, R. P. Ambler, Uriah Clark, and J. S. Loveland may be cited as specimens.

The reverends Uriah Clark and J. S. Loveland came to the Chicago national convention with their pockets filled with forms already to

Items of Interest.

—The chaplain of the Kansas State prison is a lady seventy years old.

—Dealers in fruit trees, and all interested will please notice the advertisement of Bro. P. B. Bristol, in another column.

—We would call attention to the notice of the quarterly meeting of Spiritualists to be held at West Winfield, New York.

—The High, Low, and Broad Church parties of England are designated as "Attitudinarians," "Platitudinarians," and "Latitudinarians."

—SHARP CHICKENMAN TO CALIFORNIA LADY AT SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Why does Christian only talk-e-e about Jesus on Sundays, and not-e-e one time-e-e on other days?

—Speaking of religious revivals, the editor of the *Kentucky Times* asks: "Why is it that the Paducahites won't revive?" We know the reason, but we don't like to tell. Won't some one more intimate with him please tell him?—*Ex.*

—The advertisement of Rev. Wm. H. Norton, of New York, appears in the *Plymouth Republican*. We are sorry to be compelled to announce to the *Republican* that the reverend gentleman is an impostor.—*Columbia City (Ind.) Commercial.*

—That eminent colored divine, Jacob Bradley, is a philosopher. He says that "if he can't deride a substance for his tabernacle of clay, by propounding gospel sediments, he can do that thing, certain, by the sweat of his eye-brows."

—Bro. A. E. Doty writes us that he will be ready to answer calls to lecture in the course of one month. He is a veteran in the cause of Spiritualism. The friends will do well to keep him in the field. His address is Ilion, Herkimer county, N. Y.

—The missionary work in China is still obstructed by hostility from the natives. Cases of violence are reported in which preachers were attacked and beaten violently, and such threats of disturbance are made that congregations were afraid to assemble.

—The Spiritualists of Eureka, Cal., have engaged the services of Mrs. Bell Chamberlain to lecture for them one year. They insure her \$600 in gold; and have promised \$1000 if they can raise it. They paid all her traveling expenses to California.

—Bro. J. T. Waters, Louisville, Ky., while making remittance for the JOURNAL, sends five dollars for the most needy medium in the city. Many thanks, Brother. Sister Weeks having been a victim of the great conflagration, will please call and receive the donation.

—An Independent Protestant Church is about to be organized in Ireland, to be a check to Romanism, Ritualism, Rationalism, Antinomianism, Sacramentalism and the sacrifice in that country, and to encourage the knowledge and practice of Protestant Christianity.

—The New York *Herald* says of the people of Georgia, "Let them behave themselves and trust in Providence and a just administration." But where can they find "Providence" outside of Rhode Island? We fear their trust in Providence will prove a frail support.

—A Pennsylvania court has granted an injunction against a Catholic bishop, restraining him from removing a priest from his pastorate. The circumstances are not given in the despatch; but it is manifest that the decision is a new departure in the relations of civil and ecclesiastical authority.

—Mrs. Bell Chamberlain writes as follows from the Pacific Slope: "Thrice welcome, dear JOURNAL, in your old familiar dress. Your appearance last week gave me a thrill of pleasure akin to that felt by meeting a long-absent friend. I feel as though the powers of recuperation manifest in your revival to your native size, is grandly prophetic of your future."

—A young lady while standing at a window in Morgantown, Butler Co., Ky., the other day, received a slight shock from a flash of lightning. On her recovery it was found that her allanthes tree, standing near the window, had been accurately photographed by the electric flash, upon her breast.

—There will be a mass Spiritual Convention at Darien, Wis., at the town hall, on Saturday and Sunday, January 20th and 21st, and a lecture Friday evening, January 19th. All friends in favor of Spiritualism and reform are invited to attend. Strangers from a distance will be provided for. Come and let us have a good time.

—Mrs. M. C. Mills writes as follows, from Prescott: "At the request of the friends here, I write a few lines concerning Mr. Lewis S. Cummings, who lectured here for us in November last. We regard him as a speaker of rare promise and a 'Simon pure' medium. Under the most unfavorable circumstances he delivered one of the finest poems, at the conclusion of an eloquent lecture, that we ever witnessed. We consider him second to none, and after having had the pleasure of listening to many other speakers."

—The Rev. Robert W. Hatfield, who used to be a Christian minister, said recently in a discourse against the theatre and opera, in which he denounced actors and singers, that Nilsson, Parepa-Rosa, Charlotte Cushman, Patti and others were "a nest of unclean birds."—*Golden Age.*

—Remarks:—If he had made the charge in reference to himself, no one would have disputed him; now the opposition is nearly universal.

—Jennie M. Harper writes as follows, from Pine Island, Minnesota, December 25th, 1871: "A Merry Christmas and \$10 for new names to your valuable paper. We have taken the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL since it first saw the light. It has become one of our household gods. We can't do without it. The gifted medium, L. S. Cummings has been with us, and I trust has awakened many minds to the beautiful reality of a life beyond the grave. I tremble and quakes to its very foundations in this place. They have hardly time to recover from the effects of one bombshell ere another follows."

—A fire broke out in the house of Rev. Rice yesterday noon, but fortunately some energetic and self-possessed men, who were promptly on the ground after the alarm was rung, cut a hole through the roof with an axe, and extinguished the fire by water with buckets.—*Daily Nonpareil, Council Bluffs, Iowa.*

—Remarks:—It is really strange that the orthodox God did not prevent the fire altogether. It being successfully extinguished, the act was regarded as a providential interference, no doubt.

—Josh Billings gives the following advice to "young klergymen": "Don't preach the gospel for less than \$50 dollars a year, salary payable quarterly in advance. A congregashun who kant afford taw pay \$50 dollars a year, want a missionary more than they do a klergymen. Be sure you run the church; don't let the church run you. As I sed up at the top, git az much ov yur salary az possible in advance, for I don't kno ov evny det so hard to collect az a minister's salary, after it once gets kold."

—The Rev. Dr. Houghton, pastor of what is so familiarly known as "The Little Church Round the Corner," has suffered a bitter bereavement in the death of his wife. The afflicted gentleman will here be remembered in many hearts and homes with the deepest sympathy. His name has been rendered immortal by his kindness in officiating at the funeral of George Holland, while the Rev. Mr. Sabine who refused to descend graveyard without exciting in the minds of the world any respect whatever.

—A zealous representative of the Young Men's Christian Association was a few days ago drumming up recruits for the "noon prayer-meeting." On the street he met Mr. —, now residing outside the city limits. The representative of the Young Men's Christian Association accosted him, and the following conversation ensued: "Do you reside in the city, Mr. —?" "No, sir, I live in the country." "We have a prayer-meeting around here, and would be glad to have friends from the country meet with us. Will you come?" "A prayer-meeting?" "Yes, sir; come in and get a blessing." "No you don't; you can't come none of your confidence games over me!"

—The causes for which a Mahometan woman may demand a divorce are clearly and broadly laid down in the Koran, and her evidence is sufficient, because the Mahometan law supposes that a woman must be violently aggravated before the modesty of her sex will allow her to appear in public with such application. So careful is this law to spare her feelings that she is not even required to recount her injuries, unless of her own free will. All she is to do is to place her slippers reversed—that is, with the sole upward—before the Cadi, and the case is finished. The divorce is granted without further ceremony.

—How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, beautiful sight,
An angel came to us, and we could hear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening, in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends and children, who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not that we daily see
About our hearths angels that are to be—
Or may be, if they will,—and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In union with ours, breathing its future wings.

—The Independent administrators a just rebuke to President Grant for saying in his Message, that Providence has visited the nation "with more than the usual chastisements in the loss of life and property by storm and fire." A good father may see that it is best for a child to have severe trials to develop his endurance, courage and trust, without necessarily intending that they should be repented of, or that they should be a source of suffering. In the case of the Independent administrators, they saw only a vision of God as an angry over-seer, laying his lashes on their bleeding backs with a will.—*Christian Register.*

Gen. Grant is a candidate for re-election, hence it will surprise no one that he caters to the generally received views, that God chastises the people with fire and sword and famine, for their sins.—*Ed. JOURNAL.*

—His Royal Highness, "Prince of Wales," is convalescent. While he was lying at the point of death, some of the extremely niggardly ritualists refused to prostrate themselves before Providence in his behalf, because they had received no special praying orders from the bishop. Finally, however, the prince showed symptoms of recovery; whereupon there was "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," in simultaneous prayer for his complete restoration. Whether these prayers are made to order or are spontaneous, we do not know. And why the bishop withheld his order for prayer when the prince was lying on that disagreeable point called the "point of death," is one of the mysteries of godliness. Had the supplications of the church commenced a little earlier, it might have claimed the honor of restoring the prince to health.

—A new sect has made its appearance in England and Australia, and emissaries for its propagation are getting ready to transplant the new fanaticism to the United States. Its tenets seem to be based on Mohammedism. Its devotees refuse to work or in any wise to take the least thought for the morrow, or even for the current day. A wretched woman who is a member of the sect was recently before an English magistrate, for allowing her sick child to die of neglect and starvation. Her defense was, that if the Lord had seen fit to have done so he would have supplied her with bread and oil. Providence failing to provide the means of keeping the child alive, it was permitted to die. The plea was accepted by the magistrate, and the wretched fanatic was permitted to leave the court in the full belief that she had carried out the will of God.

—On the first page of our paper will be found an interesting article from the pen of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. We desire to call particular attention to the last paragraph in the same, which is false so far as this paper is concerned. We have repeatedly published accounts of her doings in England; have lauded her for her eloquence and many noble traits of character; have published her addresses week after week; have called the attention of the public to her almost times without number. She is a truly noble woman, and we hope that she will give us credit for paying her that attention which her merits deserve. The paragraph referred to is an insult to our good intentions and earnest wishes for her welfare. The physical phenomena to which Mrs. Britten alludes has always received the especial attention of the JOURNAL and we have published many articles in reference to the same.

—The following, regarded as Mother Shipton's Prophecy, was published in 1641.

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accident shall be the way to woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye;
Water shall yet more wonders do:
Now strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through the hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk—
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do:
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world will be a new world,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

—Religious fights, pious quarrels, sanctimonious fusticuffs, virtuous altercations, angelic lying, sacred licentiousness, etc., etc., are becoming quite common of late among the various orthodox churches. The following difficulty, however, does not come altogether under any of the above heads. Mr. Taylor is a Spiritualist and, though engaged in his legitimate duties excited the ire of Rev. A. Buckner, who writes as follows to the Fort Scott (Kan.) *Monitor*: "I was surprised to see my name in yesterday's paper, associated with that of Mr. Taylor, in the funeral service of Mr. Clough. I sympathize with the family and the community at the loss of so good a friend, and citizen as Mr. Clough. But so far as Mr. Taylor is concerned, he is an expelled member and minister of the M.E. Church, and has no right to partake of its sacraments or preach in its pulpits, and the only reason he was permitted to come into the church to conduct this funeral service, was because a few of Mr. Clough's friends desired him to do it, and we thought it would be very unkind to object to a funeral service being held in the church." In reply to all this the *Independent (Kan.) Observer* says: "We clip the above from the Fort Scott *Monitor*. We do not know A. Buckner; but presume he is a man who has snubbed the yellow-legged chickens of the old and the smiles and easy virtue of the young folks of the Methodist Episcopal Church; else he would not condescend to quarrel and publish a card over the grave of a departed fellow-man. Brother Taylor was formerly a member of the M.E. Church, and as soon as he was deprived of recognizing the return and communion of departed friends—a doctrine the founder of the church, John Wesley, taught, he denounced the arrogantly assumed functions of the church, and preached the true gospel. He was ex-communicated, kicked out, and published in the last paper as a renegade and excommunicate. Brother Clough has gone to the Upper Home. The prayers of Taylor, Zook, Grasmuck, Anderson, and other good and liberal souls accompany him. The pusillanimous and chicken-eating Buckner and his parasites may quarrel over his grave. Time and eternity will develop who is right. Peace to the immortality of Brother Clough."

—James Fisk, Jr., the great Erie Railroad magnate, has been shot by the hands of Edward S. Stokes. The world never saw a better man than James Fisk, Jr. The *Chicago Times* expatiating on the subject said: "If charity covers a multitude of sins, Col. Fisk's faults ought by this time to be pretty well covered up. He has probably given away more money for charitable purposes than any man of his means in New York. His visitors may often see sitting in the waiting-room, feeble old men, just able to hobble along on crutches, pale, sickly-looking mothers with little babies in their arms, ragged old negroes and broken-down mechanics. All these, unless Col. Fisk is unusually pressed for time, obtain an audience with the man of Erie, and none that are really deserving go away without assistance. Nor are these the only calls that are made upon his purse. Begging letters by the dozen are daily received, and committees by the score sometimes call upon him in the day. These latter generally consist of ladies, and are usually very persistent in their demands. The writer, while recently waiting for an audience with Col. Fisk, saw six ladies come out of his office, in parties of two each. 'Who are those ladies?' was asked of the usher. 'Oh,' said he, smiling, 'they are begging committees, of course.' 'Does Col. Fisk have many such calls?' 'Oh, yes, those two make the fourth committee which have waited upon him this morning.' The esteem with which Col. Fisk's employees regard him amounts almost to worship. The bond of sympathy between them is intensely strong, and speaks volumes in favor of his kindness. 'If I were to leave Col. Fisk's service to-morrow,' said one of his prominent officials to the writer, 'not long since, I should never cease to regard him with love and gratitude. He is one of the kindest men I ever met. He treats his employees as if they were gentlemen, and not mere hirelings, and is always willing to share his prosperity with them. I tell you, sir, if James Fisk, Jr. was known and seen as his employees know and see him, he would be better appreciated by the public and less abused by the press.'"

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 631 Race St., Philadelphia.

The New Year.

Every thoughtful mind looks for a period, somewhere in the future, when the reign of the old and false shall give place to that which is new and better. We remember a childish fancy of ours that at the age of twenty-one years every person would leave all the errors of the past and begin an entirely new course of life, in which all should be just as nearly right as it was possible to be.

Alas! when the time came we found the old habits very much the same as they had been. So, all along life's pathway we have looked for a point where we could leave all the follies and errors that had marked our career. Sometimes changes have come, oftener under the shadow of a great affliction than any other condition, and it has seemed possible to attain to this. Then again, some easily besetting sin will come up, and we will begin again. So birth-days, Fourth of Julys, and New Years' days come and go, and though we may make some improvement, still the ideal is not attained.

It is not enough to resolve and to watch, but we must have help from those in the form who love us, and help from those who have gone over the river called death. The help that comes from our friends still in the form, varies, from the simplest word or act of friendship, to the deepest and purest affection that ministers to our inmost needs.

We are to be each other's helpers, physically, mentally and spiritually, and if our physical systems are in good condition, we are continually sending forth help to those who need it on that plane. If we are mentally active and strong, we are constantly giving out food on this plane to all who are around us, and if we are spiritually unfolded and pure, we have that which is of great importance to our fellow beings. The wasted energies, the broken resolves of mankind present a fearful spectacle.

We are a utilitarian in one sense, and yet not a miser who would hoard up every power and apply it to some selfish purpose. Nor do we believe that constant labor without recreation and amusement is wise, but there will be a great advance made when all mankind shall learn to direct their energies into such channels as shall bring blessings upon their fellow men, instead of merely negative results, as many of them now do, or, what is worse still, positively evil results.

We must learn to measure the labor of our lives by their results, both present and prospective. It is well to ask ourselves what proportion of our labors are for selfish gratification in the present, and in what are we really laying up treasures in heaven. What will be likely to be continued when we reach the point of doing right in all things, according to the best and highest standard we are able to attain?

Let us take the labors of a day and separate them into three classes, first, the useless and indifferent; second, the selfish and merely personal; and, third, the useful and permanent, and then candidly and honestly make out our estimates. Having done this, we shall naturally get into the habit of reducing the two former, and consequently increasing the latter.

The birth of a new year is a good time to take this account of stock in trade, and put a valuation upon that which we have acquired in the past. In doing this, it is especially important that we do not deceive ourselves, for this is one of the most common and dangerous evils which we bring upon ourselves.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "We are constantly fortifying ourselves upon our weak points," and this is very true, and we often assert very positively that we will do certain things, and there seems to be something in the very assertion, or its manner, which contradicts it, and we fail to do it. This is the result of self-deception, or an unwillingness to look the truth squarely in the face and live it out in the world.

There is a very common form of deception in which persons will declare they are the vilest sinners that have ever lived, and that if God were just to them He would consign them to eternal torment. Yet these persons would be very sorry to be taken at their words. They do not mean any such thing.

There is a tribunal within every soul, a bar of God, where justice and truth stand untrammeled. Into this tribunal man enters, and knows where he is and what he is, and whenever he is strong enough to admit another soul into this inner sanctuary and reveal on the confessional all the secret and sacred thoughts and intents that dwell in the inner chambers thereof, then this other soul becomes a savior, and he does not continue to die as redeemer, and he no longer perishes.

The relation which constitutes true love between the sexes, exists where there is a natural physical attraction, a strong mental adaptation, that leads to similar pursuits, and that union of two souls that enables them to enter into the inner sanctuary of the soul and look at each other as in a mirror which clearly reveals all the movings and promptings that stir each other into action, and lead to similar pursuits.

How far above all outward forms and ceremonies is such a divine union? It is such as these, and none others, "Whom God hath joined together," and we need not say, "Let no man separate them," for no power can do this.

The beginning of the year is a peculiarly impressive season, especially such a year as we have just passed through, in which we have seen so many terrible events that have stirred the deep fountains of human nature. Fire and pestilence have been abroad in the land, and many have been hurried to the other home.

As we look over the past and take an account of our lives, there comes the lesson of earthly loss to many, and particularly the passing away of so many loved ones whose vacant chairs stand in almost every house, and while the blessed knowledge that Spiritualism gives, shows us that they are not gone far away, still our human nature feels the loss, and the tear will fall. We may well ask when will we be permitted to join this "Innumerable caravan that moves toward the pale realms of shade."

BENEATH the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword.—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.* Without written record there could be no lasting fame. Were it not for poets and historians, the mightiest conquerors of antiquity would be to us but nameless gladiators.—*Alger.*

The lines traced by the hand of a man of genius are symbols which hold their potency forever, still discharging unexhausted into the mind of every fresh observer.—*Alger.*

Embalming.

H. T. CHILD, M.D.—I have, upon several occasions, been requested by spirits, through mediums, to write an article against the practice of embalming dead bodies, and have deferred doing so until now because I had no means of learning anything positive in regard to the effect it might have upon the spirit after it had left the body.

I can, therefore, only state what they say, and ask for their relief.

They urge as a reason why it should not be done that it prevents the spirit from leaving the body, and declare further that they must remain with it until decomposition has taken place.

Decomposition, they say, should never be prevented or interfered with, as it, or the destruction of the body by other means, is the only way to free the spirit entirely from the body.

This may, or may not be so, but the inference, it seems to me, is in favor of its being so; for in preventing any natural process which we might interfere with Nature, and consequently with laws that are necessary to some important end, although we may not know, or have a correct idea of, what that end might be.

I therefore think that it would be an act of wisdom to let Nature take her course, and, in connection with this I would here remark that interfering with the process of decomposition by placing the corpse in ice is another deleterious, and in some cases, decidedly a fatal interference; for, in cases of trance, the application of ice might not only suspend animation, but be the absolute cause of death by freezing the vital currents so as to prevent re-animation.

Trance is a condition that takes place more frequently than is generally imagined, and the burial of bodies before decomposition has taken place, ought to be positively prohibited by state, city, or county laws.

In Europe they have public places where the bodies are deposited until decomposition has taken place, and the vaults are so arranged that ventilation is perfect, and the temperature the same summer and winter. An alarm is also arranged in the room of the watchmen who are in attendance, day and night, so that if any of the bodies should move a finger, a bell is sprung and the alarm given to the watchmen who, seeing the number of the bell, can go to the assistance of the one re-animated at once. It might well be asked, "When will we be thus secure from being buried alive?"

The consideration of this subject is well worthy the attention of public functionaries, and I hope that the proper steps will be taken, not only to relieve the spirits whose bodies have been embalmed, but to secure every one from the horrors of being buried alive.

The spirits of the Egyptian mummies, and all others that have been embalmed, are asking, beseeching, praying to be relieved. Shall they be gratified by the destruction of their bodies?

Charity would certainly prompt the benevolent to cogitate these questions, until the proper measures are taken to relieve the one and prevent the other.

Fraternallly,

WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

We received the foregoing article with a request from the doctor that we should comment on it. In number twenty-two, volume eight, we published an article entitled, "Buried alive," in which we say:

"It is important that all should know what are the positive and reliable signs of death. The one one we know of, is decomposition of those parts of the system in which the central vital organs are located."

"We protest most emphatically against a practice very common in our cities, even in the winter season, when there is not the least excuse for it, of covering the body with ice shortly after it is supposed to be dead. We do not see how a more effectual means of taking life could be devised."

The proper means of disposing of the body after the spirit has left it, has claimed the attention of mankind in all ages. There is a natural feeling of reverence that should be respected, and to those who accept the idea of a physical resurrection, with a return of the spirit to the same flesh and bones, it seems very natural that an effort should be made to embalm and preserve the body. But as the revelations of modern Spiritualism and science have shown such resurrection to be an impossibility, this reason fails.

It is well known that among the eastern nations there is a custom of burning the body, and if the views presented by the spirits to Dr. Fahnestock and others are true, then there is some reason for this practice. While we have the kindest regard and respect for the feelings of those whose friends have gone out and vacated their caskets, we are quite inclined to accept the views presented above, and would recommend that nothing be done to interfere with the decomposition, so that the natural return of the elements to their affinities may take place, and those which belong to the spiritual physical body may be given up to that also.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold a quarterly meeting in Week's Hall, West Winfield, New York, on Saturday and Sunday, January 27th and 28th, 1872, commencing at 12 o'clock, a. m., on the arrival of the first train from Utica. We have engaged for the occasion O. L. Sutcliffe, of Ohio, A. E. Doty, of Ilion, N. Y., and Mrs. A. E. Williams, of Oriskany Falls, N. Y. Others are expected.

So far as is possible, entertainment will be furnished in the families of liberal people in the vicinity. Arrangements have been made with two hotels to furnish accommodations for those attending the meeting, at \$1.00 per day. All are invited to attend.

B. F. BEALS, Pres.

L. D. SMITH, Sec.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Teresa Austin, wife of Henry Austin, on Dec. 14th, 1871, in the 31st year of her age.

We have laid her body gently
In the silent grave to rest,
But her kind and loving spirit
Rose to dwell among the blest.

Miscellaneous.

Rubber Goods.

All dealers and consumers of FRENCH and other fine INDIA-RUBBER GOODS will advance their interests by addressing NORRIS & CO., Rubber Manufacturers, BROOKLYN, N. Y. v11 n18 f

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BY E. V. WILSON.

Holy Billy's Prayer.

The following poem speaks for itself. The author is one who thinks and acts for himself. The poet's name is over his song. Billy will fully recognize the time he offered this prayer—intemperance, adultery, infidelity, and kindred vices. If he don't, we can refresh his mind.

REPORTED BY BOB BURNS.

O Thou, most high—the Great Triune!
The God who made the sun an' moon,
The earth, an' a' the stars above,
Out o' the stars nothing,
A' for the glory o' Thy Son,
'T he might hae suthing.

We thank Thee for this sacred day,
On which we neither work nor play,
An' nathing do but preach an' pray,
An' sing the sacred psalms.
We hear how God the saints doth save
An' sinners damns.

Our thoughts this day we may not think,
Nor our own words may speak distinct,
Our very e'en we must not wink,
Much less may we whistle,
Nor write in prose or cramo clink
Our own epistle.

We thank Thee for the holy Book,
In which, in faith, we may look;
An' learn each catch an' every crook
In Thy great scheme
To get round Satan's wily hook
An' dodge him clean.

It tells us o' man's direful fall,
An' o' Thy curse that rests on all,
Thy children since, both great an' small,
For Adam's sin,
An' how a few may shun the gall
O' Satan's sting.

May we be numbered in that brace,
The few who'll shun Thy free grace,
The terms accepted an' embraced
While many stray
An' think to climb an' see Thy face
Some other way.

Yet not for any good we've done,
Or any merit of our own,
But that imputed us of one
Who can not sin—
Thyself—Thine own Almighty Son
Who died for men.

We thank Thee, God, that we're not saved
By our good works,—we're so depraved,
It matters not how we've behaved
If we've only believed
An interest in Christ's blood has craved
We'll be received.

O, what a glorious plan was Thine,
By which the bad may be divine,
Thy crowns will just as brightly shine
As will the good!
O what encouragement we find
Who've God withstood.

We bless an' praise Thy matchless ire,
Thou God o' vengeance, plague, an' fire,
That in Thy wrath Thou hast entire
Burned out Chicago city
Wi' Thy great flaming purifier
Without one wink o' pity.

We praise Thee for the bovine brute,
Which in Thy wrath Thou didst depute
The humble instrument, the mute,
O' Thy fierce ire,
The cow that kicked the lamb about
An' set the fire.

We thank Thee for the ruthless rousers
Who threw the fire brands 'mong the stuffs,
An' for the wind which blew in puffs
An' urged the flames
Which baffled a' the strong rebuffs
O' men an' dames.

We pray Thee, Lord, for Jesus' sake
That none church members e'er may take
As patterns, their own lives to shape,
But come to Him
Who all their crimes his own will make
An' save in sin.

O Lord, subdue such flagrant crimes
As keep men from the gospel lines
An' everything 't the saints maligns
Or shows their flaws,
The various isms o' the times
Which harm our cause.

Intemperance cure 'mong great an' small,
Adultery 'mong both short an' tall,
An' infidelity, worst o' all,
With kindred vices;
This last, it doth the most appal
O' hell's devices;

It takes so many wily forms,
It every Christian tenet scorns,
An' o' the faults o' saints informs
An' keeps men posted;
To us, its advocates are thorns,
May they be toasted.

O' all the rousers o' beer saloons,
O' all the devil's curs'd draughts,
These infidels are the worst coons
We hae to fight;
O God, please take 'em to the tombs
Or turn 'em right.

They claim religion as their own,
That truth, to them, is as well known,
As us, in whom Thy grace has shone.
Who've prayed an' fasted;
Thou knowest that they Thy word disown,
May they be blasted.

They talk o' Thee as the Great Cause,
They prate o' Nature an' its laws,
An' call them Thine, forsooth, because,
Thou made 'em
To see that they are not worth straws,
We can't persuade 'em.

They preach o' reason an' o' sense
O' science, history, an' events
As if Thy word does not condense
Them all in one,
Thus they deny Thy truth dispensed
By holy men.

Ha, reason 't is an imp o' hell!
An' science but a bagatelle!
An' history lies, so we can't tell
What's true or false;
The Bible only, can reveal
A' hell's assaults.

They own religion is divine;
But what it is, themselves define;
They say 'tis being just an' kind
Unto our neighbor,
An' for th' improvement o' mankind,
To think an' labor.

But this, O Lord, we know is wrong,
We've preached to them both loud an' long,
Still they their unbelief profess,
An' just avow it;
O Lord, bring down Thy right arm strong,
We can't allow it.

We bless Thee, Lord, for this new feature,
This wonderful, this gifted Teacher,
The wise Burnell, the great Lay Preacher,
Who 't taught us how
To deal wi' every skeptic creature
Who dares avow.

Just pray at him till it's so hot
That he can't stand the gospel shot;
Or if that fails to make him hot
Then call policemen to the spot
An' take him out.

But if we can not turn them out
From classes where they cant an' rout,
An' our great Christian doctrines doubt
An' make us quake,
Then curse them, Lord, wi' bots or gout
For Jesus' sake.

O God, confound their stubborn mind!
Lock tight their jaws, their tongues confine!
An' blast them 'till they're blind!
For thine own glory!
Don't let them spoil by reasoning fine
The sacred story!

Lord, bless thy servant staunch an' true;
Make him a power that shall imbue
This wicked, scolding, godless crew
Wi' gospel fear;
Wi' double portions him endure
O' grace an' gear.

Make him a sharp, two-edged sword
That shall cut through this impious horde,
That gospel light he through it poured
In burning streams;
Lord, make him strong; 'e'er to be floored
By skeptic means.

Wi' blessings temporal an' divine,
Grant, Lord, that he excel an' shine,
An' all the praises shall be thine
For now an' then.
Triune Jehovah—three in one,
Our God,—Amen.

Lake City, Minn., Nov. 6th, 1871.

Notice.

A subscriber who had received an imperfect copy of the JOURNAL, sent it back, asking for a perfect copy. If we knew where to send to, we would do so with pleasure. One tenth, at the least, of the letters received, contain some defect in the address of the writer. Sometimes they omit their signature, at other times fail to give their town, state, or postoffice address.

In such cases we try to supply the deficiency by reference to the P. O. stamp where the letter was mailed, but that is frequently so dim as not to be readable, and if readable, may not be the true address, as letters are frequently mailed at other than home postoffices. We frequently spend an hour's time in that way, and then fail to get the true address. More care on the part of some correspondents would save much time and trouble.

Any one having a defective paper, or none at all, will be supplied most cheerfully, on application so definite as to enable us to send it where it is wanted.

It is useless for any one to send back a defective paper. Defective sheets occasionally get sent, as they are folded and mailed by machinery, which has no eyes to see defects.

Some people and postmasters, when they want a paper discontinued, send back a copy. It is a poor way; not one in fifty thus sent ever reach the office. P. O. clerks make kindling of them, perhaps.

The true way to do business, is to do it right, and especially the kind of business referred to. Write and tell plainly what you want done. If you want your paper discontinued, say so, but be sure and inclose the money to pay all arrearages, if any be due.

The Dispute between the Pulpit and the Press in Romeo.

Correspondence of the Detroit Post.

ROME, Mich., December 23.
The announcement which was made last Sunday in all the pulpits of this place, that the Rev. J. S. Smart would re-deliver his discourse entitled "Our Local Press," brought out a large audience last evening filling the hall to its utmost capacity. At the request of Mr. Smart, the Rev. Mr. Reed was called to preside, and the Rev. Mr. Weeks was made secretary. After a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Biting, Mr. Smart delivered his discourse, which was listened to throughout with close attention. Previous to the delivery of the discourse, a committee on resolutions was appointed consisting of one member chosen from each church, to report at the close of the services, expressing the sentiments of the meeting. The following are the principal resolutions reported by them and adopted by the meeting:

Resolved, That we have listened with pleasure to the Rev. J. S. Smart's sermon, reviewing "our local press," and desire to express, our hearty approval of it as a bold, fearless, and timely enunciation of important truth, for which we hereby tender him our sincere thanks.

Resolved, That a paper conducted in the interests of Spiritual Infidelity, making frequent attacks upon the Bible, the clergy, and the Christian religion, ought not to be sustained by a Christian people.

Resolved, That we demand, as a condition of our future patronage, that the Observer change its course in this respect.

Precisely so. This is what old theology always has done, and what she always will do when she has power.

Let the Observer continue straight-forward in the discharge of its duty, as a true "observer" of passing events, and never fail to "observe" what these bigoted religionists are doing, and publish it to the world. We will guarantee that its subscription list will be trebled within the next six months.

The day has gone by for a successful muzzling of the press in this country by bigots. This course will create some divisions, which will expose the rottenness of the movers in the measure, and disgust all sensible men, who might otherwise help support the churches of Romeo, which have thus attempted to interfere with the independence of the press. We hope many will subscribe for the Observer, to aid it in weathering a storm so ignobly inaugurated against it.

Only \$1.50 a Year to Trial Subscribers.

THE JOURNAL for one year, is now offered to new subscribers at less than the cost of the paper upon which it is printed. ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS a YEAR to all who subscribe between now and the fifteenth day of April next. Read in this number of the JOURNAL the article entitled "A Generous Soul—The Good he will Accomplish."

AN AMERICAN BOOK ABROAD.—Webster's Dictionary is now considered throughout the continent of Europe, not only the authority par excellence in English lexicography, but as the characteristic American book. It is better known and more widely circulated than any other. I have met with it at the Imperial Library in Paris, the Library of the British Museum, the Athenaeum and other London Clubs, and numerous other places. I have heard of it from Turkey, India, China, and even Japan. It is everywhere deservedly applauded for the elegance of its type, the distinctness of its impression, the beauty of the engravings, and the vast amount of information condensed within its covers.—Paris Cor. of Boston Post.

SOME ladies suffer dreadfully with the headache, and this causes their hair to fade. Nature's Hair Restorative is a sure remedy for the ache, and will restore the color of bleached, grey, or faded hair. See advertisement.

To our Exchanges.

Those of our contemporaries who desire to continue to receive this paper in exchange, will confer a great favor, which we shall be happy to reciprocate, by copying or stating the substance of the article in this number of the JOURNAL, entitled, "A Generous Soul—The Good he will Accomplish."

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to aid a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them marked F. W. O., which means free, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, "every dollar counts," but as we have often said before, notwithstanding the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund:

Amount previously acknowledged.....\$546.25

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We shall give the names of the donors as soon as we can get them from that office.

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FROM VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Oct. 28th, 1871.

MESSERS. G. & C. MERRIAM:—

DEAR SIRS, The hour I have just spent looking through your latest edition of that remarkable work, WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, has impressed me more than ever before with the debt of gratitude we owe to Noah Webster, for having, "despite a feeble constitution, and amidst obstacles and toils, disappointments, infirmities and depressions," given thirty-five years of his life to the enormous labors incident to its preparation. Scarcely less valuable are the additions made to it by the eminent writers who have so expanded the text in Definitions and Illustrative Citations, as well as in the Supplements of Synonyms, Phrases in all the modern languages and their meaning, Principles of Pronunciation, &c. While the publishers, in the unsurpassed beauty of its typography, and the 3000 illustrations, which add so much of attractiveness and instruction to its pages, have nobly done their part towards the completeness of this great work of our century, whenever I wish to ascertain exact definitions I consult it, and that is quite often.

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J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M.D., Box 5120, New York City, will examine patients by lock of hair, and tell in their notes for \$1.00 and two stamps. Give full name, age, and one leading symptom of disease. v11 n13 1t

MINNIE MYERS,

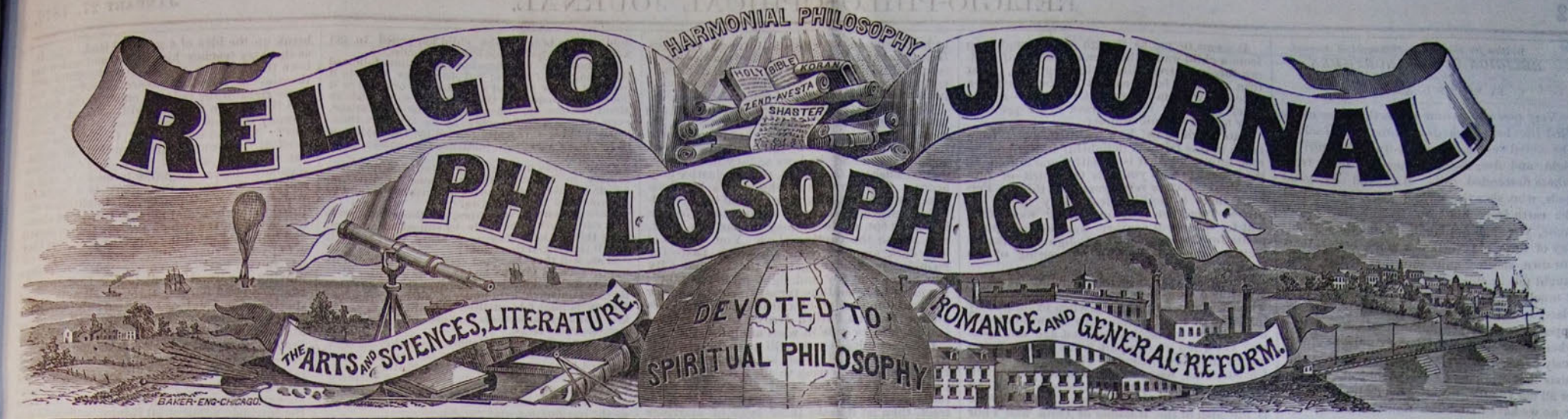
Test and Business Medium, will receive calls at all hours from 9 o'clock A.M. to 9 P.M., except Sundays, from 4 to 6 P.M. Terms \$1.00 a sitting. Residence 104 Fourth Ave., up stairs, Chicago. v11 n18 1t

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, 67 Mulberry street, New York, N. Y., will answer letters sealed or otherwise, give PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS, or Reading of Character, from writing, hair, or photograph. Terms from two to five dollars and four three-cent stamps. v11 n14 1t

DR. JOHN A. ELLIOTT, THE HEALER.

Is at 25 Bond street. Call from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Will examine patients at a distance by lock of hair, and prescribe the remedy to be given where they will apply. Magnetic remedies prepared and sent by express on moderate terms. Inclose \$2.00 and two stamps, with lock of hair, name and age, with one leading symptom of disease, and address care of box 5120. New York P. O.

Clairvoyance.



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]

CHICAGO, JANUARY 27, 1872. VOL. XI.—NO. 19.

Original Poetry.

THE SONG OF TRUTH.

BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON.
I come from the throne of the great Unknown,
I travel the measureless seas,
I am borne on the breath of the infinite thought,
I float in each transient breeze;
On each burning ray that speeds from the sun
I fly with my fiery pen;
In the calm, sweet night with my starry light
I illumine the homes of men.
I thrill the brain with my maxims plain,
And point to a law divine,
Which holds in its clasp with a deathless grasp
The wealth of each hidden mine.
I creep to the despot's guilty bed,
I shatter his stolen crown;
I stir the heart of the priest with dread,
I laugh at the bigot's frown.
I break the chain of the toiling slave,
The iron fetters I spurn;
I kindle the wrath of the mitred knave,
As his deeds to the light I turn.
The altars of pride I dare profane,—
I rescue the bleeding lamb,
And I dare proclaim in words of shame
The cost of each canting sham.
I blazon the thoughts that are ripe with good
On the page of the passing years;
I dash the sword from the warrior's hand,
And drive back the victim's tears.
O mine is a royal power to wear
A robe unsullied and white,
And like a dewy mantle of love,
It falls on the shadowy night;
It falls in its love like the light from above,
Where each plating soul doth weep;
It arches the tomb and earth's doubtings and gloom;
It flames from the midnight deep;
It stands all the darkness with countless stars;
It brings the gold from the fires;
And on through the chain of the numberless years
It thrills o'er eternity's lyres.
And this love can bind the every mind
To the bosom of heavenly bliss,
And speed on its way to the courts of day—
Aye, forever—a power to bless!

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

BY E. M.
Who when trials and privations
Sorely press on every hand,
As unflinching, firm supporters
Of the truth will nobly stand?
Not like cowards, stand repining
When a mighty foe appears,
And refuse defensive armor
For one formed of doubts and fears?
Who will stand forth in the conflict,
Seeking not their life to save;
For the honor and existence
Of the truth all dangers brave?
Valiant soldiers, never shrinking,
Though the contest seemeth long,
And the trembling balance often
Settles on the side of wrong.
For when comes the final struggle
Truth will certainly prevail;
And with error's forces doubled
Will their cause as surely fail.
Then you'll raise a shout of triumph
That will make the heavens ring,
As you bear aloft your banner,
While the conqueror's song you sing.
What though fate shall weave no chaplet
Here to twine about your brow,
And your noble sacrifices
Are passed by unnoticed now?
Will it not be all sufficient
To have stood the conflict through,
And to see that glorious banner
Proudly waving over you,
And to know you helped defend it,
When the foe would tear it down?
This will yet be greater honor
Than to wear a monarch's crown.
Who will lend their tongues and voices
To reveal long-hidden things,
And proclaim the "ark of rushes"
Holds the conqueror of kings?
You shall have the best assurance
That the cause of parity,
Which you peril all to rescue
From disgrace and obloquy,
Will become a mighty power
That shall set all nations free,
And lead forth from death and bondage
Souls to life and liberty.

THE INNER LIFE.

Wonderful Manifestations at Moravia.

In order that the reader may fully understand my narration, I will preface it with the following remarks:—I was first married in Jan., 1836, to Miss Jane, a young daughter of Rev. Norton Young, then residing in the town of Windsor, Ashabula Co., Ohio. She died of consumption on the second day of April, 1837, and was buried at Ornell, Ashabula Co.
On June 10th, of the same year, I married Miss Louisa A. Hubbard, of Meadville, Pa. She died of small pox, also her son and daughter, John and Jane, at Claridon, Zeunga Co., Ohio, in the fore part of March, 1849, leaving two children, Lodema A. and Mary Louisa. In the month of November, 1849, I was married to Mary G., daughter of Ira Stevens, of Ashabula Co., Ohio. She died of consumption, February 27th, 1860. My father and mother, one brother-in-law, and the mother of my first wife, Jane, are in the spirit world, also a friend of myself and third wife,—all of whom have shown themselves to me at Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in the order as follows, and most of them conversing with me and my friends,

in an audible voice, and as natural as when on earth. I not only saw the faces and heard the voices of those of my own friends, but those of other parties who were present and recognized them.

Friday, December 29th, 1871, at Moravia, N. Y., in the dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing "Sweet Home" and "Old John Brown," and spirit hands were plainly felt, and water sprinkled upon all present. During the singing, my spirit-wife, Jane, placed her hand upon my head, and remarked, "How joyful." Soon a voice said, "Strike a light," which was done, when Mrs. Mary Andrews, the medium, took her seat in the cabinet, and in a few minutes, hands were shown from the aperture, and then a face which was recognized as the mother of Thos. R. Hazzard, who was present, and asked, "Mother, is that you?" She bowed her head, yes. Then my mother came, and I recognized her at once; then the sister of Dr. Versiteous who was present, and recognized her as his sister. Then came my wife, Jane, and her mother, and in a moment disappeared, and a spirit-finger pointed to the door of the cabinet, which was a token to have the medium let out. This been done, the forenoon's sitting was closed.

In the afternoon, Dec. 29th, no hands or faces were shown. The demonstrations in the dark circle were similar to those of the forenoon,—voices joined in singing, hands felt, words spoken, etc. Saturday forenoon, in the dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing, and hands were felt, and the spirit of a man by the name of Cooper, a Methodist class-leader when on earth, spoke to us and said that when he left the earth, he left all of the brimstone with it, that they had no hell over there. His daughter said, "Father, is that you?" He replied, "Yes, Susan, it is your father."

He recognized his widow, who was present, and called her by name. She spoke to us of the spirit world. For some minutes, the circle had been singing "Old John Brown and his pet lamb," when a voice said, "Please let Old John Brown and his pet lamb rest, and strike a light." A light was struck, and the medium was seated in the cabinet. Hands were immediately shown, and in a few moments, my brother-in-law and my wife Mary came, and showed their faces at the same time, distinctly. Hands and faces of the friends of other parties present were also shown and recognized.

After noon, Saturday, Dec. 30th, dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing. Mr. Cooper came again, and talked and joked with his brother, Dr. Cooper, who was present. Mr. Cooper's daughter, a widow, was present, and her husband came and was recognized by her. A voice said "Russell!" and Mr. Russell Sturges being present, remarked, "Father, is that you?" He replied, "Yes, my son, it is your father." A voice then said, "Please, strike a light," which was done, and the medium took a seat in the cabinet. Mr. Cooper then came and had a long talk with his friends, and again assured them that there was no hell other than that in the bosom of mankind upon earth. After expressing his joy at being able to come to earth and hold communion with his friends; he bowed his head and disappeared. Next came an Indian spirit by the name of Honto, beautifully attired with a red blanket, trimmed with beads and tassels of varied colors which were very brilliant. She had a long talk, answering many questions.

Sunday forenoon, dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing, and hands were placed upon all in the circle, and numerous spirit lights were floating in the room. The light was then lit, and the medium took her seat in the cabinet. Several hands of different sizes were then presented at the same instant. Wm. Holmes, my brother-in-law, again appeared; he said, "My brother, I have been benefitted by the doctrine taught by you on earth. You were right. Your idea of heaven and spirit-life is correct. Don't put your light under a bushel, but let it shine." He then remarked, "I will withdraw that Capt. Whitney can appear." Capt. Whitney then came, and pointed his finger toward his daughter, Mrs. Hill, and his granddaughter, Miss Hill, who were present at the table. He requested his friends to sing "Life on the Ocean Wave."

My father then appeared. I said, "Father, is that you?" He answered by an affirmative bow of the head.

Monday forenoon, January 1st, 1872, in dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing, water was sprinkled, hands felt, a flapping of wings was recognized over our heads and about the room, as if a large bird was flying; large lights floated in the darkness; cool breezes, like a strong current of air were felt by all present. The room shook, and the cabinet frequently shook as if a strong man had hold of it, doing his best to shake it down. A light was then struck and the medium took her seat in the cabinet. Mr. Holmes came and spoke a few words and disappeared, and Dr. Baker appeared and talked several minutes. He stated that "There is no hell beyond the grave." He promised us more in our next circle, and then using one of his ether phrases, said, "I will now drive on."

Monday afternoon, usual demonstrations in the dark circle. At the cabinet seance, Mr. Holmes came, and said, "This earth is heaven; there is no hell except in the bosom of man. Be truthful and just, and you will experience no hell. My brother, I am happy that I can meet my loved ones of earth, and commune with them." Mr. H. expressed a wonder that he could appear so life like, as if he were in the flesh. Mr. Holmes replied, "What did you anticipate? Did you expect to see me a skeleton of bones. I am flesh the same as you are. My brother, I will now withdraw and give place to one that is to you dearer than all others,—your spirit affinity, your wife, Mary, who is your constant guardian spirit." Mary then appeared as I last saw her in earth life,

in her night-clothes, with a white handkerchief in her hand, close to her mouth. She then removed it, that I might see the whole of her face. I then undertook to explain why she held the handkerchief to her face, when she at once gave the explanation by putting the handkerchief to her mouth, and, with a slight hacking cough, expectorated upon it, and folded it over in her hand as she was in the habit of doing for months previous to her death. She then disappeared. Then came my wife Louisa, who died with the small-pox, and had to be buried in the bed-clothes in which she died, in which manner she appeared, together with my little son and daughter, who died at the same time with the same disease, and had to be buried in the same manner. Louisa was wrapped in a white sheet, over which was a white wool blanket, and little Johnny was buried in a red wool blanket, and little Jim in a white sheet. I was absent at the death of my wife and children, and did not know the particulars of their burial.

Then appeared a beautiful and bright little Indian girl, whose earth-name was Sukey; her spirit-name is Rosey. She is the controlling spirit of Mrs. Kate Gibbs, of Utica, N. Y. She talked with us several minutes, and showed us her red blankson, as she called it. She talked and joked with Mr. Gibbs and others, and finally said, "I is going, good by," and disappeared. Next, Owasso came, an Indian chief, and controlling spirit of Dr. Slade, of New York. I said, "Owasso, is that you?" He replied, "Yes, it is Owasso; I came in fulfillment of my promise, made to you at Dr. Slade's office, that I would meet you here. I always keep my promise." My mother appeared, and was just as natural as life. She said this glorious work is begun, and it will cut its way through.

Tuesday, January 2nd. Cabinet seance. Wm. Holmes came, but as I was seated far back, I did not at first recognize him. I asked him to point toward me if it was him. He said, "If you meet a man on the street, must you point at him that he may recognize you?" He then said, "Good by, Mr. Hoyt."

A face then appeared and was not recognized, and said, "I have no friends here. My name is George Butler, I was murdered at Syracuse, and my body was thrown into the canal. The man that murdered me will soon confess the crime; his name is Wright."

Wednesday, January 3rd, 1872. My wife Mary appeared and said, "I am happy to be able to speak to my friends of earth. My friends you are engaged in a great and glorious cause. Go on and proclaim the truth that you now possess, my dear boy; tell brother C. H. that he don't know it all; that he had better investigate before he pronounces our cause a humbug; that, with all his supposed knowledge, he has got to learn the letter A in the theory of truth as it is in spirit life."

Then George Butler came again and said as before stated, that he had been killed, and that his murderer would surely confess the crime.

Thursday, January 4th, 1872. A special sitting of four. Present: Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Kate Libby, Mr. Hazzard and myself. Cabinet seance. Two hands, with two length arms,—hands clasped, in the attitude of prayer, were thrust from the aperture of the cabinet. Then as many as a half-dozen small hands, and a hand with a lily. Mr. Hazzard asked if the hand with the lily was for him, and it appeared again and beckoned in the affirmative, and tried to throw it out of the aperture, but had not strength enough to do so. Then an old lady appeared, and spoke to Mr. Hazzard. He said, "Mother, is that you?" She replied, "Yes, Thomas, it is your mother, as true as the rising sun." Then came a spirit and said, "Dear Mr. Gibbs, I am happy thus to meet my friends of earth, and to speak an encouraging word to them. Your surroundings are good. Go on, there is a brighter future for you. NOAH TYLER."

Wm. Holmes then came and bowed to me and stepped back. I said, "William, I am going home to-morrow." He replied, "Yes, and I am going with you."

I do not claim to set forth all that transpired during my week's stay at Moravia, as there were many others who saw and conversed with their friends and received tests as well as myself.

On Wednesday evening, January 3rd, 1872, were having a light circle,—Mr. R. Morris, a blind medium, of Oswego, being present, was controlled, and a spirit child, calling herself Lilly Warren, came, and through the medium, said she used to live in Chicago, that she was destroyed by the fire, and as I was from Chicago, she wished to speak with me. She said she lived near the public square on the north-side, and that her ma was in the spirit world with her. I asked her where her pa was. She said she did not have any pa. I then asked her if she would tell me the names of some of the little girls that she used to play with. She said she did not play with the little girls, for they were not kind to her; that they would say, "There is Lilly Warren, aint got no pa-pa." She then asked me if I would like to have her sing. We replied that we would. She sang "Old Autumn," and "Ma, may I go out to swim?"

The next evening she came again to bid me good-by, as I was intending to leave in the morning; asked me if I wished to know how she appeared. I told her I would. She then described herself as follows: "I am light complexion, large blue eyes, long, golden hair in ringlets. She then asked me if I would like her picture. I told her I would. She said she would have one taken and send it to me. Several other parties present asked her if she would send them one. She said she would not give one to any but the gentleman from Chicago. She promised to come to me at Chicago. She then said I will now kiss you, good night, which she did, and retired.

The next morning, Dr. Murry and Mr. Eaton, of Rochester, and myself, left for Auburn, and having to wait there a couple of hours, we went to the house of a medium, Mrs. Crook, at No. 25 Genesee street. This medium, after describing several other friends by me, said there was a very beautiful, little, golden-haired child standing with one hand upon my knee, and looking up in my face, and that her name was Lilly. This same little Lilly has come to me several times since I arrived home, and last night, at a circle of Mrs. Maud Lord's, at the house of Wm. Hooker, No. 251½ Park Avenue, she came and patted her little hands upon my face, saying audibly, "Little Lilly." G. E. HOYT.

250 Park Avenue, Chicago.

From the Spiritual Magazine, England.
The Report on Spiritualism of the Sub-committees of the Dialectical Society.*

Our readers are already familiar with the circumstances which led the Dialectical Society to enter upon the investigation which has issued in the publication of this elaborate Report, comprising the Report of the Committee; Reports of the Experimental Sub-Committees, with Minutes of Proceedings; Communications from Members of the Committee, and from Non-Members; Minutes of Evidence taken by the Committee; Notes of Seances communicated to the Committee; and Correspondence. In short, it is a complete record of the transactions of the Committee from its appointment to the publication of this Report—the whole making a handsome volume of 412 pages.

In our last number we presented the Report of the Committee, giving its general findings on the whole subject. In this we give the substance of the Reports of the Experimental Sub-Committees.

The Committee was appointed 26th January, 1869, "to investigate the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations, and to report thereon." The Committee originally consisted of twenty-eight members of the society; but two of these gentlemen declined to sit, and subsequently eight other gentlemen were invited and agreed to join. This body of thirty-four, being obviously too large to conduct inquiries by personal experiment, was split up into six Sub-Committees, and these were requested to make such investigations as were possible, and send in their Report. This has accordingly been done, and we now give a resume of these Reports:

REPORT OF SUB-COMMITTEE, NO. 1.

"Since their appointment on the 16th of February, 1869, your Sub-committee have held forty meetings, for the purpose of experiment and test.

"All of these meetings were held at the private residences of members of the Committee, purposely to preclude the possibility of pre-arranged mechanism or contrivance."

"Every test that the combined intelligence of your Committee could devise has been tried with patience and perseverance. The experiments were conducted under a great variety of conditions, and ingenuity has been exerted in devising plans by which your Committee might verify their observations, and preclude the possibility of imposture or delusion."

"Your Committee have confined their report to facts witnessed by them in their collective capacity, which facts were palpable to the senses, and their reality capable of demonstrative proof."

"Of the members of your Sub-committee about four-fifths entered upon the investigation wholly skeptical as to the reality of the alleged phenomena, firmly believing them to be the result either of imposture, or of delusion, or of involuntary muscular action. It was only by irresistible evidence, under conditions that precluded the possibility of either of these solutions, and after trial and test many times repeated, that the most skeptical of your Sub-committee were slowly and reluctantly convinced that the phenomena exhibited in the course of their protracted inquiry were veritable facts."

"The result of their long-continued and carefully-conducted experiments, after trial by every detective test they could devise, has been to establish conclusively:

"First. That under certain bodily or mental conditions of one or more of the persons present, a force is exhibited sufficient to set in motion heavy substances, without the employment of any muscular force, without contact or material connection of any kind between such substances and the body of any person present."

"Second. That this force can cause sounds to proceed, distinctly audible to all present, from solid substances not in contact with, nor having any visible or material connection with, the body of any person present, and which sounds are proved to proceed from such substances by the vibrations which are distinctly felt when they are touched."

"Third. That this force is frequently directed by intelligence."

"At thirty-four out of the forty meetings of your Committee some of these phenomena occurred."

"A description of one experiment, and the manner of conducting it, will best show the care and caution with which your Committee have pursued their investigations."

"So long as there was contact, or even the possibility of contact, by the hands or feet, or even by the clothes of any person in the room, with the substance moved or sounded, there

could be no perfect assurance that the motions and sounds were not produced by the person so in contact. The following experiment was tried:

"On an occasion when eleven members of your Sub-committee had been sitting round one of the dining-tables above described for forty minutes, and various motions and sounds had occurred, they, by way of test, turned the backs of their chairs to the table, at about nine inches from it. They all then knelt upon their chairs, placing their arms upon the backs thereof. In this position, their feet were of course turned away from the table, and by no possibility could be placed under it or touch the floor. The hands of each person were extended over the table at about four inches from the surface. Contact, therefore, with any part of the table could not take place without detection."

"In less than a minute, the table, untouched, moved four times; at first about five inches to one side, then about twelve inches to the opposite side, and then, in like manner, four inches and six inches respectively."

"The hands of all present were now placed on the backs of their chairs, and about a foot from the table, which again moved, as before, five times, over spaces varying from four to six inches. Then all the chairs were removed twelve inches from the table, and each person knelt on his chair as before, this time however folding his hands behind his back, his body being thus about eighteen inches from the table, and having the back of the chair between himself and the table. The table again moved four times, in various directions. In the course of this conclusive experiment, and in less than half an hour, the table thus moved, without contact or possibility of contact with any person present, thirteen times, the movements being in different directions, and some of them according to the request of various members of your Sub-committee."

"The table was then carefully examined, turned upside down and taken to pieces, but nothing was discovered to account for the phenomena. The experiment was conducted throughout in the full light of gas above the table."

"Altogether, your Sub-committee have witnessed upwards of fifty similar motions without contact on eight different evenings in the houses of members of your Sub-committee, the most careful tests being applied on each occasion."

"In all similar experiments the possibility of mechanical or other contrivance was further negated by the fact that the movements were in various directions, now to one side, then to the other; now up the room, now down the room—motions that would have required the co-operation of many hands or feet; and these, from the great size and weight of the tables, could not have been so used without the visible exercise of muscular force. Every hand and foot was plainly to be seen and could not have been moved without instant detection."

"Delusion was out of the question. The motions were in various directions, and were witnessed simultaneously by all present. They were matters of measurement, and not of opinion or of fancy."

"And they occurred so often, under so many and such various conditions, with such safeguards against error or deception, and with such invariable results, as to satisfy the members of your Sub-committee by whom the experiments were tried, wholly skeptical as most of them were when they entered upon the investigation, that there is a force capable of moving heavy bodies without material contact, and which force is in some unknown manner dependent upon the presence of human beings."

"Your Sub-committee have not, collectively, obtained any evidence as to the nature and source of this force, but simply as to the fact of its existence."

"There appears to your Committee to be no ground for the popular belief that the presence of skeptics interferes in any manner with the production or action of the force."

"In conclusion, your Committee express their unanimous opinion that the one important physical fact thus proved to exist, that motion may be produced in solid bodies without material contact, by some hitherto unrecognized force operating within an undefined distance from the human organism, and beyond the range of muscular action, should be subjected to further scientific examination, with a view to ascertain its true source, nature, and power."

REPORT OF SUB-COMMITTEE, NO. 2.

This Committee reports:—"That the phenomena termed 'rapping,' 'table-rapping,' and 'table-moving' occurred at our first, and at many subsequent meetings."

"That the table moving referred to was in the nature of heaving, oscillation, or tipping, the table often moving in any direction suggested."

"That during such movements our hands were sometimes removed from the table altogether, without abating the phenomena, and that at all times we were careful not to induce any movements by either muscular action or pressure."

"That 'table-moving' ceased, or nearly ceased, after our first few meetings, apparently in favor of the rapping phenomena."

"That the rattings in question did not always proceed from the table, but sometimes from the floor, the walls, and the ceiling; frequently coming from parts of the room suggested by those present—but not always."

"That the raps had a sound distinctive and distinguishable, appearing to be in rather than on the substance from whence they proceeded; sometimes, however, they sounded like detonations in the air."

(Concluded on eighth page.)

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
RELIGION OF THE NORTHMEN.

BY FANNIE G. ANDERSON.

Very queer to us now seems the story of the God *Buri* being licked out of the rock of salt by the sacred cow *Audhumla*, born of the spirit of light and fire; *Buri*, father of *Bor*, from whom descended *Odin*, *Wile*, and *Wö*, good gods, who slew the wicked *Ymer*, and created the earth from his torn body. But come, come, you shall not laugh. I like the mythology of those old Northmen much better than our own, and feel quite sure that had it been taught me in childhood, should have taken to it much more naturally. In the first place, it has this advantage, namely: that it appeals to the sensibilities of humanity, whereas our Biblical mythology must be studiously perused before we can clear away the mists that overhang its every subject, and after all our trouble, we are never sure whether or no we have found the right meaning,—if, indeed, there be any meaning in a good part of the facts and fictions crowded one upon another in such confusion.

For my part, almost the only beauties I have found within the covers of the Bible, are contained in the "Wisdom of Solomon" and a part (only a part) of the teachings of Jesus; whereas the "Sagas of Odin" appear (from the extracts I have read of them) to be filled with beautiful images from beginning to end. Take the idea of the Rainbow forming the Bridge *Bifrost*, joining Earth and *Walhalla*, by means of which the gods descended to earth, and the souls of men ascended to *Walhalla*! what can be finer? The pleasing fiction of the formation of the earth is quite fanciful. *Ymer's* skull formed the vault of heaven; his brain the clouds; his hair the forests; his bones the mountains; and his blood the sea!

Then, the manner in which the destruction of the earth is to happen better suits me than the Biblical method, in which latter, the victims of a God's vengeance hide their faces in the earth and call upon the mountains to fall upon and hide them. In the former they die "sword in hand, on the battle-field," courageously despising death, and fighting to the last.

"They allowed their gods to sin," says Menzel, "but made them die like heroes, which made them worthy of a future and glorious resurrection. But, their gods were merely symbols of themselves." 'Tis always so; the mythology of an age or nation is a fair standard by which to judge the character of its people. Alas, then, for America, and the nineteenth century!

Supposing it had been suggested to their inspired fathers to represent the *Alfader* as begetting a son in whom he should be well pleased, and as sending that beloved son forth to suffer for the accumulated crimes of all! Would they not have regarded such conduct on the part of their Deity as unaccountable, as cruel? Would they not have failed to see the efficaciousness of such substitution? But what if it were yet further proposed to have the *Alfader* afterward relent and declare that but a small part of his victims could avail themselves of what at first was deemed a *universal* salvation,—that the greater part of humanity were still liable to be sent to *Huerger-mid*, or some other terrible pit of darkness, would not the writers of those noble old sagas be yet more astonished? I verily believe they would laugh to scorn our changeable Deity and his system of vicarious atonement. The belief which would have been rejected in the ninth century is accepted in the nineteenth!

Well, both gods and men, so those eloquent old Northmen tell us, increase in sin as the end of all things draws near.

The great Dragon, *Nidhogg*, gnawing at the roots of *Yggdrasil*, is a figure "well put in," in the wild scene of which it forms a part. And the condition of things just previous to the final denouement of mundane affairs, contains a high spice of tragedy, and is so grand that I must add it in full, in the historian's own words:

"Enmity and Hate have universal rule; then come fear and woe,—the Hatched and Sword age,—the Storm and Wolf era. For three years there is unbroken, icy winter—the frightful *Fimbul* weather, during which everything is buried in frozen sleep before the awful end. The earth begins to shake; the Dragon has gnawed through the roots; and the tree *Yggdrasil* will fall and crush the world. The Wolf *Fenrir* madly struggles with his bonds and bursts them. *Loki* (the evil spirit whom the gods have chained) also breaks away from the rock. Across the sea come the giants—the *Hymnithurs*—in the ship *Nagelfar*, entirely built of the nails of dead men fastened together—a proof of the antiquity of the world. The *Milgard* snake rises from the ocean like a gigantic ghost, and they all beseege *Asgard* from below. The *Asea* and all the *Einkherin* are armed and fight their last glorious battle, nor do they despair of success until *Muspelheim* opens from above, and *Surtur* issues in flames, at the head of his fiery squadrons, beneath whom the Bridge *Bifrost*, the symbol of union, breaks asunder, and everything is lost. *Blindall* and *Loki* kill themselves; *Thor* slays the *Milgard* snake, but dies of his poisoned wounds; *Freger* is burnt by *Surtur*; *Odin* is swallowed alive by the Wolf *Fenrir*, whose open jaws reach from beneath the earth to heaven. Finally the whole earth is destroyed by the flames of *Surtur* and becomes *Ragnarok*, or incense of the gods. After this, *Alfader* will create a new world devoid of evil."

The scene is complete in detail and rich in dramatic effects; very much superior, it seems to me, to the confusion of dragons, vials, seals, black, white, and red horses and pale riders, intermingled with magic books made to be eaten—or at least commanded to be—within the Book of *Revelations* abounds.

One more scrap from the saga of *Odin*, and I am done. "This is too good to skip. In the form of an eagle the god is said to have devoured the honey containing the poetical inspiration; but when flying back with it to *Asgard*, he was so closely pursued that he let a part of it drop from behind, on the summit of the *Aasenberg*, the tasting of which produced the bad poets, while the good ones were fed with the honey that issued from his beak, on 'Der Himmelsberg.' Isn't it fine?"

"Drollery and sublimity thus go hand in hand throughout the saga of *Odin*," concludes the historian. Viewing the subject in the light of modern Christianity, with its awful bigotry and superstition, very little of the drollery do I see—much of the sublime. How gladly would I give our learned dogmatism for this simple faith in that which was deemed good. Would that our gloomy theology had long ago been lightened by a ray from this glorious eastern sun,—if only for the sake of those unfortunate mortals who have gone through life, their eyes pained and aching with the clouds of dust from the "bottomless pit," which was raised by the hoofs of the evangelist horse they dutifully believed.

It seems to me as though one brought up from a child under the grim influences of modern theology, trembling at its bugbears, must turn to such a belief as that of the Northmen as to a flowery meadow of the Graces—a vast relief from the burning lava fields presided over by his Satanic Majesty.

Fate befriended us! how we drift away from much that is fair and delightful in the past to rush into much that is deceitful and odious in the present! Call you this the spirit of progression? Rather retrogression I think. Perhaps there is nothing less likely to be improved upon than religion. What was excellent for the ninth century was just as appropriate for the nineteenth. Religion is like affection; the first natural outpouring of the heart is always best.

Of course, at best, the religion of these Northmen was but a system of fiction, of wholesale superstition, and when examined by the lamp of Reason, causes us to wonder and marvel over the oddities of that age and people; yet when we compare it with the religion taught in every orthodox church throughout Christendom, we can not but admit how much the former gains by the comparison. We can not fail to notice how superior in every sense is the idea of the *Walhalla* of *Odin* and *Thor* to the Christian Heaven, straight-faced saints, in shroud-like, elongated garments, standing in methodical rows about a still, high-backed throne, and listlessly thumbing airs on their harps from year's end to year's end throughout all eternity, simply to gratify "Him that sitteth upon the throne," and whom we always think of (instinctively) as being very slim, very white-visaged, and severely "proper looking," in brief, very like Dickens's "Mr. Dombey."

Who would not naturally prefer (if it was not very improper to have such a preference by orthodox measurement) to go to "Walhalla," instead of this "Heaven" of cold-blooded saints? Yes, give me *Walhalla* a thousand times sooner. What though there is to be warfare, battle-fields to be won and lost (according to this ancient religion of *Thor*), there is something substantial in those northern warriors, and to join them in their great banqueting hall in that "undiscovered country," to feel the hearty grasp of their hard, strong hands, to drink with them from the "wassail bowl," and sing with them their rude songs, to which *Thor* will keep time with his hammer, is a stronger inducement to joyfully "leap the bounds of time and space" and go to meet death without a wry face than Evangelical doctrine held out to mankind. Laugh, now, if you please, reader, but I challenge you to say that even this rude, old-time belief was not far ahead of modern orthodoxy in vigor, warmth, expression, life.

Chicago, Ill.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
TALKING TO KEEP WOMEN DOWN.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

In one of those churches, which, in some of their semi-business meetings, do condescend to allow the ladies to peep their heads out from under the honored mantle of barbaric custom,—a friend of mine desired his pastor to tell him why, on a certain occasion, he continued to talk so long after he had really nothing to say. The clergyman made answer, that under the society rules, the women had the privilege of expressing their opinion in that meeting, but, as for himself, he did not believe that women should be allowed to speak in meeting, and he was talking to keep them from occupying the time. No doubt, that small Doctor of Divinity was a devout worshiper of the sayings of Paul. He would be able to see that, "if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her;" but he would not see any glory attached to the unfettered action of the immortal soul principle beneath the hair on her head. If, perchance, a burning fever should drop her hair off, she would be bereft of all glory until she recovered her hair again.

If a lady member desire to know anything, doubtless he would take pleasure in calling her attention to the Scripture command: "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak: but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for a woman to speak in the church."

A lady, desiring knowledge, might not possess that precious commodity, a husband, and if she had, he might be a guzzling bachelorian, as destitute of church grace or knowledge as a Cuckoo's nest in March. He might be a constitutional blockhead, a gambler, a thief, or a slimy policy-crushing hypocrite, destitute of all manly virtues, or noble aspirations for knowledge.

Paul's opinion of widows would have been a hard compliment to his own mother or sisters, if they had chance to fall into that lonely rule of human grief. Thus he talks: "Let no widow be taken into the number under three-score years old, having been the wife of one man,—well reported for her good works; if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work."

If this last clause were absolutely required as a badge of discipleship in these days, of all incoming saints, the swallows might just as safely built their nests on the inside of the churches as under the eaves, for there would be no large congregations to molest them.

Paul, as once having lived a Pharisee, after the strictest sect of the Jewish religion, no doubt, looked back wistfully towards the law of Moses, which granted such unique bills of divorce. If "it came to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, then let him write a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house." And thus turn her into the streets without a penny of the property she had assisted to earn. Josephus, the historian, under that law, turned away his wife with no other apology than, that her manners did not quite please him.

How can any one believe that Moses was looking heavenward when he instituted that law? Could such injustice ever have emanated from above the atmosphere of the upward-singing meadow-lark and the bright, blue sky? No, never! Moses must have been straining his eyes eyes back, down into the darkness of Egypt for a pattern.

We find Paul saying to Timothy, "Let the women learn in silence, with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression."

The slaveholder could quote from the Scriptures plenty of texts equally binding upon the slave, which he was ever ready to offer as a warrant for his injustice. And a portion of the clergy will ever be just as ready to continue

to hold women in bondage through passages from Paul and Moses, unless the Gentiles interfere, and insist that the great pound of human rights, nearest the heart—that old Shylock's bond shall be considered obsolete.

Unquestionably, the marriage relations of the past and present, have been arranged by men in their own interests, rather than for the freedom and elevation of the female portion of society. If under the laws as they now stand, a good husband is secured, then no justice may accrue. But the woman who gets a bad husband, runs into a quagmire, a sand-bank, a pit-fall, from which she may seldom look for release, except, as death may unbar the door, and say to the captive slave, You are free! The dark night of your sorrow is past—the swinging back of the gate of the Eternal City brings you the joy and light of immortality! No more to behold the tyrant's scowl, to hear the brutal muttering of a drunkard's voice, no more to feel the barbed arrows of unkindness and neglect, or pine in want and misery!

If community is not willing to be shocked by the ignoring of these legal marriage relations,—some preferring to allow their marriage promises to rest upon soul fitness, the good faith and integrity of the parties to the contract, then let it make those laws of marriage so just and honorable toward both parties, that no frail, helpless woman, can be worse than murdered for a term of years, finding no escape except through the grave.

How stands the matter now? The fairest woman of the land, cultivated and refined, sweet, pure, and beautiful in soul and body—to-day, she marries a man whom she really supposes to be correct in his habits, just and honorable in all his "out goings and incomings;" but before one month has past, she may find him to be a miserable drunkard, curse, abusive and disgusting,—his person, a seething mass of vice! His breath, more offensive than a blast from any sulphur pandemonium!

The poor victim saddens and pines—woe and misery are soon written where, but a short time since, there was expressed the angelic smile of a heart that little dreamed such a pall of sorrow and degradation could be spread over all her earthly hopes. Her loving friends pass her with a sigh, saying in their souls,—Poor woman! she is lost! lost! But the lawmakers that permit that woman to be thus sacrificed are, themselves, little short of murderers, for no law should be made, obliging any woman to drag out a miserable existence, legally bound to continue in the society of a loathsome human carcase, worse, if possible, than the stench of a putrifying dead body, as that might soon sink away in the laboratory of nature, and spring up in beautiful plants and flowers; while the repulsive body of the man of vice may linger on for half-a-century, an outrage and insult to the presence of decency, justice, truth, purity, and refinement,—all natural to the soul of the tortured woman.

Bordentown, New Jersey.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Wm. B. Fainestock on Statuolence,
etc.

Statuolence is a condition from the will of the subject, and is the state in which cures are most easily and positively effected, for when in this condition the will of the subject has perfect control of the nervous system, and by an act of their will, feeling and sensation can be entirely suspended for an indefinite period; consequently all diseases of a painful nature can be arrested at once, and if the affected parts are kept in an insensible state until the positive or inflammatory condition of the parts have subsided, the cure will be effected independent of an act of the will.

This condition is natural to many persons, and some fall into it unconsciously, or, in fact, are almost always partially or wholly in the state, although, to a casual observer, they may appear to be in a natural condition. Such persons are at any time susceptible to external impressions or influences, and as distance does not interfere or prevent them, subjects can feel them at any distance, especially if their mind is directed to them.

These persons are called mediums, because they can see spirits and converse with them as well as they can see and read the mind of persons at a distance; but when they are not acquainted with the true nature of their condition or their powers therein, they are easily imposed upon by persons who make them believe that they possess magnetic powers, and often subject them to the most ridiculous and idiotic displays; not because such persons have the power to so affect them, but because they believe that they have, and not knowing that they can resist them, make no effort to do so, and consequently are wholly at their mercy.

Being clear-minded, they can read the mind of any one, and if they do not use their own reason, they will ape and act out all the nonsense that operators on others may invent for them. These exhibitions have been dignified by the euphonious title of "psychological experiments," and are as useless as they are injurious.

If, instead of these exhibitions, subjects or mediums were taught the truth in regard to their powers, any amount of good might be produced, and much suffering prevented.

Faith, or a belief, when perfect, in any condition is another method of relieving disease, and it matters not whether it originates with the individual, or is induced by the laying-on of hands, manipulations, or any other act, so that the patient has faith. It does not matter how it is produced, and is all that is necessary to effect a cure.

Again, diseases are often removed by abstracting the mind. This may be effected in a thousand ways, and it is of little consequence whether it is done by manipulations, fright, fear, joy, grief, travel, amusements, or pleasant associations.

Even children, although very young, are often relieved of diseases by some act upon the part of those who draw their attention.

This is often effected, even when they are apparently unconscious, and being exceedingly sensitive, it is possible for their faculties to reach out independent of their consciousness, and to observe their surroundings clear-mindedly, so as to be relieved of disease.

From this it would appear that the will cures diseases by a positive and direct effort, while the same desideratum is effected by faith in remedies or manner of proceeding, and also as well by abstraction of the mind, from whatever cause.

Where, then, is the necessity of seeking for an outside influence, or an imaginary fluid or force of any kind, when it can be demonstrated that all can be effected without them? Or, why seek for an influence outside of ourselves, when our own faculties supply all that is necessary?

It would be of little consequence to know what really did effect the cure, were it not that a belief in an animal magnetic fluid brought with it erroneous and injurious doctrines, and it is much to be regretted that the idea was ever advanced, because operators, or those who believe in the existence of an animal magnetic fluid, promulgated the doctrine of a power in themselves, which they did not possess, as well as the erroneous idea that mediums, through this fluid, were likely to take upon themselves the diseases of those they may have relieved—thus adding injury to ignorance.

It is scarcely necessary for me here to reiterate that both the positive and negative, or that it is impossible as it is unnecessary for mediums to take upon themselves the diseases of others, unless they believe that they will. Then the belief will produce the disease, independent of any other influence, and will be the result of that belief. Such ideas, therefore, should be studiously avoided by mediums if they desire to escape the file that arises from false teaching, and which, if not heeded, may afflict them seriously through life.

OF CURING CHILDREN BY THE LAYING-ON OF HANDS.

Because children sometimes appear to be cured by the laying-on of hands, magnetic operators, or those who believe in an animal magnetic fluid, have ascribed the cure to the effects of that imaginary

fluid, simply because the child happened to get well after manipulations had been made.

I do not deny that cures have sometimes followed the laying-on of hands; but the cases wherein it does not follow number a hundred to one where it does so; consequently there must be some mistake among the remedy, and strong doubts have arisen, even among its advocates, as to whether those isolated cases were really caused by the laying-on of hands, or a magnetic influence communicated by that operation.

Science takes nothing for granted, and it is customary in scientific investigations to direct all efforts to develop the causes of phenomena, and to demonstrate their qualities.

Have magnetic operators, or those who assert that they have been made by animal magnetism, done this, or have they seen, heard, tasted, smelt, or felt that mysterious fluid?

If so, will they be good enough to describe its appearance, or give us an idea of its qualities?

I know that it has been lauded as the great "cure all" and universal expounder of all mysteries, but I want its bona fide qualities and will not be satisfied with mere assertions that are not supported by demonstrable facts.

All imperceptible substances can either be seen, heard, tasted, smelt, or felt by the senses, or recognized by the faculties; but this negation of being has never been observed, noted or demonstrated, and seems only to have an existence in the imagination of those who are satisfied with such proofs as the imagination may furnish.

It has also been suggested that because the vaccine virus, the saliva of a mad dog, or the poison of the snake exist, that animal magnetism may also have an existence, although it can not be seen by the naked eye, and operates invisibly.

These forlorn hopes of the magnetic operator, instead of establishing the existence of an animal magnetic fluid, sinks it deeper into oblivion, because such substances produce peculiar diseases or affections, and can be seen and handled, and when introduced into the system of susceptible persons, always produce the same effects.

Vaccine, or the virus of small pox does not affect every one, and persons, as well as animals, have been bitten by mad dogs—yet never went mad.

It has also been demonstrated that peculiar conditions of the system even resist the effects of fire, and a perfect state of statuolence precludes the possibility of suffering pain or disease.

Cures have been made in children simply by talking to them without any contact. Where, then, the necessity for a magnetic influence?

It can not be denied that if young persons sleep with the aged who are diseased they become pale and sickly, not however, by imparting vitality to the aged, but by absorbing the effete or diseased aura given off by them, as they would consumption or contagious diseases from sleeping with younger persons. Indeed I have known some young persons to sleep with vigorous and healthy old ones with impunity, for years, and am satisfied that it is only in cases of disease that young persons experience ill effects, and would do so, under similar circumstances, by sleeping with the young as well as the old; but as old persons are more apt to be sickly, and less vigorous than young ones generally, the chances are of course more in favor of becoming ill by sleeping with the old than with the young, but the rule is not always against the old.

From the facts in the case, I can not conceive why the cures in children that follow the laying-on of hands or persistent manipulations, are ascribed to magnetism, when it is very evident that children, however young, have brains, and consequently, faculties that are awake to everything that is done about them, and if they do not have faith, or a belief, they are at least conscious that something has been done, which attracted their attention, and thereby abstracted their mind from the body sufficiently to induce a state of statuolence, or a susceptible condition, which of itself affords the means of relief; for a thought, a suspicion, or a desire while in the state, that relief will come, is sufficient to produce the effect.

If men suppose that children do not observe their surroundings, even when they are apparently unconscious, they are mistaken, and as many of them are exceedingly sensitive and clairvoyant from their birth, they observe their surroundings, and by that power know even the thoughts of those to whom their minds are directed.

Hence many cures have been effected by the clear-minded powers of the child, that have been ascribed to the imaginary powers of a nonentity, and until erroneous ideas that have no foundation in nature, are abandoned, and more attention is directed to the study of the powers of the mind when in a state of statuolence, or a susceptible condition to spirit influence, we can not hope that the world will progress, or that the benefits to be derived from a true knowledge of the facts can be applied by spirits or men, and it is the height of folly to suppose that spirits can aid us without the necessary conditions, which the world, sooner or later, will tend to be centered in the statuolence condition. Without it, the combined efforts of spirits and men will be of no avail.

The sooner, therefore, that this condition is understood by spirits and men, the sooner will the endeavors of the two worlds be united, and the benefits to be derived from spirit influence, and the direction of the mind by men be realized, by those who need the efforts of either, or of both.

My object in writing upon this subject at all, is to aid "healers," if they will be aided, and not to war against them. Malicious insinuations to the contrary notwithstanding.

AN INQUIRY.

In the JOURNAL of the 30th of last month I noticed "An Inquiry Concerning Statuolence," by H. C. Pierce, Esq., in regard to a difficulty he labors under while in a state of statuolence, viz., that of falling into a natural sleep.

In answer to his request that I should give him a remedy, I state that the reason why he falls into a natural sleep so soon after he has entered the statuolence condition is because he has not been taught his powers when in that condition, and as I remarked upon page 72 of my work that it was always better for those who desired to enter the condition to place themselves under the care of some one who understood the true nature of the condition, as it was almost always necessary during the first sitting that they should be told to remember all that had taken place, as well as how to manage and to throw themselves out of the condition, or they may know nothing about either when they do so.

Having some competent person to speak to them upon entering the condition for the first time, is in many cases absolutely necessary, as talking to them prevents their going into a natural sleep, at the same time that their mind can be properly directed, and the nature of the condition explained, until they are as much "at home" in that condition as when in a natural state.

They can then enter or throw themselves out of the condition at pleasure, and as they have been taught, or have studied the art in both conditions, they are able to regulate themselves while in a state of statuolence.

Those who have thrown themselves into the condition independent of any one speaking to them can overcome the disposition to fall asleep by having some one to do so occasionally, when they are in the state.

A little practice in this way will soon obviate the difficulty.

But when they have been taught the true nature of the condition, and their powers when in it, they can manage themselves as well as when in a natural condition.

Lancaster, Penn.

Letter from H. H. Smith.

BROTHER JONES.—I can not do without some spiritual paper, and as the JOURNAL is my choice, I must keep my dues paid and have it continue. There is much in it I can not indorse, but I like to see liberality, and all have the privilege of writing their honest views upon any and all matters pertaining to the science of life, for it should be our study to know ourselves, and of the whereabouts, and our condition, and lives in the future.

It is by contrasting our views with others that truth is found, and made plain, and we become wise. I can never handed out too radically, or too smoothly it over with thee, or any other garb, that will give it a false lustre, or give any a chance to take it in any other light than the true one.

The "Search after God" is deep, and causes minds to reflect, and will have a tendency to

break up the idea of a personal God, who, as theology teaches him to be, and which has been the cause of many false doctrines and theories of man's existence. But why not come right to the point at once, where nature and the facts in the case will warrant a philosophy that can be supported by the premises? Why not declare that God is the universe of matter and spirit, and that all physical substances are his body, and the forces seen and unseen, might be termed his soul or spirit? We know that there is a physical world, and a spirit power and intelligence diffused through it, and by the combined chemical action of the whole are all things moved and unfolded to all the different positions they occupy from time to time, never ceasing to exist, never having been created, but always moving as natural law dictates. God then exists, male and female, through all nature and species of animal or spiritual life; no more males than females in the universe, no more identities or individual existences at one time than another—all being parts of this universe, or God, whose functions do not increase or diminish numerically, but all the time showing their true capacity and condition through the various chemical changes in nature, to show the intrinsic value of all things, which is necessary, that we may know ourselves and all that exists.

Osseo, Minn., Dec. 3, 1871.

Writing on the Body.

We extract the following from the "Debatable Land," by Robert Dale Owen:

Mr. Robert Chambers and myself were well acquainted with a gentleman whom I shall call Mr. M., not being at liberty to give the real name. He is one of the best known and most successful business men of our country; not a resident of New York.

At the time I am speaking of, however, he was on a visit to that city; and Mr. Chambers and I induced him to call, with us, on Mr. Charles Foster, one of the very best mediums I have ever known. Mr. M. was an unbeliever in spiritual phenomena, unacquainted with Mr. Foster, and agreed to visit him merely to gratify Mr. Chambers's wish and mine. We had given Mr. Foster no notice of our visit, and we did not make Mr. M.'s name known to him. We sat down to an ordinary-sized centre table.

After several remarkable phenomena which we omit, Mr. M. expressed a wish for a test of the reality of spirit intercourse. Thereupon Mr. Foster requested him to think of a deceased friend. Then he bade him write, on one slip of paper, a number of first names, among them the first name of his friend; and on another slip a number of family names, among them the family name of his friend, keeping the writing concealed. Mr. M. wrote out both lists accordingly; the total number of names being twenty-three. At Mr. Foster's request he then tore the names asunder, made up each separately in a pellet, and held these pellets under the table, in his hand, the palm open. Then Mr. Foster, who was sitting opposite to Mr. M., taking up my hat, held it by one hand under the table and said,

"Spirit, will you please select the two pellets that have your name and surname, from that gentleman's hand, and put them in Mr. Owen's hat?"

In somewhat less than a minute raps came, Mr. Foster brought up the hat, and handed two pellets which it contained, unopened, to Mr. M. The latter undid them without showing them to any of us, and merely said,

"These are the two pellets with the name and family name of my friend."

Then Mr. Foster, suddenly exclaiming "Here is his first name on my arm," bared his arm and we saw, written on it, in large pink letters, the word "Seth." After a minute or two, as we were looking at the writing, it faded out, and Mr. Foster asked,

"Will the spirit write the first letter of his family name on the back of my hand?" holding it out.

We watched it closely; there was not the least mark on it. But, after the lapse of a short time, pink marks began to appear, gradually growing more plain, until we all saw, and read, very distinctly written near the centre of the back of Mr. Foster's hand, the capital letter C. Then, for the first time, Mr. M. showed us the two pellets. The name was Seth C.

A STRANGE CURE.

How a Painful Tumor Disappeared under the Manipulations of the Spirit of a "Medicine Man."

A strange case of sudden cure by strange means occurred last week on Seventh street, the particulars of which have been given us by Dr. Wilson, of the Novelty Cure. Mrs. G. H. Kreider, daughter of Mrs. N. L. Fay, the celebrated clairvoyant physician, had been suffering several weeks from a large tumor on the left breast, and the pain attendant upon it was of the most intense character. One day, last week, the lady sent for Dr. Wilson, and announced her determination to have the tumor lanced. The Doctor examined it, and found it to be ready for cutting, and at the lady's request, administered chloroform to her. She became oblivious to everything outwardly, but became possessed of a remarkable power. In a short time, to the amazement of the Doctor, she commenced to talk in a broken, indistinct language, and announced herself to be an Indian chief, "Oak of the Forest," who had departed for the happy hunting grounds many years ago. The chief was a "big medicine man" in his day, and discoursed volubly on his treatment of diseases. To humor the peculiar condition of the lady, the Doctor asked the chief questions regarding his patient, which were all answered in the peculiar tongue of the half-civilized red man. This condition continued for nearly an hour, and, no matter in what position the patient was sitting, she seemed to have the power of seeing him every time he approached with the knife to cut the tumor, and resisted all attempts to perform the operation. The deceased "medicine man" announced that he never used a knife in such cases—that he didn't believe in it—he had a better remedy. Then commenced the strangest part of this peculiar condition. The breast had been so sore and tender for days that it was impossible to touch it without causing the lady intense pain; but she commenced beating the breast and tumor with both hands in the most rapid manner, and continued it for several minutes. After she discontinued this singular application, she recovered her consciousness, and looked about her without the slightest trace of emotion or agitation. Oblivious of what had transpired, she asked if the operation had been performed, and was much surprised when informed of what had taken place. The affected part was examined, and lo! the tumor had disappeared, swelling and pain was gone, and nothing but a redness of the skin indicated where it had been. The next day the tumor broke, and the lady is now entirely well. The Doctor, who is no Spiritualist, is puzzled, and can't account for the strange condition into which his patient was thrown, and the strange cure that was effected. As there was no deception in it, we are inclined to ask—what is it?—Clipped from the Louisville Commercial of January, 3rd, 1872.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M.D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

(NUMBER XV.)

The Outer Form and Inner Life of Matter and their Corresponding Reflexes of Condition—Dual Reflexes of Matter and Mind—Diversified Phases of Mediumship and Manifestation.

We once more ask the earnest reader's considerate attention, while we recapitulate our "Polar Theory," hoping now that we have reached an intelligible standpoint amid our grand-balance relation, from which we can all begin to see, comprehend, and contemplate with pleasure, the more beautiful hilltops of spirit realms, to which our sure-footed science of nature leads us.

We, as you are aware, have had frequent occasion to allude to the positive and negative, sun and earth, and to nitrogen as a grand-balance relation, compounded of their polar reflex extremes. We have also pointed out the polar necessity for the blending of the responding reflexes of the sun and nitrogen, as the formative source of hydrogen, as well also as to nitrogen and the earth whose polar reflexes constitute the formative source of oxygen. We have shown the grand-balance relation. Air is formed of nitrogen and oxygen, while the grand-balance relation—water, is formed of oxygen and hydrogen,—all together of which, constitute the formative source of inter-electro-chemical action by which carbon is elaborated,—from the latter of which, flows the ever-varying, confluent stream of unceasing change.

Keeping these grand-balance relations of manifest form in view, we will now advance on, as we hold, the justifiable basis of parity, to the inner life of these wonderful out-door forms, to find still greater wonders within, and to trace to their fountain-source, sun, mind, earth, sensation, will, wisdom, love, aspiration, self-reason, hope, faith, charity, fear, doubt, suspense, etc.

Apply our polar conditions and requisitions to the inner life of the sun, as mind, and the inner earth, as responding sensation, and we shall have the grand-balance relation—will (nitrogen). Apply the same force to all the polar reflexes in the premises we applied, in accounting for hydrogen, oxygen, air, water, and inter-electro-chemical action, and we shall have the formative sources of wisdom (hydrogen)—love (oxygen)—selfish desire (air)—exalted aspiration (water)—reason (inter-electro-chemical action)—hope (potassium)—faith (sodium)—charity (calcium)—fear (fluorine)—doubt (chlorine), and so on *ad infinitum*. We, by close analysis and comparison, can find some mental phase of manifest life-measures to fit every grand-balance condition, every element, so-called, and every compound, whether animate seemingly inanimate, organic or inorganic, mineral, vegetable or animal.

We would advance further in this direction. Yet, believing as we do, that all earnest readers, observers, and thinkers—noble enough by nature, and inclined to think and investigate for themselves, will be most profited in doing so in the present instance, we bid them to go on up to "Gamaliel" (while we leave the subject where it is), to prove or disprove itself to them according to the weakness or strength of their understanding.

Leaving these suggestions to be thus considered, we now turn to the subject of mediumship and manifestations in their general aspects.

To reach the balance between the physical and mental or mediumistic plane of condition through which we receive the ever-changing manifestations of both spirit-force and intelligence, is but to repeat in a more persistent form, our study of the laws of light, heat, and electricity, and transfer our observations to the lens and prismatic conditions of physico-mental combination by, and through which, spirit may come to us in the character of transmission, reflection, and radiation.

Be the sun a vicergerent of the Infinite—a lens spectrum of solar thought, or direct God-thought, reflexing all solar condition—still "mind" is as much of the solar condition as "matter," and is as much formed and controlled by the central impress as matter, and must in all solar respects approach and be approached and ultimated as matter. Hence it is plain that the same menstra transmitting light must necessarily transmit thought from all positive centers to negative circumferences, since light is but the outer dual garment of thought.

It is generally admitted by all honest observers of ability, that we cannot absolutely separate matter and life, nor learn of matter save through its manifestations of life within—"materialism" or immaterialism to the contrary notwithstanding.

All the elaborate laws of psychology, physiology, and even chemistry, the mother of all departments of natural science, rest on the interio-intelligences of the polar or dual union of life and matter, and the mind, however illumined by intuition, has no power to go beyond the deductions of parity. There is nothing more ridiculous or senseless than the mad-middle art of God-making, outside of nature; and what is more strange, the most eminent of these cunning God-builders and heaven-surveyors, could not make a ho-handle, nor find the spectacles on their own noses under the delirium tremendous impress of one of their God-defining and heaven-sounding enthusiasts. Mind on the earth-plane, is as much of a magnetic condition, as the electro-magnet in telegraphing, and may be impressed by direct thought-currents from abroad, or if only rendered electro-magnetic and confined to the mere contact of its surroundings, it may collect from, and as the magnet, reflect out through its polar aura, that which it has collected from its surroundings.

As to the various phases of mediumship, they evidently depend on the transparent, translucent, or opaque magnetic blendings of physico-mental condition, or else the reflecting and radiating qualities of the same. We have some manifestations that come transparent, in the simplicity of their death scenes, in the rusticity of their manners, the rudeness of their dialect, the coarseness of their thoughts and boisterousness of their insubordinate temper. We have seen them come thus through the mediumship of the most refined, and lovable organisms, and could scarce refrain from feeling a disgust, although we at the time understood why it was so. We have some that come through a phase of mediumship, of a translucent nature, like frosted

glass which gives diffuse light without any definite object; this is the half-and-half mediumistic grade so common and yet so indefinite and sometimes so contradictory. Then there are the opaque ranges of physico-mental condition, of all colors, qualities, and descriptions, that absorb, radiate, reflect, and refract according to their respective physico-mental natures. We have some physico-mental natures, that reflect forth what they receive as a mirror,—these phases doubtless observe the laws of light in their own respective modes of manifestation.

There are other, and to the young observer, still more remarkable mediumistic measures of condition and modes of manifesting, called the "Physical Manifestations." This is effected by inter-electro magnetic supervision—an electric current established between a physico-mental plate, and positive spirit plate or condition, can in the dark be made to suspend chemical affinity, cohesion, repulsion, and attraction of gravitation, as in ordinary battery action, we, by the same kind of electric-current suspension can pass an acid through an alkali, fire through water, sweet milk through indigo, make a bar of iron dance in the air, etc. I have no doubt but the time is coming when, under the supervision of the most powerful battery-action we can bring to bear in utter darkness, we shall discover something that will demonstrate the true nature and character of the physical manifestations—"Ring," "coat test," "transportation of persons" and all. Things of this sort have but to be tested in the dark. We have no doubt of the early approach of the time, when we shall have definite and practical navigation of the air and clairvoyant telegraphing between the remotest portions of the globe on which we live; nor have we any doubt of the early approach of the time, when common-place experiment shall demonstrate the actual laws governing the nature and character of all phases of mediumship and manifestations.

We have in the course of near twenty years' experimental observations, had occasion to more especially notice the median make-up between the extremes of light and darkness. Our laboratory lightning, thunder, and rain, experiment founded on the laws governing the ordinary phenomena has always proved more effective in the dark than the light, more particularly the condensation of rain. Passing columns of fire from a three to five feet depth of water, is much the same. Snow set on fire, burns more freely at night than the day-time, and spirits, as you know, seem to come better in the dark than in the light; there seems to be less tendency to aerial affinities in the dark than in the light.

Inte-electro supervisory suspension of affinity, etc., of which we shall speak in our next, is the imperial autocrat, holding in subjection the whole empire of change. It dissolves and ultimates everything; and we have no doubt if we could send a blue streak of good G-o-d-electric force through the spinal cord of Orthodoxy, we should even in this extreme case have a dissolution of the man and monkey as an ultimating result.

ITEMS

FROM LOIS WAISBROOKER.

BRO. JONES:—I am not very brisk in gathering items, but perhaps what I do send may be just as valuable; and before going any further I wish to make a declaration, to wit, that *I am no Christian*. I say this, not because I would reject aught that is good and true, but because that which is worthy of our acceptance belongs no more to the Christian religion than any other, and their claims in this direction are false so far as the specialty is concerned. It is appropriation without credit; is theft. They do this not only in reference to the past, but they are gradually accepting the conclusions we are forcing upon them, claiming them as their own, and, at the same time, repudiating us and

SPIRITUALISTS.

Many of them are just too busy enough to love to have it so. "Why, the Rev. Mr. Soandso preached just as good a Spiritualist sermon as I wish to hear." Ah! and does he call himself a Spiritualist? Will he acknowledge himself indebted to Spiritualistic literature and Spiritualistic effort for those ideas? Nay, will he even acknowledge that they are in any measure like those taught by us?

"O, no; but then he has to look out for his bread and butter, you know, and if he went too far he would lose his place."

Indeed, and if the truth was known, I will venture to say that you put a dollar into the hat, in order to make his bread and butter sure, while you put but ten cents, or twenty-five at most, into the contribution taken up for that poor traveling speaker, who tells the people the truth without the cover of an orthodox cloak. Well, there is a time coming when the treasure you thus store up in orthodox garners,—the time is coming when such gifts will change into swords to pierce you under the fifth rib. Last summer, while in Iowa, I called to see a gentleman who had long been known as a Spiritualist, and I learned that he was out canvassing for

BIBLES.

Why was this? you ask. Because people, even Spiritualists some of them, will buy Bibles, it being fashionable to have a big Bible lying open on the centre table; they will do this when they haven't a dollar with which to purchase our literature. I called upon an old Spiritualist not long since with my books, offering the three for four dollars. His daughter wanted them very much, but he had no money to spare. And why? Last Christmas, or New Years, I forgot which, he had presented that same daughter, and the girl living with them, each an eight-dollar Bible. Sixteen dollars for Bibles in one year, and how much in other ways to support orthodoxy, I know not. There are four or five families in the vicinity, and half of that from each of them yearly, with what could be gathered from the liberal element outside, would pay for a course of lectures each year, whereas there has been nothing of the kind, so I learned, for four years; and only now and then a lecture for several years previous.

It would not cost them for hall rent, as in some places, for the Methodists give the use of their church; and the reason given by Spiritualists for their doing so is, "They dare not refuse it, they are so weak and depend so much on outside aid, upon what the young people among the liberal element give in mite societies and donations."

These few families are not poor, are farmers the most of them, and in good circumstances. One a shoemaker, and worth the least of any, told me that he had offered ten dollars himself, if they would get up something of the kind. Well, is it any

WONDER

that Spiritualism lags, goes out, so far as all practical influence is concerned. Indeed, it ought to be dead and—condemned, as to all the benefit such should receive from it. "Rather hard," do you say? Perhaps, but it takes hard things to wake the dead, and I do not know but I might as well blow Gabriel's trumpet as any one.

"Is a good medium, speaks at circles, goes among the sick, and is not mercenary," so says the *Banner of Light*, some time since. I have forgotten the name of the writer, or where she lived, but I remember the fact, for the thought came to me while reading it, "I wonder if you are free from a mercenary spirit, or is it all right that you should receive for nothing, while if a medium asks justice, the cry is, 'All they are after is money.'"

So far as I am concerned, I would not thank one to advertise me thus, for it is practically saying, "Come, friends, here is one who will work for nothing." I believe in justice, and if it is such a terrible thing to want money, it must be bad for those who have it, and really I think we do them a service, if we succeed in getting some of this bad thing from them. I know that there is

A CAUSE

For all this, and that cause is the old idea of "free grace," something for nothing. It is the remnant of a false theology, which still curses those who fondly imagine that they are free from its soul stupefying influences, and this brings me back to my first assertion, "I am no Christian."

January 7th, '72.

Three weeks since I commenced these items, and have not had time to complete them till now. I have been reading over what I have written, and should not wonder if it drew the remark from some wise one, "Vinegar never catches flies." Perhaps, but it is n't flies that I am after. Feed them upon sweets and they will only eat them up without giving aught in return, while bees will extract honey even from vinegar. Since the

MORMONS

Are attracting Christian venom just now, I will speak of a lecture given in Columbus, Pennsylvania, recently, by a lady who is neither a Mormon Christian nor a Methodist one. Judging from her remarks, I should say that she simply aimed to be just. Speaking of their condition, she said that there was no drunkenness, no places of prostitution, no child-murder, and, if I understood right, no tobacco chewers among the Mormons. It takes Gentile Christians to introduce these vices—vices so prevalent in Christian lands that a Heathen Chinese, or any other heathen, might very readily make the mistake of calling them Christian virtues.

CORY.

In Corry, Pa., I stopped nearly a week with Mrs. Elan Manly. Mrs. Manly is a writing medium, the hand and wrist only being controlled, she reading the words as she writes them, and if she would she could be kept writing sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and then not supply the demand. Mr. Manly has good healing powers, which need only to be developed. O. P. Kellogg addressed the friends there on Sunday evening, and I felt much disappointed in not hearing him; but we went, a party of us, to Judge Lotts', of Lottsville, on Saturday, and the rain on Sunday prevented our return. I hope to write you again soon.

Angola, N. Y.

Report from J. L. Potter.

BROTHER JONES:—My report for December is as follows: Places visited, St. Peter, Le Sueur, Mankato, New Ulm, Madelia and Vernon Centre. Number of lectures given, twenty. Amount received in yearly dues and collections, \$39.35. Expenses, \$7.70.

At New Ulm, a German settlement, as the name indicates, the Turners, or Infidels, as the church people call them, have a large hall, which they gave me free of charge for my lectures, and what was more creditable still, they came and heard the lectures, treating me and our cause gentlemanly throughout. Let Christians read and ponder.

The small pox is raging at Garden City. That interferes somewhat with my route; but that, even, can not stop the spirits in their efforts to enlighten poor benighted Christians. Our cause is prospering. Many are looking into the matter that have never taken any interest in it before.

At Madelia we had quite a revival. The people could not get into the house. The cause has got a good start there.

A man by the name of Tibbes resides there that was a class-mate of Henry Ward Beecher. He came forward and stated his conviction of the truth of Spiritualism.

Many of the best men and women in that section are real live Spiritualists, and are going to labor hereafter for the upbuilding of this blessed gospel the angels bring.

The old year has closed—gone forever, and with it, I hope, have fled many of the jealousies and bickerings of the past. This first day of January, 1872, I say to all, "A Happy New Year," and to E. V. Wilson I extend a hand of peace, doing what I can to uplift the olive branch, so generously extended to all. Let us work together, as becomes our common faith, each doing his or her work in their own way, believing, as I do, that all have a mission to fill in the conflict that is before us. I am, as ever, the medium's friend.

Vernon Centre, Minn., Jan. 1st, 1872.

A Mystery Solved.

The following, from the *Chicago Tribune*, speaks for itself:

We have hitherto adverted to the painful lack of explanations of the cause which brought about the Chicago fire. Thus far we have not had more than a thousand of these offered, aside from the trivial physical causes assigned by matter-of-fact people,—such as drouth, high wind, wooden buildings, demoralized Fire Department, etc. All these thousand attribute the affair to the Divine displeasure; but they do not, by any means, agree as to the grounds thereof. One of the maniacs who have written on this subject, and who, unfortunately, have access to printers, types, publishes a sheet in York, Pa., for the purpose of showing that Chicago was burnt because he (John Henry Denig by name) was once arrested in Chicago as a lunatic. Another bedlamite, at Omaha, named Eleazar Hale, publisher of a paper, called *The Neo Creation*, furnishes, however, the most interesting—indeed we may say, exciting—interpretation of the calamity; for he associates it with a past Mystery which has heretofore agitated many a Chicago breast, without a solution being ever evolved. It was the flying figure on Honore's Block that did the deed! The Delphic Hale says truly of this dread figure, "There was a strange power in it to arrest attention. Citizens would stop in their course and look at it. None ventured an explanation." But this last statement is not strictly true. A few did attempt to explain the vision, which had, for all the world, the appearance of a colored gentleman, of phenomenal longitude, just awakened from sleep, and rushing out, without dressing, to hail a street-car supposed to be plying on the farther shore of Lake Michigan, regardless of the fact that he was about to plunge headlong in the gutter.

Such, however, was not the impression made upon the prophetic soul of Eleazar Hale, who writes concerning it:

As our attention was arrested by the sight, amazement seized us, and we exclaimed to our companion, involuntarily, "What is that?" and the interpretation came with the force of a voice of thunder, "Judgment! Judgment! spread the sound, ye winds, to the four quarters of the earth; Justice and Judgment are the habitation of God's Throne

in the heavens and on the earth. The day, the hour hasteneth. Prepare, oh man!" etc. etc.

"With the interpretation thus flashing on our interior," says Eleazar Hale, "as the voice of the Infinite, we left the spot, and we stepped lightly from the view," etc. But "We had not seen all." The iniquity of Chicago was further made manifest when Eleazar Hale made an inspection of the rooms below, and found them filled with real-estate dealers. Whereupon Eleazar Hale remarks:

What a providence, to control the mind of the ignorant artist not knowing the depth of his own design, and the minds of land sharks to gather undemest a sign threatening speedy destruction! Oh, Chicago! Chicago! Thou Queen of the West! Thou whore of the American Babylon! Thou that sitteth on many waters and knoweth no evil! Oh, that thou would consider that Judgment is near—even at thy door!

And much more of the same sort; closing with an elaborate injunction to the other cities of the earth not to go on and incur a fate like Chicago.

This revelation comes to us like a voice in the night. Perhaps we might have got along without a new interpretation of the cause of the fire; but anything which would help to solve the mystery of the flying figure was what we all thirsted for. But we conjure Mr. Honore not to put any Mercury upon his buildings, and involve the town in another such scrape. The architecture of the rebuilt town must be "warranted free from Mercury," if such is to be the effect.

Spiritualism in Humboldt County, California.

Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain, semi-trance medium, late of Iowa, having taken up her residence in this County (Humboldt, Cal.), her advent has given a new impetus to the cause of Spiritualism and free thought. Her lectures here have created a very general interest in the cause, and a desire to hear more, and are doing much to vindicate Spiritualism and the philosophy of progress from the odium they have had to bear, and to make known the leading doctrines and merits. Her lectures are conceded by all to be of a high order. They are profoundly philosophical and logical, eloquent and convincing.

After her lecture at Rohnerville, on the fifth of November, a number of Spiritualists met, and Mr. W. J. Sweasey was called to the chair, and Dr. O. B. Payne acted as Secretary, when it was resolved to call a County convention to form an organization. Pursuant to a published call, a convention was held in Eureka on the 18th of November. Samuel Strong, Esq., was called to the chair, and Dr. O. B. Payne performed the duties of Secretary.

Dr. Payne introduced a series of resolutions and preamble, setting forth at length, the philosophy of Spiritualism to be adopted as the basis of an organization. After some discussion, the resolutions were withdrawn by the mover and the convention adopted a brief and simple form of constitution for a County society, "for the purpose of disseminating the truths of Spiritualism and the philosophy of progress," to be known as "The Humboldt County Society of Spiritualists, and Friends of Progress and Free Thought."

After adopting the constitution, the offices provided by it, were filled by the election of W. J. Sweasey, Esq., Pres.; Mrs. A. A. Ricks, Vice Pres.; S. Cooper, Recorder and Cor. Sec.; and Lewis Tower, Treasurer; and Mrs. M. G. Strong, Mr. D. Pickard, and Dr. O. B. Payne, to form with the foregoing Officers, a Board of Directors. The Officers were duly installed, and assumed their respective offices; and after voting that a synopsis of the proceedings be presented to the papers of the county, and sent to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, *Banner of Light, Present Age, and American Spiritualist*, the convention adjourned.

At a meeting of the society, on the 19th of November, an arrangement was made to engage the services of Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain for one year, as a lecturer in the cause of Spiritualism, progress, and free thought, in Humboldt County.

Eureka, Cal.

Mr. Godbe's Lecture.

The essential principles of the peculiar community which exists in Utah were much enhanced in the estimation of those who attended the Cavendish Rooms on Sunday evening, by the very excellent address delivered by Mr. Godbe. We have heard several intelligent people confess that, with all their reading and investigation, the leading objects of Mormonism had been entirely misunderstood by them. The public have been presented with the perversions and crudities rather than the true spirit and purpose of that peculiar movement. Mr. Godbe has helped wonderfully to set the matter in its true light, and we are sorry that we can find space only for such a condensed abstract of his excellent remarks. Our friend is or has been a Mormon, and is profoundly initiated into the merits of that faith. It would appear that its founder was a medium, and that, like all other faiths, the Latter Day Saints had a spiritual origin and were a spiritual community. Under the reign of Brigham Young, however, this spiritual doctrine has been deteriorated and a selfish temporality instituted in its place, against which dire tyranny Mr. Godbe and his friends energetically protest.

His deliverance on Sunday evening was characterized by a clear philosophy, intelligence, promptness, energy, and a hearty philanthropic enthusiasm, aided and enlightened by spiritual truth. Hence, Mr. Godbe's principles can by no means be called Mormonism or any other sect, but represent a broad eclecticism or spiritual philosophy.

We are more than ever persuaded that the Mormon community has been engaged in a most important work, experimenting upon the great question of social and political institutions in harmony with spiritual principles. That they have erred in their attempts to arrive at the result desired is no argument against the utility of the effort, and upon the ashes of their defeat may yet be erected a structure to which the eyes of the world will in admiration be directed. Mr. Godbe is about to return to his home in the Far West; but should he be spared to pay us another visit, he will be received with the same cordial friendship as recently bid him a reluctant adieu on Sunday evening. It is long since we saw a stranger at Cavendish Rooms so hemmed in by a crowd of admirers, and the progress from one end of the hall to the other occupied the speaker nearly half an hour.—*Medium and Daybreak, England.*

A CURIOUS experiment was tried in Russia with some murderers. They were placed without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera; but the beds were, in fact, new and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within three hours.

—Use Nature's Hair Restorative. See Advertisement.

Mediums' Directory.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Directory, so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unbecoming conduct.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that some at the same time increase certain persons, another one medium gives satisfaction to friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

Chicago.

Bangs Children, 227 S. Morgan street.
Dr. W. Cleveland, 323 W. Madison Ave.
Mrs. A. Crooker, 179 W. Madison street.
Mrs. E. E. Coles, rear of 621 State St., on Victoria Ave.
Dr. D. C. Dake, 64, 24th street.
Mrs. DeWolf, 165 W. Madison street.
Dr. T. Hubbard, 1009 Monroe street.
Mrs. M. Jenks, 176 W. Van Buren street.
Mrs. Louisa Lovering, 281 W. Randolph street.
Mrs. S. L. McFadden and wife, 186 W. Washington St.
Mrs. C. Moody, 47.
Mrs. Phoebe Greenwood, 63 N. Halsted St.
Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Ave. #2.
Mr. Rose, State street.
Mrs. S. T. Vibber, 693 Indiana Ave.
T. J. Wilbur, 460 W. Randolph street.
Mrs. Mary E. Weeks, 1253, State St.

Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. S. Anthony, S. W. Cor. 7th and Catharine sts.
Miss A. M. Bulwer, 1235 S. 11th street.
Mrs. A. Keynor Blackley, 1229 N. 8th street.
Peter Beile, 229 N. 13th street.
H. P. Blaker, 513 S. 10th street.
Mrs. Sarah M. Buckwalter, 1027 Mt. Vernon street.
David S. Cadwallader, 1005 Race street.
Miss Emily Dick, 323 Race street.
Mrs. Glanville, 1712 W. 30th street.
Miss Jessie N. Goodell, 1516 Chestnut street.
Mrs. Annie Goodfellow, 412 Enterprise street.
Mrs. Glinesinger, 1230 Catharine street.
DeWitt C. Hough, 163 Race street.
Mrs. Mary Lamb, rear of 1317 N. Front street.
Mrs. Miller, 1717 Erie street.
Mrs. M. McLaughlin, 1009 Federal street.
Miss Mitchell, 244 Spruce street.
Mrs. C. A. Marshall, Brown above 11th.
Mrs. A. 612 N. 10th street.
Mrs. Jennie Martin, 1315 N. 16th street.
Mrs. Murr, 1532 Cherry street.
Miss Anna Murr, 1532 Cherry street.
Mrs. Mary Millard, S. W. Cor. 7th and Catharine Sts.
Mrs. Mary Palmer, 1459 N. 11th street.
Jacob L. Paxson, 1627 Mt. Vernon street.
Mrs. Powell, 429 Spruce street.
Samuel Paist, Hanover below Girard street.
Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, 1123 Brandywine street.
Mrs. H. Stoddard, 813 Race street.

Boston.

Mrs. Carlisle, 94 Camden street.
Dr. H. B. Storer.
Mrs. Julia M. Friend, 116 Harrison Ave.
Mrs. S. J. Stoddard, 133 Tremont street.
Dr. Main, 226 Harrison Ave.
Mrs. A. C. Latham, 292 Washington street.
Freeman Hatch, 8 Seaver Place.
Mrs. L. W. Letch, 97 Salisbury street.
Mrs. Marshall, 39 Edinboro street.
W. H. Mumler, 187 Mt. Vernon street.
Mrs. A. S. Eldridge, 1 Oak street.
Mrs. M. M. Hardy, 125 W. Concord street.
Samuel Grover, 33 Dix Place.
Mrs. F. C. Dexter, 231 Tremont street.

New York City.

Mrs. H. C. Anand, 157 Sixth Ave.
Jennie Danforth, 54 Lexington Ave.
R. W. Flint, 34 Clinton Place.
Miss Blanch Foley, 634 Third Ave.
Charles Foster, 15 12th street.
Miss H. N. Read, 157 Sixth Ave.
Mrs. H. Seymour, 140 Bleeker street.
Dr. Slade, 210 West 43d street.
Mrs. J. Cotton, 247 E. 31st street.
J. William Van Namee, 404 Fourth Ave.

Aurora, Ill.

Mrs. A. C. Smith.
Mrs. A. Swift.
Miss Helen Grover.
Mrs. M. E. Getchell, 413 E. Main street.
Dr. Mary Lewis.

Bloomington, Ill.

Mrs. Cartwright, 410 E. Fort street.
Mrs. Mollere.
Mrs. Emma Martin.

Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. E. W. Balcom.
Mrs. F. A. Logan.

Geneseo, Wis.

Mrs. E. W. Balcom.
Mrs. F. A. Logan.

Milwaukee, Wis.

A. B. Severance, and Mrs. J. S. Severance, M.D., 437 Milwaukee street.
W. W. Herring, 189 4th street.
Mrs. Carrie B. Wright, 440 East Water street.

Rockford, Ill.

Samuel Smith, box 1239.
Mrs. M. Colson.

Richmond, Ind.

Francis S. Haswell, 26 N. Marion street.
Dr. Samuel Maxwell, 72 S. Sixth street.

St. Charles, Ill.

Mrs. Leonard Howard.
D. P. Kayner, M.D.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lodema Atwood, Lake Mills, Wis.
M. A. Amphlett, Dayton, Ohio.
Dr. Atkinson, Marietta, Ohio.
Jennie Adams, box 1209, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. Mary E. Beach, San Jose, Cal.
Mrs. E. A. Blair, 166 Ride street, Salem, Mass.
Dr. H. Butler, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.
Mr. K. Cassien, 189 Bank St., Newark, N. J.
Mary J. Colson, 15 12th street, Ill.
Mrs. J. F. Currier, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mrs. Calkins, Green Garden, Ill.
Bell A. Chamberlain, Eureka, Cal.
Mrs. J. M. Drake, 24 Hoffman Block, Cleveland, O.
Doherty and Parrell, Indianapolis, Ind.
George M. Dunton, Alcona, Iowa.
W. J. Ellis, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. E. K. Eversol, Springfield, Mo.
Wm. B. Fahnestock, Lancaster, Pa. (Statuviolence).
David S. Fuller, Davenport, Iowa.
Alonso Fairchild, Rochester, N. Y.
J. B. Fayette, Oswego, N. Y.
Dr. B. W. Freeman, 116 Height St., Columbus, O.
Mrs. Wm. L. Gay, Canastota, New York.
Dr. J. M. Holland, 306 Upper Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
H. H. Hatch, 128 Kearney St., San Francisco.
Judge D. L. Hoy, Mobile, Ala.
U. S. Hamilton, Beloit, Wis.
Dr. E. Heal, 82 Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga.
Jennie Ferris.
Isabelle Jefferson, Traveling.
Mrs. S. A. Jesmer, Bridgewater, Vt.
Dr. P. T. Johnson, Ypsilanti, Mich.
J. W. Kenyon, Watertown, Wis.
Mrs. W. Kenyon, Taunton, Mass.
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A. Thomas, Lynden Station, Ohio.
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Religio-Philosophical Journal

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Fount of All Knowledge in the Material and Spiritual Realms—The Lesson the Elements Teach.

(NUMBER LXXI.)

There are thousands of anxious minds at the present time that are yearning for a solution of this question—"God or no God?" The superstitions that envelop many minds at the present time is really deplorable, and is well calculated to excite within each one a strong desire for a demonstration, a fact, or principle, that will convince them that an infinite God really exists. A God that does not possess omnipotence, omniscience, and is omnipresence, would not suit the reflective mind. Those three words have sent forth a doleful sound since the advent of Christ, and given rise to a dark, dismal, portentous cloud of superstition that has enveloped the whole world. The mind has become so accustomed to considering those three words in connection with a God, that one who did not possess the qualities thereof, would not receive a kind word or approving smile from any one.

To-day then, we must search for that which possesses omniscience and omnipotence, and is omnipresent, and by so doing endeavor to find a God such as humanity would undoubtedly like to worship.

We leave that objective being—God, and now venture forth to seek for the qualities which it is said he possesses. If we find them, we are content, and the world will rejoice. In Number Seventy of this series of articles, we asserted that matter not only eternally existed, but that it is the Fount of All Knowledge, one of the characteristics of a God which humanity worship. Matter, dumb, blind, and cannot feel as mortals do, yet it possesses passive omniscience. Strange, bewildering thought! What an assertion, yet it has within it all the elements of truth! We glance around us and we see matter producing all the varied phenomena of life. It is the source of power—refuse it as nourishment and the arm becomes weak and the body feeble. Try to learn anything outside of its laws, and you cannot progress! But here is a philosopher in search of God. He holds conversation with the elements. His eyes are keener than those of mortals, and he can see the various kinds of gases and spiritual elements as easily as the children of earth can observe the mist or fog that rises from the earth.

Philosopher—Ah, who are you who rises so gracefully from yonder apparatus?

Hydrogen—I am Hydrogen. I am one of the peculiar elements of the material world. To most eyes I am invisible, possessing neither taste nor smell, yet I am an important part of creation. To the mortals of earth I am the lightest body known, yet I can produce some strange and varied phenomena.

Philosopher—You seem to work strangely. Do you generally act alone?

Hydrogen—Sometimes I do. I have a brother who acts with me, and assisted by him we perform some startling feats. I do some wonderful things, even unassisted. Now, sir, I shall vanish, in order to teach you a lesson.

Water—Mr. Philosopher, how do you do, and what are you seeking for?

Philosopher—I am searching for knowledge. I have penetrated the deepest chasms of earth, explored its dense forests, traversed its numerous rivers, climbed its high mountains, carefully investigated the nature of its caves, and in so doing have learned many remarkable things.

Water—Your attention is directed in the right channel. No knowledge outside of matter; it alone contains the rich mines of practical information. Outside of it, nothing ever did, or can originate knowledge. It feeds the famished millions; they eat matter; drink matter; see nothing but matter; are enveloped with matter, and can do nothing outside of its laws. I am simply water.

Potassium—Mr. Philosopher, you are seeking for knowledge, and I propose to aid you.

Water is right in his declaration. There is no knowledge outside of the material world. Our mission is glorious, grand! Potassium can only find omniscience through the instrumentality of gross and refined matter. I cannot move, Mr. Philosopher, only when acted upon, so if you will please put me in that pool of Water that has been conversing with you, I will perform a wonderful gymnastic feat.

Philosopher—Here you go, Mr. Potassium, into the water.

Hydrogen—How are you, Philosopher? I am liberated again. That Potassium did its work quickly. When you put it into the Water, an instantaneous decomposition took place, potassium hydroxide was formed, and I was liberated. Oh! isn't this glorious? Had you not been kind enough to have placed that Potassium in the Water, I should have been there still, and you would have remained completely ignorant. You imagine yourself wise; but outside of our revelations you are idiotic. You can collect me by a simple process,—imprison me. If the Potassium be properly enfolded in a piece of wire gauze, and held in the water of the pneumatic trough under the aperture of a cylinder, the gas thus eliminated, can be collected, and its peculiar properties ascertained.

Match—Mr. Philosopher, you try to be a very wise man? You are as yet very ignorant. You can learn nothing outside of passive Matter. I am lying here flat on my back, anxious to teach you a lesson. Just ignite me, and apply me to the mouth of that jar, and you can produce a flame.

Hydrogen—Philosopher, I am burning now. Curious, indeed, is the manifestation of that pool of Water. This light I am now producing can be seen at a distance of fifteen miles. I desire to impress upon your mind the fact that in the material world is omniscience. A few hours ago, I was dwelling with my Brother Oxygen. As long as that continued we were known only as Water. That piece of Potassium destroyed the affinity between us, and I took my departure. United we could quench your thirst, purify your garments, extinguish any flame, and perform many remarkable achievements. Alone I can produce a brilliant flame, can melt the hardest piece of metal. United with my Brother Oxygen we could not do that, but could cool the hottest piece of iron. I only consist of one-ninth of the weight of Water. Put a dry glass over this flame and the result is, Water is again produced, owing to its condensation into drops on its cold dry surface.

Water—Well, Mr. Philosopher, I am amused at your experiment. We are teaching you a little chemistry. Matter contains all knowledge, and it is given to mankind when they are prepared to receive it. I am simply Water. I know nothing outside of my own organization. I speak only for my individual self. I have an element within me, Oxygen. It forms nearly eight-ninths of my weight, and when liberated will burn with an intense heat.

Cold Breeze—Philosopher, you seem bewildered. Ha, ha, you don't appear very wise when holding communion with the material world! Without us you would be powerless to do anything. I propose to blow awhile now. You have been gazed at long enough. I desire to experiment a little.

Philosopher—(Rubs his ears.) Ah, how cold it is! My nose and ears feel as if a thousand insects were stinging them! How they pain me! Indeed, how I suffer! How torturing the sensation! But now they have stopped afflicting (being frozen) me.

He looked toward the pool of Water, but it had vanished, and there arose before him a strange, white body!

Snow—Mr. Philosopher, are you insane? A few hours ago, I was conversing with you as hydrogen and oxygen gas, and produced a flame that could be seen for many miles. I see your ears are frozen. It was Water as fine mist falling upon them that did the mischievous work. You are ignorant. You are decidedly illiterate. Take some of my beautiful crystal snowflake and apply to your right ear, and watch the effect.

Philosopher—Ah, it stings again—and now has resumed its natural feeling and appearance.

Snow—But your other ear is frozen, too. Yonder is some hot water; apply that to the other ear.

Philosopher—Oh, how it stings! Why, it has fallen off my head. You have ruined me, you villain!

Snow—I only did this to teach you a lesson. I did my work well. I am only Water, crystallized, as it were. The material world is your instructor. The cold Snow saved one ear; but the hot Water destroyed the other. Throughout all the material world, there is this diversity of action. As Snow, I can extinguish fire, but as Oxygen Gas, I burn brilliantly.

Ray of Light—Philosopher, you are searching after knowledge; it originates in the material world. I will teach you a lesson. Glance at that body of Snow.

Philosopher—Why, it is growing smaller in bulk, and now has disappeared altogether. Indeed this is peculiar.

Ray of Light—I accomplished that remarkable feat,—through the instrumentality of the passive power within me.

Mist—Halloo, Philosopher, here I am. You are the most consummate ignoramus I ever saw. You cannot appreciate a change of status. Don't open your eyes so wide in wonder! I am not a fairy, although I have such a wisp of a robe, and can ride in the air. There I was then, here I am now; there I was as water, here I am on the wings of the wind; there I was in part as a flame melting iron and illuminating the darkest night, here I am as a sort of wet blanket making all things look cold and dreary. But now look out! Below me, about a quarter of a mile is a cold current of air. Watch me,—I am being condensed into rain-drops, and now I am passing through this

cold current of air, and that changes my nature again.

Hailstone—Philosopher, you are searching after knowledge. You are on the right track. Here I am before you, a perfect sphere, nearly as hard as a stone. What a change. One minute I am a fluid, then off I start on a ray of light, and form a cloud, then rain-drops, then a hailstone, then am changed to gases and burn with a brilliant flame. The material world is a teacher. It impresses the mind of the children of earth with grand truths. A canoe curiously driven on the coast of Spain by a favorable wind, impressed Columbus with the fact that a New World existed. A pair of spectacles impressed upon the mind of a genius an idea that led to the construction of a telescope. The elements around you are constantly awakening in your mind grand truths.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Calamities—Their Author—Is There a Compensation?

In this number of the JOURNAL we propose to further investigate and consider the subject of Calamities and their Compensation.

In considering the subject thus far, we have seen that there is a great law of progression, which, by slow degrees, is developing everything in existence, from lower to higher planes. We have shown that death and new birth is incident to all things—to all development; there is nothing that is at absolute rest; change is common to all things.

We have further seen that when a great and sudden change takes place, often the consequences are great suffering, mental and physical. In such cases they are denominated Calamities.

We have further seen that thought is thereby awakened, and that religious misdirection often results in perverting such newly-awakened thoughts into a belief contrary to all rational philosophy—into a belief that is enslaving to the soul.

When we consider how easily children are frightened at an unusual sound or sight, it is not a matter of surprise to the thinking mind that the early inhabitants of the earth, in their benighted condition, were frightened into any belief that a "chieftain" told them was true.

The conclusion naturally arrived at is simply this. Ignorance is the bane of life—the mother of superstition and intolerance; hence, it follows that all the errors in the popular religious beliefs of the present era, had their origin in ignorance, and are to-day venerated and recognized as true by the ignorance of the devotees who compose the rank and file of the numerous sects.

Then the question arises, how are we to rid the world of religious ignorance and intolerance? How is the world to be rid of so great a calamity?—a calamity that has caused nearly all the wars that have devastated and deluged the world with blood; that calamity that has used the burning fagot, the sword, and every conceivable instrument of torture, to crush out light and knowledge.

Give us light—more light! is the watchword of every spiritual philosopher. We are happy in the thought that wisdom brings a great and ample compensation for all that the human family have suffered, in passing through all the different phases of calamities with which the world has ever been visited.

We know the law of progression so well that we readily understand that all new thoughts have their birth as a result of pain and sorrow. As human mothers give birth to their children in pain and sorrow, so does mother nature instill into our minds through anxiety, pain and suffering, our best thoughts.

It is an irksome task for the child to learn his first lessons—alternate sunshine and storm—ups and downs,—even so with children of a larger growth!

It must be obvious to the understanding of most people that all experience is profitable, however severe, painful, and even disgusting it may be, and it brings a rich compensation to the soul whose degree of development compelled him to pass such an ordeal. In following his life line through such terrible scenes, he was true to the law of cause and effect.

Hence, the necessity that means should be instituted which will afford other and pleasanter facilities for the development of the mind than are found in intense suffering. Where better facilities do not exist we have to pass through the scenes incident to a more barbarous age, instead of profiting by the experience of others.

Intelligence is the remedy for all social evils. When we speak of intelligence we mean that intelligence—that general understanding—that makes men and women wise in all departments of life; that intelligence that shall lead them to weigh and consider cause and effect, as necessarily a fundamental principle in nature.

It is said that charity covereth a multitude of sins. When it is considered that every effect is the result of a legitimate cause, wisdom says the being through whom the act was wrought, did that and that only which was legitimate to his then condition.

Hence, if you would have better acts, make better conditions. Right here is where the charity referred to commences its mission,—no virtue in the so-called charitable person, but a legitimate result from his standpoint, or stage of development. Hence, it follows that past experience of the world teaches the great lesson, if you would avoid calamities—the effect of evil—educate the people.

It may be replied, "Our systems of education are almost perfect, and yet look at the visitations of God, in the burning of Chicago, and Peshtigo, the freezing of the people the present winter in Iowa and Nebraska. Look at the storm that sunk our ships and drowned our sailors; the famine and pestilence that stalks about this very hour in Persia, cutting down innocent men, women, and children, as

well as the ignorant, dissolute vagabonds; and tell us how knowledge, how art and science, is going to remedy 'such terrible scourings as God so often inflicts upon a wicked and perverse generation.' Tell us what good your dreamers, your mediums, your thinkers, will do when God sees fit to 'pour out his vials of wrath!'"

That is just what we expect to do before we get through with this series of articles, but it is well to familiarize the mind with these conditions that have been attributed to God's wrath. It is well to fully understand that the teachers, the so-called evangelical teachers, are instilling into the minds of the children, the youth, the middle-aged, and the old,—those comprising the educated and the polished classes of this enlightened age,—the abominable doctrine that God gets angry with them and burns Sodom and Gomorrah, Chicago and Peshtigo; causes the volcanoes to belch forth fire and lava, to consume whole cities, the earth to open its mouth to swallow any reformer and his followers, who dare presume to question Moses's God, citing as authority the case of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.

It is well to take a thorough look at the educated and refined Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Latter Day Saints, etc., etc., who believe in these doctrines, and which are daily being in substance taught to religionists the world over, and see if there is need of learning more science and philosophy and less religion.

We shall say more upon this subject by and by.

Is It Kind?

Is it kind for those who have received this paper for one year and upward to longer withhold payment for the same? We have been burned out to the extent of over sixteen thousand dollars, dead loss, over and above all insurance we shall receive. Every year's subscription of three dollars, costs us cash out \$2.75; hence, if we get pay promptly in advance, we only make twenty-five cents a year on a subscriber. Those who keep us out of our money compel us to raise it from other sources. We have sunk, including our loss by the great fire, over forty-one thousand dollars, in getting the JOURNAL before the public in a shape to make it an unquestionable guarantee in itself, of its permanency.

In view of these facts is it kind in those who owe us from one to fifteen dollars to longer delay payment, while so many appreciative and generous men and women in different parts of the country, are donating liberally to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, to enable us to send the JOURNAL free to a large class who would otherwise be denied so great a privilege?

We make this distinct appeal in the name of common justice, and those who do not heed this call may expect to see their names published in the JOURNAL ere long as delinquents, giving the amount of their indebtedness, there to remain until paid.

We dislike to do so, but we see no other way to get our just dues. No man need think we desire to send our paper on credit. We do so, only to aid those who are not always able to pay in advance, and with no expectation to continue to do so for a single year, and yet many have taken advantage of our credit system for a series of years. Is it doing as you would be done by?

Notice.—Southern Spiritualists.

Dean Clark, one of the most popular inspirational speakers in the field, has started on a lecturing tour through the South, and desires immediate application from those who wish for a thorough exposition of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. Brother Clark possesses several mediumistic gifts, such as speaking "in divers kinds of tongues," "healing by laying-on of hands," the power of psychometrical reading of character, and the needs of individuals, physical and mental, etc., and is thoroughly conversant with the various manifestations, as occurring in the presence of other media, and having had nearly six year's experience as a writer and speaker upon Spiritualism, he is thoroughly qualified to present the subject to our Southern friends, who will, we trust, at once avail themselves of his valuable services, by applying by letter to 1919 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Brother Clark will receive subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and other Spiritual papers, and be in every way useful to our cause. We commend him to our Southern friends.

Just for a Change.

The following letter is the first one of the kind we have received for the last three years. We publish it for the sake of the contrast.

It is with pleasure that we discontinue sending the JOURNAL to Mr. Swan, and inform him that he is indebted for the same thirty-five cents.

If there are any others who occupy the same plane of thought in regard to the JOURNAL, they will oblige by following his example immediately. Our just dues for arrearsages will satisfy us much better than to send the paper on credit for a long time, and then receive a complaining letter that it is not wanted—or the employment, as is sometimes the case, of an Orthodox postmaster, to send a lying letter saying the subscriber has moved away. Such postmasters we invariably report to the Postmaster General,—and as invariably they get their walking papers. But here is the letter:

MR. S. S. JONES—Sir: You will please stop sending me your paper, for I think it a disgrace to humanity to read such a paper.

If I owe you anything, send me the amount and I will send it to you by return mail; but do not want your paper any longer. Yours, in haste, T. D. SWAN.

Hopeville, Iowa, Jan. 3, 1872.

Weakness rushes to extremes; actual strength preserves an equilibrium.

Spirit Artist.

Sometime before the great fire in Chicago, Bro. J. B. Fayette, of Oswego, New York, sent us a nice spirit likeness of our daughter in spirit life.

She passed from this life when she was only nine weeks of age, and was about twenty years in spirit life when the painting was executed. Of course we would not know whether it was a genuine likeness or not, except the general family resemblance, and the color of the hair. That portrait was burned up in the general conflagration along with many other spirit paintings we had in our reception room.

Bro. Fayette has recently sent us two more very beautiful portraits. One of them is a reproduction of the one burned, of our spirit daughter. She now presents herself looking still more youthful, and her hair is combed back, flowing loosely down her back.

The other, Mr. Fayette informs us, is the likeness of an aunt of our spirit daughter, who has been in spirit life over thirty years, and was twenty-four years of age when she departed this life. No likeness of her was ever taken. It is difficult for us to decide in regard to the accuracy of the likeness. The countenance is fresh and lovely, and so was hers. The hair is represented as golden tinge, but much darker than our spirit daughter's. That was the case with the lady in this life.

Considering the difficulty a spirit has to encounter in impressing a medium artist's mind to perfectly delineate their likeness on canvas, we are well satisfied with the paintings; aye, more, we are delighted with them, and shall ever bear Bro. Fayette and the spirit guide who controls him in his works of art, in grateful remembrance for these beautiful paintings. We have them neatly framed, and on exhibition in our reception room. Our friends are always welcome when they feel like calling to examine them.

Birthday of Thomas Paine.

In accordance with previous notice, a number of the friends of liberal ideas met at the liberal bookstore of Warren Chase & Co., 614 North 5th street, St. Louis, January 14th, to make arrangements for commemorating the 134th anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine, on the 28th of January, 1872.

On motion of Mr. Hall, Hon. Warren Chase was chosen chairman; L. S. McCoy secretary. After deliberative discussion it was resolved to hold two meetings on Sunday, January 28th, in commemoration of the Author-Hero of the American Revolution, and that Warren Chase be requested to deliver an eulogy on his life and services, and to procure such other speakers as he may think proper and expedient to assist in said meetings, the same to be held at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., in the hall at the southeast corner of 9th street and Washington avenue, where the liberal spiritual lectures are held every Sunday.

The officers were directed to send notices of the above arrangements to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the Banner of Light and the Boston Investigator, and to have suitable notices put in four of the daily papers of St. Louis.

The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

Arrangements are also being made to have a ball on the night of the 29th.

D. S. McCoy, Secretary.
St. Louis, January 14th, 1872.

The American Spiritualist.

The above-named journal has removed from Cleveland to New York City, and makes the announcement that it will hereafter be published weekly.

Hudson Tuttle, who has been one of its editors while published at Cleveland, has withdrawn from the editorial chair he has heretofore occupied, and published his valedictory; will in future be heard in its columns only as a correspondent.

This paper seems to be devoutly committed to the Woodhull & Claflin "new departure" party. J. M. Peebles and Geo. A. Bacon, Editors; A. A. Wheelock, Managing Editor. Terms \$2.50 per year.

Lyman C. Howe.

Our sanctum was illuminated on Thursday last, by the genial countenance of Lyman C. Howe, whose soul-thrilling eloquence has been instrumental in doing so much good in the cause of Spiritualism. He is at present lecturing to the Society of Spiritualists in this city. Good audiences greet him. He is a trance speaker, and under the influence of his spirit guide, his improvisation of poetry are exceedingly beautiful.

Only \$1.50 a Year to Trial Subscribers.

THE JOURNAL for one year, is now offered to new subscribers at less than the cost of the paper upon which it is printed. ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR to all who subscribe between now and the fifteenth day of April next. Read in this number of the JOURNAL the article entitled "A Generous Soul—do Good he will Accomplish."

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—Nature's Hair Restorative brings back the original color. It is not a dye, and clear as crystal. Contains nothing injurious. See advertisement.

Be thorough in all things, but temperate nevertheless; let not your radicalism become mobism; with the aid of Reason strike to the roots of the tree of Evil, but take heed that the splinters thrown up do not injure those of your neighbors who from indirection have sheltered themselves beneath the shades of it.

DR. GUTHRIE, in a recent address, told a very suggestive story, to this effect: A friend of his, questioning a little boy, said, "When your father and mother were young, Johnny, do you know who will take you up?" "Yes, sir," "And who?" the friend. "The perils," answered Johnny.

LIFE alone can impart life; and, though we should burst, we can only be valued as we make ourselves valuable.—Emerson.

Items of Interest.

—Dr. S. Underhill is lecturing in Marshall county, Ill. He soon starts for Green Co., N. Y.

—Dr. E. B. Wheelock has been entertaining the citizens of Georgia City and Medoc, Mo.

—It is said that the indefatigable Horace Greeley donated a cradle to a recent woman's rights fair.

—Louis Schlesinger, a German resident of New York City, has lately been developed as a very fine healing medium.

—Happiness is the sure ultimate; and they have the truest wealth who keep this faith intact within their souls.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey gave us a call a few days since. He had been delivering a course of lectures at Algonquin, Illinois.

—It seems from well educated facts that the two great events of life are being born and dying. After the turmoil—rest.

—Levi Dinkelspiel is lecturing at St. Joseph, Mo. He would like to make engagements in Kansas for week-day and Sunday lectures.

—A colored preacher said prayer was necessary to the christian—prayer ennobles—prayer transports, the man into a talking presence with God—"tis prayer what gibs de devil de lock-jaw."

—Every Saturday says one of the witticisms of Baltimore is that the Episcopal General Convention declares that the word "regenerate" is used in the baptismal service of the church in a Pickwickian sense.

—Cephas B. Lynn gave us a call last week on his way to Delano, Wisconsin. He is the Western Localizer for the *Journal of Light*. His items are always brilliant and interesting. His permanent address is Sturgis, Mich.

—A brother (no name attached to letter) writes from Delano, Kan., stating that the Spiritualists there stand in need of a good medium. The town is only one year and eight months old, yet contains a population of 3,000.

—At a late Plymouth Church picnic, Mr. Beecher was asked why he did not dance. "There is but one reason," he replied. "I don't know how. The only dancing I ever did was when my father furnished the music and used me as a fiddle. I took all the steps then."

—"Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth."—St. James.

—"The conflagration of a city, with all its tumult of concomitant distress, is one of the most dreadful spectacles which this world can offer to human eyes."—Dr. Johnson.

—The much-talked-of union between the Baptists and Congregationalists of England seems likely to be consummated. Such a union would no doubt attract the attention of God for a time, and possibly prevent him burning more of our western towns.

—E. SPRAGUE, Sir: Your note of December 2d came to hand Dec. 19th, as published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, notifying me of your choice of place to hold said discussion, namely, Hillsdale, Mich. I will designate the time as proposed, Saturday, January 28th, half-past 6 p. m., probably at the Spiritual Hall in said city. Yours, ELIJAH WOODWORTH.

—The Calhoun County Circle held their annual meeting at Marshall, Mich., January 13th and 14th. Much interest was manifested. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. P. Averill of Battle Creek, President; Mrs. C. Fisher, of Marshall, Vice-President; Mrs. M. E. Cornell, of Battle Creek, Secretary; Mrs. Addie Bishop, Treasurer.

—We learn from an exchange that our old friend, Col. H. L. Clayton well-known in this city as a rising young lawyer and interesting writer, has been appointed Superintendent of schools for Navarro county, Texas. We congratulate our friends in that section on their good fortune in obtaining the services of Col. Clayton and they may rest assured that his work will be well done.

—Of Turner's Woman's Rights bill in the legislature, the Chicago *Evening Post* thus remarks: Of Turner's bill now in our legislature, H. Greeley says, "It is violence to nature. What right has woman, safe from war's alarms, To cast a ballot when she do not bear arms?" "For shame!" shouts Mrs. Huff in lofty dudgeon. "For shame! Go to! Get out, you old curmudgeon! What right have you, with all your talk bewilderin', To cast a ballot when you do not bear children?"

—Dr. N. A. Durnham writes to us from southern Illinois, stating that Charles H. Read has been astonishing the good people of Du Quoin, Carbondale, and Marion, with his wonderful tests. He speaks in high terms of his mediumship, enumerating the wonderful things done in his presence, such as placing steel rings and chairs on his arms, and taking off his coat when he is securely tied, precluding the possibility of the feats being performed by Mr. Read himself.

—After a protracted struggle of several months, the Jesuits have been expelled from Guatemala. The exiled Fathers, eighty in number, will probably go to Ecuador, as none of the other States in Central America will receive them. In retaliation, the clerical party has armed some Indian bands, who got up an insurrection in the district of Chiquimala and Santa Rosa; but they have been defeated with great loss by the troops under General Borrios, leaving several hundred dead upon the field.

There is no reason why a Christian man or minister should not take as deep or deeper interest in the welfare of his country than he who is given to vice and corruption. The country would be sadly deserted if Christian men should renounce all responsibility for its laws and their execution.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

If the country was in the charge of such divines as had control of the "Methodist Book Concern" in New York City, it would sink lower in the scale of morality than any government on earth; yet the *Advocate* would like to see just such men with the public reins in their hands.

—A course of lectures on Psychological Medicine, by Dr. Frederick R. Marvin, was commenced at the Thompson Free Medical College for women, No. 245 East Fifty-third street, New York City, Thursday, January 4th, at 2 o'clock, p. m. Subjects: January 4th, Mind and Matter; January 11th, The Human Brain; January 18th, Outlines of Disordered Mental Action; January 25th, Specific Forms of Disordered Mental Action; February 1st, Illusion and Hallucination; February 8th, Reverie and Abstraction; February 15th, Sleep; February 22nd, Death.

—The *Western Catholic* is responsible for the statement that "Shoo Fly" has been parodied for Sunday schools after this fashion:

Satan, don't bodder me—
Satan, don't bodder me—
Satan, don't bodder me—
For I belong to Company G.

I hear, I hear, I hear,
I hear de organ's tones;
I feel, I feel, I feel
Religion in my bones.

Satan, don't bodder me, etc.

—The New York *Tribune* says Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has begun her reading and lecture engagements in the East. She has delivered her lecture on the great Chicago fire, at Newburg and one or two other cities on the Hudson, before approving audiences. Her discourse is interesting, abounding in incidents which came under her personal observation, many of them entirely fresh, and illustrating not only the dire calamity, but the peculiarities and characteristics of human nature. The style of the lecture is easy and entertaining, often eloquent, and is excellently delivered.

—The revision of the Bible, undertaken within the English Church, is to be participated in by a number of our American scholars. We doubt not the original company of American revisers will be largely increased before the work is begun. To see representatives of so many branches of the church in America uniting fraternally in this great work, is most gratifying and cheering, for a Yankee spirit will be imparted to it which would not otherwise possess. Divest the Bible of its immoral passages, its contradictions, its lamentations and songs, and infuse it with a "wooden nutmeg," Yankee inspiration, and it will do something toward evangelizing Connecticut. Otherwise it can't influence the morals of that State at all.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Sometimes called the "Quaker poet," because he was born and educated in the Society of Friends. He is also well known as the poet of freedom. His soul-stirring lines against tyranny and in favor of liberty for all mankind, have thrilled millions of souls, and will continue to be read and sung wherever written language is known.

All true poetry is inspirational, and the key to the inspiration has been given us by Spiritualism. Angel fingers from the poet's heaven touch the lyre of a poetic soul, and out roll the harmonious numbers to bless humanity. Whittier's broad and noble soul takes in all humanity, and hence all that he writes has the ring of true poetry.

A friend sent us a complete volume of Whittier's poems.

When we say Whittier is inspired, we mean just this, that spirits give utterance to their rhythmic notes of love and beauty through his organism. We have evidence of this, as well in the beautiful and thrilling poetry, chaste and classic as it is, as in the spiritual utterances which abound in these.

We have frequently quoted these as expressing our sentiments. We give below lines on the death of Lucy Hooper, which we think every reader will be glad to preserve.

In these times when gems of thought appear so frequently in our papers which we desire to preserve, every one should have scrap books. We have many of them for various subjects. Here is a very simple plan by which all may have these at very small expense. Get a well bound printed volume, not very thick, but large enough to take in two volumes of the paper, select one with thick and good paper, and you will have a better and more convenient scrap book than any that you can buy at the stores under that name.

LUCY HOOPER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—
That all of thee we loved and cherished
Has with thy summer roses perished;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An ashen memory in its stead—
The twilight of a parted day
Whose fading light is cold and vain;
The heart's faint echo of a strain
Of low sweet music passed away.
That true and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing with a glad untrifling
Its sunny light on all around,
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good;
And sympathies which found no rest
Save with the loveliest and best.
Of them—of thee, remains there naught
But sorrow in the mourner's breast?
A shadow in the land of thought?
No! Even my weak and trembling faith
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
And human fear have drawn about
The all-awaiting scene of death.
Even as thou wast, I see thee still,
And, save the absence of all ill
And pain and weariness which here
Summoned the sigh, or wrung the tear,
The same as when, two summers back,
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
And heard thy low, soft voice alone
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
Of pine leaves, by the west wind blown.
There's not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all we knew or loved in thee,
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality!

Not mine the sad and freezing dream
Of souls that with their earthly mould
Cast off the loves and joys of old—
Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,
As pure, as passionless, and cold.
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one—
In blank annihilation blest;
Dust-atoms of the Infinite—
Sparks, scattered from the central light,
And winning back, through mortal pain
Their old unconsciousness again.
No!—I have friends in Spirit Land—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others, but themselves are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change—the holy moonlight breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper waking—
A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee 'midst the household graves,
Where father, brother, sister, lie;
Below thee sweep the daisied blue waves
Above thee bend the summer sky.
Thy own loved church in sadness read
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
That church whose rites and liturgy
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
Undoubted to thy bosom taken
As symbols of a faith unshaken.
Even I, of simpler views, could feel
The beauty of thy trust and zeal,
And, owning not thy creed, could see
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,
And how thy fervent heart had thrown
O'er all, a coloring of its own,
And kindled up, intense and warm,
A life in every word and form.
As, when in Chebar's banks of old,
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
A spirit filled the vast machine—
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little while, and we
Who knew thee well and loved thee here,
One after one, shall follow thee,
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts mean while;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song.
All lovely things by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee,
These green hills where thy childhood roved—
Yon river winding to the sea—
The sun-set light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
Of rainbow-tinted woods—
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tender meaning for thy sake;
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory.

Manifestations at Moravia, N. Y.

John F. Chew, of Camden, has just returned from Moravia, and reports that on his arrival there on Saturday, January 6th, he found they were holding circles every day.

The plan was to form a circle of nine, in the room that has been described to the readers of the *JOURNAL*. They commenced by sitting in the dark, and singing. In a few minutes there was a sound as if water was thrown upon them. The spirits

soon joined in the singing, and would call for certain pieces. They asked for "John Brown's March," and were especially pleased with one they called for:

"John Brown's whiskey jug is empty on the shelf."

After sitting half an hour, the light was turned on, and an Indian spirit presented himself, giving the name of Owassa, Dr. Slade's guide. He said he had come back to talk with Mr. Chew.

Two brothers, from Detroit, were present. Their mother came, and was recognized by them. She talked very plainly to them about their family matters.

Mr. Thomas Hazard, of Providence, was present, and received several tests. A gentleman from New York City recognized two sons and his wife. There were eight or ten persons seen and recognized on that day.

On Sunday there were two circles held. A lady from Buffalo saw her father and her husband, whom she fully recognized. The resemblance of the father to the lady was noticed by all present. There were twenty-eight persons in the room.

During the week in which Mr. Chew remained, there were several hundred persons present, nearly all of whom saw some of the manifestations. A few could not see anything.

An Indian spirit named Hontour appeared several times, and talked in broken English. At one time she was dressed in red, at another in white.

Numerous hands were seen; as many as six or eight at a time. They would reach out a long distance. A gentleman recognized the hand of his wife, with the representation of a ring which he had given to her while in the form.

Some of the faces were less distinct than others, and in some instances the voices were weak, while in others they were loud and distinct.

The spirits often sang by themselves.

A lady who had been there two days and had not received anything, started for home, but felt that she must return. Sitting in the dark circle, her little boy said:

"Here is Edward, mother."

After the light was turned up, he appeared very plainly, and spoke to her in reply to various questions; related many incidents of his life which were very comforting and satisfactory to her.

A gentleman waited three days without getting anything, when his father-in-law and three sisters came and gave him various tests.

Mr. Chew's mother appeared to him, and was positively recognized by him, and seen by all present. She spoke to him for about fifteen minutes, in regard to her family, and gave numerous tests.

A young gentleman connected with the Baptist Church, superintendent of a Sunday School, and leader of a choir, saw the form of his sister, who had recently died of consumption during his absence. She was very plainly recognized by all present. Stepping back a little, she coughed two or three times, and holding a white handkerchief to her mouth, showed the appearance of blood that she had raised. She repeated this several times, and the recognition was perfect. She said in a clear though feeble voice:

"I followed my body to the grave, and thought what a folly it was for my friends to weep for me; for I was so much better off."

She also gave her brother some good advice.

Married.

Married, in Pleasant Grove near Lake Zurich, Lake County, by Samuel Rheagan, Esq., Mr. Wm. Brown, formerly of Michigan and Miss Della Kelly, of Rockton, Illinois.

Michigan papers please copy.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Mount Nebo, Athens Co., Ohio, December 26th, 1871. Passed to the world of immortality, Mr. Charles Curtis, age 80 years, fully ripe for the harvest. He left Birmingham about a year ago to erect a spiritual home here, known as the Morning Star Community.

Also from the same place, Mrs. Sarah L. Curtis, the wife of Eli Curtis, aged 54 years, formerly of Birmingham, Michigan. She crossed the River of Death December 14th, 1871. She had been a Spiritual teacher for many years as a writing and speaking medium.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Otisco Society of Spiritualists will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Cooks Corners, Mich., the second Saturday and Sunday of February, 10th and 11th, 1872.

Charles Andrews will address the meeting. Cordial invitation is extended to all, and arrangements will be made to entertain friends from a distance.

MRS. E. WETER, Sec. A. WRIGHT, Pres.

New Advertisements.

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT. SEND TEN CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated book on the system of vitalizing treatment.

WANTED, A GOOD PHOTOGRAPHER to work in a first-class gallery, in a town of five thousand inhabitants, at good wages and board. For further particulars address: J. R. Martin, Lock Box 60, Paris, Ill.

v11n19 2t

Rubber Goods.

All dealers and consumers of FRENCH and other fine INDIA-RUBBER GOODS will advance their interests by addressing **NORRIS & CO., Rubber Manufacturers**, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Co-operation.

Having discovered valuable coal and mineral beds, and being desirous of using them for the PRACTICAL APPLICATION of the HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY TO LIFE, we solicit the correspondence of those interested. Address Wm. W. Myers, State Centre, Marshall Co., Iowa.

v11n18 5t

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS. Do you want an agency, LOCAL OR TRAVELING, with an opportunity to make \$5 to \$20 a day, selling our new 7 strand, White Wire Clothes Lines? They last forever. Sample free; so there is no risk. Address at once, **Hudson River Wire Works**, Cor. Water St. and Maiden Lane, N. Y., or 346 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

NEEDLES

AND NEEDLE CASES.

A Handsome Case and One Hundred of the Best Egg-Eyed Needles, by mail, for 25 cents. Stores and Peddlers furnished at satisfactory prices. Eight different kinds—samples of each sent at wholesale price, free by mail. Address F. S. COX, Milford, Mass.

v11n16 3m

FRUIT TREES.

Cayuga Nurseries, Auburn, New York.

Large and Well-assorted Varieties of PEAR and CHERRY TREES. Light Trees for Western Market will be furnished at Low Rates.

At Stock Extra Fine and Healthy. Pear Seed. Having imported Pear Seed for several years through a partner in France, I am prepared to furnish the Best Quality at Small Profits. Send for Sample and Price List.

For Catalogue, Price Lists, and further information, address P. B. BRISTOL, CAYUGA NURSERIES, Auburn, New York.

v11n18

Medium's Column.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 34 Clinton Place, New York City. Terms \$2.00 and three stamps. Money refunded when not answered.

J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M.D., box 5120, New York City, will examine patients by lock of hair, until further notice, for \$1.00 and two stamps. Give full name, age, and one leading symptom of disease. v11n18 1t

MINNIE MYERS,

Testand Business Medium, will receive calls at all hours from 9 o'clock A.M. to 9 P.M., except Sundays, from 2 to 4 P.M. Terms \$1.00 a sitting. Residence 169 Fourth Ave., up stairs, Chicago.

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, 67 Mul- sealed or otherwise, give PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS, or Reading of Character, from writing, hair, or photograph. Terms from two to five dollars and four three-cent stamps. v11n14 1t

DR. JOHN A. ELLIOTT, THE HEALER,

Is at 25 Bond street. Call from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Will examine patients at a distance by lock of hair, and prescriptions will be given where they will apply. Magnetic remedies prepared and sent by express on moderate terms. Inclose \$2.00 and two stamps, with lock of hair, full name and age, with one leading symptom of disease, and address care of box 5120. New York P. O.

Clairvoyance.

Dr. P. T. Johnson examines diseases by receiving a lock of hair, name, and age, stating sex—\$1.00 accompanying the order. He also prepares a sure antidote for opium and morphine cases; three months will cure the most inveterate case. Charges, six dollars per month. He also prepares a cure for acute, 50 cents per bottle. Will be sent by express. Address him at Ypsilanti, Mich.

v11n17 1t

D. W. HULL.

Psychometric and Clairvoyant Physician Will diagnose diseases and give prescriptions from a lock of hair or photograph, the patient having required to give name, age, residence, etc. A better diagnosis will be given by giving him the leading symptoms, but sceptics are not required to do so. Watch the papers for his address, or direct to Holbert, Ind., and wait till the letters can be forwarded to him. Terms \$3.00. Money refunded when he fails to get in rapport with the patient. v11n17 1t

Dr. Samuel Maxwell,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

TREATS the sick by magnetic touch, and the use of appropriate magnetized remedies. Also makes clairvoyant examinations. Patients to be treated by letter should send age, sex, and leading symptoms. Board in private families if desired. Come to our address, **SAMUEL MAXWELL, M.D.**

72 South Sixth St., Richmond, Ind.

v10n17

The Well-known Psychometrist,

A. B. SEVERANCE.

Will give to those who visit him in person, or from autograph, or from lock of hair, readings of character, marked changes, past and future, advice in regard to business, diagnosis of disease, with prescription, adaptation of those intending marriage, directions for the management of children, hints to the inharmoniously married, etc. Terms, \$2.00 for full delineation; brief delineation, \$1.00.

A. B. SEVERANCE, 457 Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis.

v1n13 1t

DR. ABBA LORD PALMER.

Box 201, New Boston, Ill.

Wonderful Psychometrist, and Clairvoyant Physician, Soul-Reader, and Business Medium.

Can diagnose disease by likeness, autograph, lock of hair, without a failure, and give prescription which, if followed, will surely cure.

Can trace stolen property, tell the past, present, and future, advise concerning business, and give written communications from spirit friends.

Diagnosis of disease with prescription, \$2.00. Communications from spirit friends, \$3.00. Delineation of character, with advice concerning marriage, \$1.00.

v1n10 1t

EUREKA!

PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDIES; Prepared by the Celebrated Analytical Physician, **Dumont C. Dake, M.D.**, which for years have been used with unparalleled success in the Doctor's private practice throughout the Union, are now introduced to the public.

THE ELIXIR

Cures all diseases of the blood, permanently eradicating all cancerous, scrofulous, syphilitic erysipelas and excrementitious matter from the system. Price \$2.50 per bottle.

THE CHYLIFIER

Cures nervous depression, and loss of vital force, pain in the region of the kidneys across small of back, prostration and general weakness, headache, gloominess of mind, and costiveness. Price \$2.50 per bottle.

CEPHALIC POWDERS.

An unequalled compound for the speedy cure of Catarrh. Price \$2.00 per package.

Full directions with each remedy expressed or mailed promptly to any address prepaid on receipt of price. Laboratory offices and residence, No. 64 Twenty-fourth street, Chicago, Ill. Chronic complaints exclusively and successfully treated. Send for Analytical Journal, free. Address all letters to Dumont C. Dake, M.D. Box 30, Chicago, Ill.

v11n16 1t

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

Healing, Psychometric, and Business Medium.

148 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. ROBINSON while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the brief practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought in rapport with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the positive and negative forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal remedy or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any change that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business, and trance medium.

Terms:—Diagnosis and first prescription, \$3.00; each subsequent one, \$2.00. Psychometric Delineation of character, \$5.00. Answering Business Letters, \$3.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply.

Spence's Positive and Negative Powders for sale at this office.

Original Essays.

PSYCHOLOGY, STATUVOLENCE, AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY D. P. KAYNER, M.D.

The word *Psychology* is a compound of two Greek words—*psyche*, the soul, and *logos*, a discourse. Webster defines it—"A discourse or treatise on the human soul; or, the doctrine of man's spiritual nature."

It may, however, more literally be defined as *discourse from the human soul*, and has been by common acceptance, used to express "the power of mind on mind," or the first stage of induced clairvoyance.

I am aware that Brother Fahnestock takes an opposite position in this matter, but I am about to expose either my ignorance or his error in the premises.

According to the Doctor, mind is a unit, and yet it is divisible. It is *will*, and produces all the phenomena of psychology, clairvoyance, and mediumship, yet can so divide itself as to attend to the general duties of the individual mind, and at the same time, hold in his "statu-vo-lent" grasp, one leg or arm, or a single toe or finger, while powerless, as a whole or in part, to infuse a single magnetic ray from its own well-filled depositories, into the commingling elements of another body.

Now what are our analogies in Nature? for when she speaks and her words are correctly understood, there is no equivocal sense conveyed to the soul. The Magnetism of the mineral kingdom, I presume, he will not question, and the nervo-vital magnetic fluids of animal bodies he cannot consistently dispute; as the action of those animal organs can, to a certain extent, be reproduced in the dead limb by the induction of the magnetic current of the muscular galvanic pile through its nerves, as can be proved by applying the poles to the cut end of the nerve in a frog's leg.

Pass, now, to the movements of the heavenly bodies, and note the balancing of worlds in space and the attraction each has for all others, and the manner it is attracted by them, and you will learn that the magnetic power of the sun holds all the planets in our solar system under his control, and that the individual power of the different planets hold their satellites subservient to their will. The earth possessing but a feeble psychological (magnetic) power holds but *one*, while Jupiter holds *four*, Herschel *six*, and, according to clairvoyance, Saturn *eight*.

The mineral can give off its magnetism and control a sensation without any eloquence but Nature's unwritten law. The needle, true to the pole when not affected by this law, is varied by the mineral, according to its magnetic power from its true course, and made to do all manner of contrary and ridiculous things which even the stupid needle should "blush to be guilty of."

And yet, according to Dr. Fahnestock, the human mind operating upon the higher planes of being, where the refined magnetic rays of the universe concentrate to light up the chambers of the soul, cannot emit or reflect a single ray from this grand luminary to light or warm another soul.

The Doctor tells us it is all *will*. But, pray, what is *will*? Is it anything else than the combined magnetic action of the different organs of the mind, concentrated to produce a result by the transmission of this combined mental magnetic force? Even the Doctor's new-coined word, *statu-vo-lence*, from a combination of the Latin words, *status*, *state*, or *condition*, and *vol*, to stretch, or extend forward, means, literally, a state of projecting or extending the magnetic forces of the mind to produce the result desired.

Now, to us, we consider the Doctor is muddled in his great joy over his new-found word, by losing sight of the main facts in the question, and trying to confine all manifestations of mental powers to the limits of his *one idea*.

Here, then, is the point: when the will of the intended subject is operating in full force and vigor against the operator, he may prevent the psychological control, providing he has never been subjected to it previous to that time. But, let the will power of the operator be placed upon him while off his guard, or in the negative state, and he soon loses the power to will contrary thereto.

The operator can also control his subject when absent or out of sight, and, by the will extended, produce the result desired. I have, myself, by a simple exercise of the will, unexpressed by words or motions, controlled a subject when their back was towards me. What had the patient's mind or will to do with this control? They were not aware of it until brought under its influence. Again, while operating upon a clairvoyant in 1850-51, who was an inveterate tobacco chewer, while bringing him out of his trance, one day, without saying a word to him, or giving him any token, I willed him to be disgusted with the weed and to be sickened by it if he attempted to use it. This influence lasted for over two weeks without any renewal. What had *his* will to do with it?

At another time I found him almost in *articulo mortis* from the effects of poison, and immediately, by my own will power, proceeded to magnetize him, and as soon as he was in the clairvoyant state, he told what he had taken, and prescribed the antidote which saved his life.

Now, at this time, he was past a conscious knowledge of my presence, until by the infused vital magnetism of my organism directed by my will power to energize his mental machinery, he was placed in the clairvoyant state. Was there no impartation of a magnetic fluid, current or force, manifested in this result?

But the Doctor says: If there was such a thing as an animal magnetic fluid in nature, it would, long since, have been made evident to our senses, but, as it has never been recognized by any of them, the probabilities against its existence amount to a certainty, and as all the phenomena which have been ascribed to it can be accounted for on philosophical principles, or demonstrated by conditions which are natural, I do not see why we should grope about in the dark for an imaginary nonentity, which reason, experience and positive demonstration has proved to be a myth.

This is, virtually, *begging* the question. There are forces which can only be brought under the cognizance of any of the five senses by their effects. The cause is unseen.

Can the Doctor detect, by his five senses, the vitalizing element of the human brain and nervous systems and recognize the peculiar fluid operating to produce the results?

Can his senses tell why one class of nerves are voluntary, or under the control of the will, and another involuntary, acting independent of the will?

Can he tell, by his senses, what fluid produces the sense of hearing in one part, and motion in another, of the seventh cranial nerve?

Can he discern, by the five senses, how the fifth pair of nerves impart sensation to muscles, structural power to bone and teeth, and the special sense of taste?

Can he see, hear, feel, smell, or taste what fluid or secret power, acting upon the different branches, plexus, or ganglia of the grand sympathetic nerve, imparts to the cardiac branches the pulsations of the heart, and to the splanchnic and other parts, the power to give to each separate organ or viscous its particular functions?

Then, if his senses cannot recognize the magnetic fluid here operating "the probabilities against its existence amount to a certainty." Such logic appears to us like Deacon Home-spun's with regard to the earth. He knew it was as flat as a pancake, and that the sun went around it once in twenty-four hours. "Cause, if it was round, and rolled over, all the water in his mill-pond would be spilled out."

The Doctor would confine all phenomena of mind to one thing—the operation of the individual will. But while we admit, and even fully endorse that power, and believe that many are self-psychologized through it into various errors and follies, we, at the same time, positively know that the individual will may be concentrated and projected, to act magnetically upon another mind, so as, for the time being, to control that other mind. Instance the case of the two brothers, in one of my articles on "The Laws of Spirit Communication," where one dreamed he was killed and returned home, and finding a circle organized, took control of his brother, the medium, and gave the entire particulars of his death as it appeared to him, in that dream, to have occurred. At the same moment, the same particulars were given through the brother, in a circle, at that time organized in his father's house. Did the medium's *will* invent that story? If so, by what coincidence did the brother in the army *dream* the same thing? It is evident, as in the body, where we have the self-operating nerves, and those under the control of the mind, that these two classes of influences extend over our own bodies, and also through the grand sympathetic nerve of universal being, to act upon and influence other bodies when brought under the magnetic influence of *mind acting on mind*.

When we learn the powers of our own minds and the full influence of the will over our own bodies, and then learn the power we are capable of exerting upon others or they upon us, we shall have no cause for controversy upon the one-sided issues of the question before us. St. Charles, Ill., January 8th, 1872.

MYTHS OF THE BIBLE.

BY M. WOOLLEY, M.D.

I propose to furnish, from time to time, for publication in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, solutions of the most prominent myths of the Bible. These solutions will be new, and may prove interesting to the free inquirer from their novelty alone.

1. Myth of the Creation.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.—Gen. i. 1.

Here the first inquiry of the Rationalist should be, Who or what is God? Until he can answer this most important, this fundamental question satisfactorily and truthfully, he may as well stop right here, for he must first have some beacon, some guide-board, whereby he may direct his passage through the weedy sea (Red Sea) of the Bible, else his researches will prove fruitless and barren of result, as have hitherto nearly all investigations of a like nature.

Is God then "unsearchable, and his ways past finding out?"—Rom. xi. 33. Let us see, and while "it is the glory of God to conceal a thing," (Prov. xxv. 2.) let it redound to the glory of man to detect both him and his ways. Hitherto it has been the custom to say, "It is easier to tell what God is not, than what he is." We shall see.

In the Hebrew text, "Elohim" is the word which stands opposed to "God" in the English. Elohim is the plural of "El," the contract form of "Eli," or "Eul," to roll up, or to twist, and is hence applied as a name to the male of the sheep kind, "Ram," in allusion to his contorted or twisted horns. God, or, as the Methodist properly pronounces the word, *Gawd*, is the Hebrew for a coriander seed, because of the little grooves upon it, and is used as another name for a ram, because of the little grooves which encircle his horns. "Gawd" is sometimes rendered "Fortune," or "Gad," in allusion to the spring equinox, when the sun rises in the sign Aries, the Ram, as being a fortunate season of the year.

These etymologies, therefore, render it all but certain that God is neither more nor less than the Aries of the Zodiac. This conclusion is made more certain from the fact that the Egyptians and other ancient nations, previous to this account in Genesis, paid divine honors to the "bull," at a time when the equinox took place in this sign. The world was by them supposed to be a chaos, "without form and void," but inclosed in an egg, which being perceived by the Bull, the Taurus of the Zodiac, was pierced by his horns. Thus it was said, "the bull created the world, and by his breath formed the human species."—Rev. G. Oliver's Hist. of Initiation, Sec. 3. This is just what the Lord God did 2,100 years later. Having formed man, the Lord God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."—Gen. ii. 7.

Let it be remembered that by the term world the ancients meant the year, the universe, or one turn. "The world has lost his youth." "The world is divided into twelve parts."—Esdra. xiv. 10, 11.

Accordingly, we shall find that each myth of the Bible occupies the time of but a single year. To describe the year or the successive parts of the Zodiac, and its attendant phenomena, it is necessary to set out from some certain point in it. Thus the author of this myth chose the time of the spring equinox, which at his time of writing was when the sun entered the constellation of Aries, or the Ram. Hence he says, "In the beginning God (the sun in the constellation Aries) created" etc.

The word *Bere*, translated "created," never meant the production of something out of nothing. Its primary sense is simply to cut, to divide; hence the first verse of Genesis, in order to bring out the full sense, as the author must have understood it, should read, "God (the sun in the sign Aries) begins the year, and divides the heaven and the earth," i.e., he divides the year or circle into two parts, summer and winter, beginning at the equinox.

Thus the legend begins to clear up a little, and to become not only intelligible, but absorbingly interesting. True, we meet with what many choose to call absurdity, what we must look for in every species of fiction, yet by seizing the salient points of the myth, we are, for the most part, able to weave them into consistency, and thus edify light where before all was darkness.

Here, then, in this first myth of the Bible, we have found the year divided into summer and winter; God, Aries, or the Ram of the Zodiac, ruling over the former only, while, as we shall hereafter find, another party, occupying the opposite point in this circle, claims and exercises authority over the latter.

We come next to the six parts of summer, which the sacred—secret—writer calls days, but which we shall construe, months. During the first day, month March, God, Aries, "divided between light and darkness," i.e., the day and night were made of equal length. The waters were disposed of on the second day, April, i.e., the spring rains were abated. During the third day vegetation came forward, May. The sun attained his highest declination on the fourth day, June, and so ruled the day, i.e., the longest day in the year. The moon being at her full in the opposite point of the heavens, of course ruled the night, i.e., she shone all that night. Then came forth animal life in its order; first fish, then fowl, during the fifth day, July. Lastly the higher animals and man, male and female, on the sixth day, August. That is, all animals, man not excepted, had by this time become sleek and fat, and with plentiful store of food, were prepared to face the hardships of winter.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and the host of them. And on the seventh day, (September) God ended his work (the products of the summer) which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day (September) from all his work which he had made.

That is, we are to understand, God, or the Ram, the group of stars in the Zodiac called Aries, which was always, during these six months of summer, above the horizon at sunrise, went below the horizon, or set in the west at or before the rising of the sun, the remainder of the year. "God ended his work on the seventh day," would seem to imply a reference to the procession of the equinoxes, of which we shall see more hereafter.

God having thus ended his work, and gone into a state of repose, it will be but fair to show how the five remaining months of the year were disposed of. After September comes October, which month was represented by the Scorpion, a sign always looked upon by the ancients as of bad omen, as the sure precursor of winter, or the reign of Typhon, or the North. The Scorpion occupies a place in the Zodiac exactly opposite to that of the Bull. The latter has horns and cloven feet; the former a forked tail; hence our great adversary is appropriately delineated with horns upon his head, and with cloven feet and forked tail.

God having had his spell (which is rightly termed Gospel, i.e., God's spell, see "Webster's Unabridged"), retired from his work, and as it would seem willingly, to give opportunity to this composite being, whom we recognize as Satan or the Devil, to overturn (turn over) and destroy what he has but just finished; for God, it appears, or some evil genius, had given to the scorpion "power to hurt men five months."—Rev. ix. 10.

That his diabolical majesty works well and faithfully is proven by the fact that we generally find at the end of his "spell," the destruction occasioned by him all but complete. Notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding the people ignorantly berate him, and the still more ignorant priests berate him, neither party could do without the Devil.

God and Devil, the great, the mighty, one beloved, the other hated, both equally bowed down to and worshipped, ignorantly, to be sure, yet none the less for all that.

The question has often been asked, but never satisfactorily answered, if the word "Elohim" be plural, as it undoubtedly is, why it is rendered in the singular, God, in our English Bibles? I would answer thus: When "Elohim" is taken to mean the group of stars in the Zodiac called Aries in Latin, and Ram in English, it is in the singular number. When it means the several stars of which the constellation is composed it is plural; and this word is rendered in the singular or plural throughout the Bible, as the occasion seemed to demand.

HUMBAG!—PEN-PICTURES.

BY EDWIN ABER DAVIS.

HUMBAG! Reader, did you ever give this subject more than a passing thought?

Did you ever measure the height, length, breadth, and depth of HUMBAG? Did you ever notice its "sublime" impudence? Did you ever remark its glorious boldness?

HUMBAG is aggressive,—partakes of no low cunning, generally,—and would as soon meet you under the broad beams of the noon-day sun, or under the glaring gas-lights, as anywhere on earth.

HUMBAG everywhere! From the earliest dawn of recorded civilization, HUMBAG has ruled the world. Our first parents were humbugged by the devil into eating the forbidden fruit, which resulted in filling the world with bloodshed, misery, ruin, crime, and death. Tradesmen humbug their customers; ministers humbug their flocks; lawyers humbug their clients; doctors humbug their patients; and so it goes.

Go with me into yon miserable, noxious alley, reeking with filth, and peopled with poor wretches bearing the form of God's dear humanity. There vice reigns supreme; vice in rags and squalidness. Hungry, half-starved wretchedness stares at you on all sides. Rags, filth, misery, and vice hold high carnival in this filthy by-way. See that woman in the doorway,—Great God! what a sight! Bloated, bleary-eyed, rank with the poisonous fumes of whisky and tobacco, she stands there in brazen boldness, curses issuing from lips whose infant prattlings were once the joy and comfort of doting parents. In her arms she holds a half-naked child. Poor little innocent, one day you may become the counterpart of your drunken mother! One day you may be dragged off to jail, or yield up your life on that great Christian civilizer(?) and reformatory humbug, the gallows.

Amid this vice and crime and misery and rags and poverty, in this dreary alley, HUMBAG shines conspicuously. There is humbug in the alley as well as in the great thoroughfares. Humbug in the hovel as well as in the mansion.

Look! Do you see that old man, apparently bowed down with the weight of years? His long, unkempt white locks hang to his shoulders in a tangled mass. He leans heavily upon his staff as he shambles along down the alley. A something that might have been called a coat in days gone by, hangs in tatters upon his back. In fact, rags and dirt and poverty seem to be the portion of this walking rag-bag. A crownless hat droops over his eyes. Sandals, remnants of an old boot and shoe, protect the soles of his feet.

God for his mercy! old man, are there no charitable people in this glorious world of ours to lighten your load and make life less burdensome?

HUMBAG! What! HUMBAG say you? Exactly. You sympathize with that poor old man. You can't help it. Yet he is a HUMBAG of the first water. HUMBAG is his trade. He makes a living by it, just as the doctor, the merchant, the tradesman, or the minister, do by their vocations.

"A penny, sir, for the love of God!" and he holds out his shriveled hand; and you perhaps give him a dozen. You feel sorry for him, while he inwardly chuckles at his cuteness in taking you in.

'Tis night. The gas-lights shine brilliantly from thousands of jets in the great city. The hurrying, tumultuous pulse of the metropolis is in a measure quiet. Not all quiet, Oh, no! The night owls are awake. Mirth, jollity and pleasure following vice and licentiousness stalk abroad under the gas-lights. The moving mass of humanity which surged along the sidewalks in the broad beams of day have silently melted away. Where? Some are counting up profit and loss; others counting their gold. Gold is their idol. Gold! the magic touchstone which transforms fools into wise men; rascals,

thieves, libertines, and murderers into courted aristocrats!

The night owls are mainly spendthrifts. Here is revelry. They try to tear down what the gold-seekers build up. The night owls are pleasure-seekers. The gold-hunters take pleasure in accumulating wealth.

Gold! gold! gold! gold! Bright and yellow, hard and cold; Molten, graven, hammered, rolled; Heavy to get and light to hold; Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold; Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled; Spurred by the young, huzzed by the old To the very verge of the churchyard mould; Price of many a crime untold. Gold! gold! gold! gold!

We saunter on up the street. A large building is before us. Sounds of music and revelry are heard within. Let us enter. Silks and satins and broadcloth, bedecked with all the tinsel, flippers, and gingerbread splendor of fast life flash in the circling dance beneath the chandeliers.

See there! Watch that gaudily dressed man with flashy watch-chain, black hair and heavy moustache, talking to the lady in pink. You think him one of the *ton*. What if I were to tell you he is the same identical old man we met this morning in the alley covered with rags and dirt, begging for "a penny, sir, for the love of God!"

Humbag, say you? Ah, my friend, Humbag is the proper adjective. The shambling, white-haired old beggar, who begged so piteously in the street stands before you. He is a beggar only in the seeming. His trade is humbugging, and right royally he follows it. He is a royal beggar. Beneath the glitter of gas-light he appears a merchant prince. Here he humbuds you again.

Twice in one day! In the alley where you tossed him a handful of pence out of pity, and again to-night as a gaudy cavalier, the special protector of a beauty in pink and honiton lace. And there may be many more in this brilliant assemblage who ply their avocation thus. In the morning this gay gallant with the flashy watch-chain, who now sits in the corner *tele-a-tele* with his innamorata in pink will go back to his rags and dirt, plodding along down the alley, into the most crowded thoroughfares, to watch for more pennies, "for the love of God."

Let us go back to the alley again, and look at HUMBAG in another phase. Perhaps you don't like dirty alleys. No more do I. Nevertheless "it is our duty to look into the by-ways as well as the highways of civilization, and note the workings of fate. The gentle Nazarene, "our elder brother," whose pure teachings roused the ire of sectarian bigots and orthodox theologians centuries gone, and who was scourged and put to death for his belief, teachings, and examples, passed not by the abodes of penury and want, but mingled with the poor, inculcating his moral precepts into the hearts of the honest of God's dear children.

Do the priests of to-day follow in the footsteps of the Nazarene? Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye do these things ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven!

Fancy a fashionable \$500 or \$1,000 pew Christian following the examples of Jesus of Nazareth!

Oh, HUMBAG! how potent thy power. Looking back through the dim, misty veil of ages, what a countless number of professed followers of Christ hast thou gathered into thy fold!

Ah! we had well nigh forgotten the alley. The poor wretches who live here not only humbug humanity, but are themselves the victims of HUMBAG. Revision again! Rich landlords humbug them into renting miserable rat-traps called custom houses at extortionate rates; the grocer humbugs them with his vile liquor, rotten tobacco, and short weights; the baker humbugs them with a ten-ounce loaf for a pound; the butcher with his tough meats; the clothier with his shoddy garments; wealthy citizens humbug them into doing work at starvation prices; fashionable ladies?—God save the mark!—HUMBAG these wretched, poverty-stricken women of the alleys most outrageously. And not only fashionable ladies are guilty of robbing these unfortunate, but wealthy furnishing houses, who could well afford to pay liberally for work done.

Think of six cents apiece for shirts! Fifteen to twenty cents for making linen coats! Sixty-two cents per dozen for making men's heavy overalls! One dollar a dozen for flannel shirts! Fifty cents for an elaborately finished dress! and other things in proportion. Done by hand, mind you, too! Is it any wonder that rags and poverty and crime should inhabit this alley?

And the majority of the people who live these poor of the alley are professing Christians; say grace at table, and use Sunday as a moral sponge to wipe out the sins of the sinful six days.

Vive la HUMBAG! And ministers will tell their hearers that God permits all this crime and misery and suffering and want, and heart-wailings and swindling and cheating and hypocrisy, both in and out of the alley; that "his ways are inscrutable—past finding out," etc.

Bosh! HUMBAG again. The God of Orthodoxy is a HUMBAG! Such a being as he is represented to be might, possibly, permit the abominations referred to, and sit unmoved on his majestic throne, listening to the wailings and cries of earth's children; and finally, at the last great day plunge these poor wretches of the alley down into the deep gulf of hell to damnation eternal!

Watts, the divine poet,—Watts, the Christian psalmist,—thus predicts the wrath of the mythical God of the Christians:

"The breath of God, his awful breath, Supplies and fans the fire! There sinners taste the second death, And would, but can't, expire!"

History fails to record any breathing such a spirit of revenge and cruelty. Of all the tyrants who have ever lived, I doubt if any were animated by, or filled with, such *lasted* hatred as Watts's God.

And then we know this is one of the *biggest humbuds of the age*. So we borrow no trouble there. Reason, philosophy, common-sense, and science with her golden car is rapidly crushing out the humbuds of theology and paganism, which have dwarfed the minds of men and women, and ever were a barrier to a great civilization, to art, improvement, and mental culture.

Let Catholicism rule the land, with its mysterious rites and popish ceremonies, and we relapse into the darkness and gloom of past ages. Priestcraft is the foe of progression; the foe of liberty; the foe of virtue; the foe of science; the foe of mental culture of the masses; the bitter, virulent, eternal foe of REASON.

There are many, very many, HUMBAGS in the world. In the palace of the rich, in the hovel of the poor, in the halls of congress and state legislatures, in churches, lecture-rooms, schools, everywhere, humbug intrudes, and invites you smilingly to walk up and be "taken in" at certain rates per head.

We shall refer to this subject again. The fashionable follies of the day, and all other HUMBAGS worth naming, we shall picture in black and white. St. Joseph, Mo.

PRE-NATAL INFLUENCES.

BY H. S. JOHNSON.

It is a query in the minds of many, why the children of senators and other wise men are so often nonentities in the public, and why the children of ministers, preachers of the Gospel and teachers of morals, should frequently be more immoral than the children of infidels, and why those who are called philanthropists, who give to the poor and are considered very benevolent, should have sons that are the reverse, and why daughters, from the very best families, should sink themselves so low as to become prostitutes? If these questions could be answered in a satisfactory manner, and the people made to understand what it is that produces these conditions, there would soon be peace and harmony on the earth. As regards the senator, at the time of procreation his mental forces were exhausted, for he had been laboring on a great speech and exhausted his mental strength. He had partaken of

alcoholic drink and eaten rich and stimulating food, or in other words, he had done all he could to excite his mentality and bring it to a focus upon the subject he had in view. He has made the speech and been applauded, which stimulates and excites. After the speech, his friends throng around him and congratulate him. He now feels at perfect rest. He has accomplished the great purpose. He goes home to his companion and says, "I have succeeded beyond my expectations."

The soothing power of the female magnetism quiets every nervous action of the system, and his mentality falls below its natural capacity, and he becomes a child, as it were. Procreation takes place, the mother supplying most of the mentality that is given to the child. The result is a child of small capacity. Now the minister has made a vow, before God and man, that he will renounce the world and the Devil, and know nothing but Christ and him crucified. He is zealous, and prays ardently that God's kingdom may shortly come and righteousness reign supreme. He exerts his moral and spiritual brain to its utmost capacity, when in the pulpit, and in his prayer-meetings, and in his conversation with men, depressing the outward action of the animal and selfish peculiarities to their lowest extent. And when the day's labor is ended, and he has laid down upon his bed to rest, the moral and spiritual forces are exhausted, leaving the animal and selfish propensities to take the control; consequently, his thoughts run riot, and cannot be confined by church rules. His entire being is permeated with licentious and immoral thoughts. Procreation takes place, and the natural result of these conditions have often been observed and commented upon, and the wonder has been, why God should permit the children of his ministers to be so wicked!

But as we have seen, the minister has transgressed one of the most sacred laws that exist. He has called from the realms of infinitude an immortal germ of life, at a time, when his higher or spiritual being was exhausted, and the lower or animal nature in the ascendant, and has planted within that soul the seeds of crime, it may be of licentiousness, or drunkenness, or theft, or even murder, but there they are, he has planted them. I will illustrate my subject. A merchant living in a certain city and possessing great wealth, saw an opportunity where he could invest one thousand dollars, and in a short time realize ten times that amount, and he was greatly exercised in his mind, lest some one should secure this coveted chance, before he could take the necessary steps to do so himself. The scheme was continually in his mind, yet he was exceedingly careful not to mention it to any one—not even to his wife. Procreation took place while his mind was thus exercised, and these secret thoughts and feelings were implanted in the soul, that was then called to an individualized life. They developed in the son, causing him to be unprincipled, scheming, overreaching, and regardless of other's rights. Surrounded as he was, with all the luxuries and advantages that great wealth could command, he was yet unsatisfied. He longed to be the entire and sole possessor of his father's immense wealth. But his father, being naturally a humorous and well-disposed man, had maintained a good degree of health and bid fair to live many years longer. Growing impatient of nature's delay, and being an only son, he determined to remove his father by slow poison, which he succeeded in doing. We now see that the condition of the father, his thoughts and emotions at the time of procreation, are stamped upon the child, exerting an immense influence upon all its future actions in life. The mother, also, during the long and weary months of embryotic life, is molding and stamping the character of the child. How great the responsibility that rests on either parent. How sacred the laws of procreation, and how little understood. Wautoma, Wis., Dec. 21, 1881.

From the Medium and Daybreak, England.

Miss Kate Fox at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's.

On Friday last, another party assembled by invitation at 21 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, to witness the manifestations which occur through the mediumship of Miss Kate Fox. Shortly after sitting round the table, we were ordered, through raps, not only to put out the candle, but to take the match-box out of the room. Four of the company were ordered, through raps and the alphabet, to leave the table and go to the door, and while there, Miss Fox said the deceased son of Mrs. General Ramsay, of the Dalhousie family, wished to communicate with his mother, who was present, and she shortly afterwards heard a rather peculiar whistle, which Mrs. Ramsay immediately recognized as characteristic of her son. We may remark that this whistle, which was repeated several times, was distinctly heard, not only by Mrs. Ramsay, but by Mrs. Ker (sister to the poet Laureate) Mrs. Gregory, Katherine Poyntz, the Rev. Mr. S., Mr. G., and Mr. J. W. Jackson; in short, by the entire company. It is also perhaps worthy of notice that this whistling habit of the young gentleman, who died a few years since as an officer in India, was unknown to anyone at the circle except his mother. We are thus particular in stating the facts of the case, because, whether regarded as a direct result of spiritual intervention, or as, in some mysterious way, an effect of "psychic force" (whatever that may mean) its value to the student of psychology must largely depend on the precision with which it is narrated, and on the character of the witnesses who are willing to testify to its occurrence.

Shortly after the party at the door had returned to the table, Miss Fox and her friend, accompanied by Mrs. Gregory and a gentleman of the company, went towards the piano, and while Mrs. G. and her guest held the hands of the medium and her friend, the keys of the piano were touched, as on a former occasion, rather forcibly than harmoniously. On the return of this party to the table, the beautiful "spirit-lights" observed on the two previous evenings were again manifested. Soon after this we heard a rustling among some sheets of paper, which had been placed on the table for the purpose of taking notes, and on our procuring a light, one of these sheets, with the following message written upon it, was found in Mrs. Gregory's lap:—

"My dear friend,—Meet every Wednesday night alone with this medium for three weeks, and at the fourth you shall see my face. I wish you then to write to my brother and have him come here. "Hoxon."

This, we may remark, purported to be a communication by "direct writing" to Mrs. Gregory to the late Prince E., whose brother, now on the Continent, was frequently touched by the hand of his deceased relative at this circle a few weeks since.

The manifestations of the evening terminated with the following communication obtained through Miss Fox, the writing being executed in her usual way, that is, with her left hand and backwards, so that, as before, we had to read it through the paper:—

"My dear Friends,—Meet us next Friday night, and we will do much for you. God bless you, Mrs. Gregory. You must keep your appointment for Wednesday night. You will see face to face, God bless you. "Hoxon."

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

On the Wing once More—1872.

Well, dear readers, we closed our work for 1871 on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 31st, in Chicago; speaking in that city for the first time in three years, and we were greeted and made welcome by a large and enthusiastic audience morning and evening; in fact, the largest audience of the season, the collections reaching \$23.70, and we were informed by one of the officers of the society that it was the largest collection of the year. Acting upon the principle that Spiritualists are ever willing to pay for what pleases them, and what they want, we hold that we gave general satisfaction, and our lectures were wanted in Chicago.

The society is in a flourishing condition, out of debt, and has a fund of some \$1,600 on hand to begin the new year with.

The Lyceum is very well attended, but not so large by a goodly number as it was when it held its meetings in Music Hall. We love the Lyceum, and love to take a part in its workings. The wing movements were well executed, the speaking by the children was capital, and deserves a more extensive notice than we have room for.

If the Society of Spiritualists of Chicago will unite, acting in harmony and accord, they are sure to succeed. But all party spirit must be cast aside, the Christ of our hope and knowledge must be elevated, the personal pronoun dropped, and we take its place. Brothers and sisters, you are a power in Chicago, and if you will do wisely, may make yourself felt. We pray you to be faithful to Spiritualism, and true to the sacred trusts imparted to you. Organize on a sure financial basis, build you a hall, and take your place in the new Chicago of the future.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT HOME.

Our partner and mate, Farmer Mary, wrote us in November last that our New Year's dinner would be ready at 2½ o'clock, P. M., January 1st, 1872, sharp time, and feeling that it would be good for us to accept the call, we were on hand at the appointed time. Eighteen of us were joined together in the sacred family circle around the social old black walnut table, and all will bear testimony that we did justice to the well-roasted geese and the vands, the products of Mary's farm.

Brother David Wilson and wife, of Mercer Co., Ill.; Brother Phineas Eames and his motherless daughters; Sister Hannah W. Gould, widow of the late Ingraham Gould, of Beaver Dam, Wis.; Sister Mary Weeks and her two children, of Chicago, (who were burned out of home by the Chicago fire) Milo Porter, Esq., of Dupage County, Ill., sat down with our family, after dinner, and in social conversation passed the hours until night time came; then we formed the sacred family circle and for two hours we held holy communion with the dear ones who had gone on before. This was truly a feast of love, music from on high with invocation and praise mingled sweetly together. We of earth-life greeted those of the Summer Land who had deigned to meet us in our humble home. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, sons and daughters, with many an old friend, from their homes divine mingled with us, giving words of cheer and consolation. Truly it was good for us thus to meet and mingle on the shores of time. It was a joyous evening to us all, and we doubt if there existed in all this great Republic a happier New Year's party than ours. We had song and music, poetry and prose, prayer and praise, speaking and drawing, and words of advice and comfort during the session. And all retired from the New Year's circle, feeling that it was a blessed privilege to meet with those who in the language of the angel who spoke with John on the Isle called Patmos, saying:

"I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore. Amen.—Rev. i. 18.

January 3rd, we spoke in Wheaton, our county seat, to fifty very intelligent men and women, which was a good audience considering the dark and stormy night that it was. These home lectures are donations of ours to our cause. We intend next summer to organize a county conference in our county. Will our friends, on reading this communication, consult together, and help us in our work?

Thursday, Jan. 4th.—We bade adieu to our little ones, and started for Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love.

While in Chicago we called on Sister Lou H. Kimball, and found her hard at work in her office on West Randolph street, striving to please her many little readers. Hers is a blessed work of love and peace, and long may she live to continue it.

Spiritualists, see to it and sustain our *Lyceum Banner*, the child's paper.

At the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we next called, and found everything in apple-pie order, working as smoothly as though the great Chicago fire had not occurred. And truly the JOURNAL reappears in a better dress than ever before. The JOURNAL establishment is not crushable, can not die, has come to stay, and having been tried by fire, Phoenix-like, rises up out of the fire, and shaking off the ashes of the dead past, reappears in its new plumage, more graceful and queen-like than ever before. All hail our glorious RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL! Thrice hast thou been born. First, when thou wast conceived in the Summer Land, and brought forth in 1864-5; second, born out of disgrace, shame, and ignominy in October, 1867, after having been corrupted by human devils; third and last, born out of a womb of fire, October 9th, 1871. And thus art thou trinitarian by birth, conceived of holy spirits in 1864-5; tempted of the devil, and betrayed by a modern Judas in 1867, thou art now fully resurrected by the Christ of thine own nature, out of the grave of buried Chicago, three years later. And in thy columns free thought, without license to do wrong, shall hold revel evermore.

We were more than pleased at the following incident. While in the office, a man came in smoking a cigar. Mr. Jones, being present, kindly said: "Put away that cigar, sir; no smoking here. There are ladies present, and besides, there are spirits here."

All hail! That is as it should be. Let the evil of smoking, chewing, and drinking, with kindred vices, be shunned by every Spiritualist, and we will soon get rid of these nuisances.

We found our good Brother Francis in his little room in the midst of small mountains of manuscript, papers, and books, at work, and busily searching after God. We hope our brother will find him before the Constitution of the United States gets hold of him, and ascertain the fact whether he wishes to be annexed to these United States or not.

Bidding good by to our friends of the JOURNAL office, we hied to the depot of the L. S. & N. E. R. R., secured a berth in the palace sleeping car of the 5:15 P. M. express train via the Erie & Philadelphia R. R., connecting with the Lake Shore road at Erie, Pennsylvania, a safe and sure route—making the time in thirty-eight hours and ten minutes, under the direction of able and gentlemanly officials.

We reached Philadelphia Saturday morning, Jan. 6th, at 7:25, and at 8 o'clock we were comfortably seated at the breakfast table of our friend, Dr. H. T. Child, 634 Race street. It does one's soul good to sit down in the midst of this truly happy Quaker spiritual family. For the family circle, in its happy combination, is the highest type of heaven on earth.

God bless, and good angels guard and keep all truly happy families together. Amen.

Sunday, Jan. 7.—At 10:30 A. M., we took our place as a teacher before a Philadelphia audience, numbering 280 people. Our discourse was a review of the testimony of modern theology as on record in the suit now on trial before the people of the world, known as "ancient and modern theology vs. modern Spiritualism," which seemingly gave good satisfaction.

At 3 o'clock, P. M. full four hundred people came together to attend Dr. Child's spiritual circle in Institute Hall, corner of Broad street and Spring Garden. This was truly a feast of good things, well gotten up, and ably managed. Many fine tests were given.

At 7½ P. M. we continued our review of the evidence of the prosecution, showing up their weak points, etc., before an audience of five hundred men and women, or more,—the best audience of the season, save one, and that came out to hear Victoria C. Woodhull.

Our collections were \$33.64, the largest collection of the season.

The following tests were given by the mediums present:

NUMBER ONE.

By P. Blaker, who in trance came to Dr. Child and whispered:

"Aunt Rebecca is here, and says Cousin Charles is very sick, and will not live long."

Dr. C. replied, "I know Aunt Rebecca well. She is a spirit. I know who Cousin Charles is, very well, but do not know that he is sick or likely to die."

Three or four hours after this we were riding in a street car, and the doctor's brother came into the car.

"Where has thee been?" asked Dr. C.

"I have been out to Cousin Charles's."

"How is he?" asked the doctor.

"Very bad, indeed! He is very low, and not likely to live."

NUMBER TWO.

Mrs. A. Anthony, medium, saw with us an elderly Quaker woman, (spirit) fully describing her, and giving the name of Eliza. This spirit has been seen and described as with us by several mediums, in different places, and always the same dress and name. We, however, never knew her in the earth-life.

NUMBER THREE.

By Mrs. A. D. Hass, a medium who spoke to us words of cheer, giving one or two minor tests.

NUMBER FOUR.

A medium—woman—whose name we did not know, under a very humorous influence, acted and said some very funny things, causing considerable mirth. This spirit claimed to be Benjamin Franklin (?).

NUMBER FIVE.

E. V. W., medium, after several calls, stepped forward and gave the following tests:

NUMBER ONE.

"I see by this man, (pointing out an old white-haired man) two spirits, one a young man, who died when a very little child,—now about thirty years of age. There is with him a woman," fully describing her. "We should judge her about thirty or thirty-five years old when she died. Her name is Isabella, and his name is James. He says this old man is his father, and this spirit is his mother. Now, friends, we doubt the statement of James in regard to this woman of spirit-life being his mother. What does our old friend of the earth-life say about this matter?"

The old man replied: "I lost a wife who answers the description given by you, many years ago. She was about forty years of age, and her name was Isabella. She and I lost a little baby boy named James, who would now be about thirty years of age, if he were living in earth-life."

NUMBER TWO.

We saw an old Quaker spirit standing on the platform, fully describing him, who gave us the name of Isaac Stokes. He said he was born in Salem, New Jersey, and moved to this city in 1778, and died in 1818, at the age of eighty-two years.

This spirit was identified by an old man from Salem, N. J.

NUMBER THREE.

We saw by a woman, whose name we did not know, a beautiful vision. First, four little stars, all of which culminated in one bright light. Out of this light there stepped a fine spirit boy, about four years old when he left this earth-life. We described this scene to the woman, who stated that she had lost four children, and this little boy was one of them,—aged nearly four when he left her. There was a pathos and accent in this marked reply that moved many to tears.

NUMBER FOUR.

To a gentleman, we believe Mr. Shumway. We saw a sister standing by him, who agreed, in facts, with one he had lost.

NUMBER FIVE.

By a stranger we saw a soldier in full uniform, who said: "My name is Charlie; I worked for you in 1861; enlisted in the spring of 1862, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg in 1863."

This test was fully identified by the man and his wife.

NUMBER SIX.

Isabella and James, mentioned in test number three, came the second time, bringing seven other spirits with them; the second wife, five children, (sons and daughters) and the aunt who loved the old man when a boy of eight and ten as well as the mother loved him,—each in turn identifying themselves to the old man, who, when the test was finished, arose in much excitement, saying:

"They are all mine. I have lost six children,—sons and daughters, and two wives, and I was a great favorite with this aunt."

Later we heard the man say "I am well paid for this day's attendance here."

It was spoken from the soul, and tears of heaven's own joy glistened in his eyes.

NUMBER SEVEN.

To a young woman we said: "There stands by

you a spirit woman; your sister, two years older than yourself, being some time in spirit life."

She replied: "You are right; I have lost just such a sister."

NUMBER EIGHT.

An old woman came from spirit-life, and stood by us, giving the name of Thankful Haines. She was at once recognized.

NUMBER NINE.

To Mrs. D. Hass came her grandfather, giving words of cheer,—fully recognized.

These tests were given during the day and evening, and were fully identified. One other came:

NUMBER TEN.

Mary Rhodes, who stated that she had relatives in the hall, and that her father was present. We gave her name. Her father arose and stated that this daughter died one year ago, the 17th of May, and that "Mr. W. has not been here since."

Thus the testimony increases. On every hand we hear of their coming, these angel helpers of ours, with words of comfort and cheer.

Report of Committees.

Concluded from first page.)

"That when we occasionally, by way of experiment, made series of raps in rhythmic order upon the table, and asked that the rhythms should be imitated, our requests were complied with by responsive raps exactly imitating the rhythms prescribed."

"That our experience in regard to the phenomena we witnessed appears generally to be corroborative of the statements of many of the witnesses examined by you upon the subject, to the extent that such phenomena have, or appear to have, a basis of intelligence."

"That this intelligence was principally manifested (a) by replies more or less pertinent, and sometimes most unexpected in their character, to our spoken and audible questions, (b) by original communications made to us as hereinafter mentioned."

"That such replies and communications were made by means of raps given when the alphabet was pointed to, letter by letter, or spoken by one of the party—it having been previously understood that three raps should signify 'yes,' two 'doubtful,' and one 'no.' This arrangement, however, was sometimes altered by way of test, but without disturbing the accuracy of the replies."

"That through the processes detailed in the foregoing clause, we presumably established occasional communication with a number of spirits, or intelligences, announced to be such by themselves, many of whom stated they were connected in various degrees of relationship to certain members of our party for whom they professed a friendly regard."

"That such presumed spirits displayed distinct individualities, each having a manner peculiar to itself, and rapping delicately, emphatically, or deliberately, as the case might be, expressing, as it were, character, mood, and temper."

"That when we attempted to shorten the process of communication detailed in clause No. 16, by anticipating words or phrases which we thought were intended, we frequently found our anticipations emphatically negated in favor of more appropriate expressions, or of words of a different significance altogether. For illustrations upon this point we refer you to the *scances* reported in clause No. 39."

"That intelligence was further manifested by the occasional dictation to us of special conditions for our observance, such, for instance, as requesting us to sit in a different order at the table; requiring one or more to sit away from it; asking for an increase or diminution of light, or for the appointment of some particular person to ask questions; directing us to link or unlink hands; to be more quiet in our conversation; to avoid disputation, etc."

"That on our compliance with such directions the manifestations were invariably intensified."

"That we are convinced of the objective character of the phenomena from finding that persons skeptical as to the existence thereof invariably confirmed our own experiences even when suddenly introduced during the progress of a *seance*. As a case in point, we instance that when one of our sittings was far advanced, and the phenomena of table-moving and rapping were in full operation, we sent for a neighbor to witness them. He came immediately, the manifestations continuing without break or interruption, and presenting to him the same aspect that they did to ourselves, notwithstanding that he, at any rate, must have been free from any antecedent influence, mesmeric or otherwise."

"That as a further evidence of the objectivity of the phenomena, we report that manifestations have occurred to us spontaneously upon occasions when we were not assembled for the purpose of a *seance*, and were not seated round any table. We instance (1st) that one evening, when some of the members of your Sub-committee were assembled at the house of Mr. —, not, however, with any investigating the phenomena, the conversation turned upon a *seance* lately held by some of the members of your general Committee, at which Mrs. Marshall had been present, and when raps had proceeded from the pianoforte. While we were discussing the genuineness of these raps, the strings of Mr. —'s pianoforte suddenly and simultaneously vibrated, although no person was near the instrument. As these sounds were twice or thrice repeated, followed by raps, and were too sonorous to be accounted for by any vibration of the house or room, we immediately examined the instrument internally and externally with great care, but without discovering any cause for the sounds produced; and even after such examination, raps proceeded from the instrument at intervals during the evening. This was the only occasion when phenomena other than 'rapping' or 'table-moving' occurred to your Sub-committee, and we think it right to add that no circumstance of the kind had ever before or since happened in Mr. —'s house."

"(2nd.) That upon another occasion, some time after we had concluded a *seance*, and while we were taking refreshment, the rappings returned with great vigor, proceeding simultaneously from various parts of the room. On asking the presumed intelligences their names, they informed us in reply that they were the spirits who had been in communication with us during the evening, and that they were in a happy and merry mood, and did not care to leave us. One of our party joyfully drank to their health, and asked them to respond, which they did by volleys of raps, indicative, as they informed us, of laughter and good-fellowship. Each ultimately bade us good-night by a succession of raps, so to speak, in perspective, being at the commencement loud and rapid, but gradually diminishing in force and increasing in interval until out of hearing. These raps, we would state, were more like detonations in the air than the result of percussion on any hard substance."

"That we instance, as further evidence of the spontaneity of the phenomena, that frequently emanated raps occurred by way of assent to, or dissent from, remarks made by your Sub-committee to each other. Thus, at a sitting during

which the raps had been unusually sonorous and fluent, one of the party asked the presumed spirit then in communication to state when he died, but no answer was returned, notwithstanding the question was somewhat persistently repeated. This apparently abrupt termination to the most successful *seance* we had yet had caused us much surprise, and we were conversing on the subject, when it was remarked that as the presumed intelligences claimed to be spiritual, they probably rejected the application of such a term as 'death' to themselves or their state of existence, it being likely that of whatever import death might be to the body, it would, as concerning the spirit, be the continuation of life under a new form."

"Scarcely had the speaker concluded, when loud raps again sounded from the table, such being given, as we were informed, by way of assent to the remarks just made. Arising out of this, a conversation of great interest took place between ourselves and the presumed intelligences. Death, we were informed, was so far as the body was concerned, of comparatively trivial import, but as regarded the spirit, it was a birth into new experiences of existence; that spirit life was in every respect human; that friendly intercourse and companionship were as common and as pleasurable in spirit life as on earth."

"That the independence or objectivity of the intelligence regulating the phenomena appears to be evidenced by the fact that we have frequently received answers and communications unexpected in their character."

"We need not occupy space by quoting the instance given by the Sub-committee in illustration; but we would particularly direct attention to the narrative, pp. 31—37, as a complete refutation of the hypothesis resuscitated by Dr. Carpenter in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, that alleged spirit communications, when not the results of fraud, are due to automatic and reflex cerebral action, expectant attention, and dominant ideas. A single well-authenticated case like the one referred to is utterly fatal to all such reasoning. The insuperable difficulty which men like Dr. Carpenter always encounter is, that facts stand obstinately in the way of their theories, and brutally contradict them."

Finally, the Sub-committee say:

"Before concluding this our Report, we deem it to be right to state for your information that when we commenced our investigation your committee consisted of three members only, all of whom were totally unacquainted with the phenomena except by rumor, and that a fourth member was subsequently added who had had a previous acquaintance with the subject, but who did not join our party until the last of our successful meetings in May."

REPORT OF SUB-COMMITTEE NO. 3.

Sub-committee No. 3 enters into an elaborate calculation to show that the force requisite to tilt such a table as they employed in their experiments would be at least 4½ lbs., and that the greatest amount of "involuntary pressure" would not exceed from 4 lbs. to 5 lbs. Yet the table moved in all directions, going over a large room "with great ease and smooth regularity, as well as a kind of rushing speed." It is added, "Besides the evidence thus afforded by the presence of this not generally recognized force, we believe we have had in these experiments evidence of an intelligence directing it, as in moving by request in a particular direction, tilting a certain number of times as required, and by tilts or raps spelling out sentences addressed to those present." The members also expressed their "unanimous conviction" that the phenomena witnessed in their investigations "raise some most important questions on science and philosophy, and deserve the fullest examination by capable and independent thinkers."

REPORT OF SUB-COMMITTEE NO. 5.

This Sub-committee held four sittings, but only a few feeble raps and slight movements of the table occurred. Owing to Mr. Home's illness the meetings were discontinued. The Sub-committee remark that "During the inquiry Mr. Home afforded every facility for examination, and appeared to be anxious to further the object the committee had in view. Mr. Home explained at the opening of the inquiry that the phenomena produced through his agency were of uncertain manifestation, and that he had no power whatever to produce them at will."

SUB-COMMITTEES NOS. 4 AND 6.

Simply report that nothing occurred in their presence worth recording.

These Reports are followed by Communications from Dr. James Edmunds, Mr. Henry Jeffrey, Mr. Grattan Geary, and Mr. Henry G. Atkinson, members of the Committee, expressing their dissent from the Committee's Report; or supplementing it by opinions and theories of their own. The statements they contain, so far as they relate to the actions of the Committee, or of the Sub-committees, are replied to in Editorial Notes, and are also strongly commented on in a memorandum by Dr. Edmunds as to the incredibility of the alleged facts of Spiritualism, is most ably refuted in the extract from a Paper read before the Dialectical Society by Alfred R. Wallace, F.R.S., and which Paper we regret is not given *in extenso*. There is nothing put forward by the dissentients which in the least invalidates the facts and conclusions set forth in the Report of the Committee, and by the Sub-committees.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to aid a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them, marked F. W. O., which means free, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, "every dollar counts;" but as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourselves greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second monthly JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund:

Amount previously acknowledged.....	\$612.00
Mrs. C. Howes, McHenry, Ill.,	1.00
Dr. O. J. Howes	1.00
C. Benbow, Midland, Iowa,	2.50
G. W. Flak, Toledo, Ohio,	3.00

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Debatable Land Between This World and the Next, with illustrative narrations. By Robert Dale Owen, author of "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

A work by a Spiritualist so eminent as Robert Dale Owen cannot but be a remarkable one, and should attract the attention of those who ordinarily pass Spiritualistic literature by. Mr. Owen has covered a broad field. Fully one-fourth of the book is occupied by a prefatory address to the Protestant clergy, reviewing the present attitude of the religious world in connection with modern science, and keenly discussing the doctrines of vicarious atonement, original depravity, a personal Devil, and an eternal Hell. Mr. Owen has two prominent objects in view apart from this address. The first is to afford conclusive proof of immortality, aside from any historical or written evidence; and, second, to introduce many pages of remarkable narratives, which, incredible as they may seem at first sight, are sustained by strong evidence. The second object is to show that religion, as Christ taught it, finds its best support in the evidence of modern Spiritual phenomena; and that the very strongest of all proofs going to substantiate the Gospel narrative are found in these same phenomena rationally interpreted. The earnestness and honesty of purpose with which it is written, and the thrilling and weird character of the narratives which he introduces, make of it a singularly interesting book, even to one not believing in the doctrine of Spiritualism. It is a book which will attract very general attention in these debatable times.—*Chicago Daily Tribune*, of Jan. 16th.

We can now fill orders for this book, which is selling very rapidly.

Scrivener Monthly, for February contains some very remarkable articles. Prof. Hayden's paper on the last Yellowstone Exploration confirms the graphic accounts before published in this magazine; and the illustrations, drawn by the celebrated artist, T. Moran, who accompanied the expedition, are exceedingly curious and effective. R. H. Seeley tells us precisely what we want to know about "The Mormons and their Religion." This article is accompanied by capital illustrations of places in and near Salt Lake City, as well as by portraits of many of the chief men and also of one of Brigham's daughters, who is an actress. Want of space forbids our mention of more than a fraction of the interesting and valuable articles contained in this number.

Littell's Living Age. Littell & Gay, Boston, Publishers. The number for the week ending January 12th, contains The December Eclipse, by Richard A. Proctor, *Cornhill Magazine*; Illustration, *Blackwood's Magazine*; The Lofoden Islands, *Fraser's Magazine*; Of Solar Eruptions, *Spectator*; The South Sea Island Courts, *Spectator*; Hindoo Caste, *Pall Mall Gazette*; Part II. of the "Story of the Phebe," by the distinguished French writer, M. M. Eckmann-Chatelain; and instalments of "The Maid of Sker," and of "The Neap Reef," the latter by the author of "Dorothy Fox," besides poetry, short articles, etc. The number for January 6th contained among other articles, A Persian Passion Play, by Matthew Arnold; on the Philosophy of Mythology, by Max Muller; and the Last Tournament, entire, by Tennyson. The subscription price of the *Living Age* is \$3 a year, or for \$10 any one of the American \$4 magazines is sent with *The Living Age* for a year.

The Old and New. Roberts Brothers, Publishers, 140 Washington street, Room 1, Boston, Mass. George A. Coolidge, business agent.

The varied interest and value of the matter in the January number give excellent indications of the abounding supplies from which *Old and New* is furnished forth for both music and instruction. Dr. Holmes' poem, "The Organ-Blower," is full of the quaintest and most delicate and genial humor. The puzzle-story, by six writers, keeps up its odd interest. Mrs. Shorey's account of the Chicago Fire fairly crackles with its heat; for Mrs. Shorey was out amidst the fury of the flames. Dr. Edward Beecher's translation of the Hymn of Cleanthes, is a curious and valuable addition to Biblical literature. Mr. Hale's and Mr. MacDonald's stories proceed spiritedly. There is a full and very valuable account of Harvard College, which many parents will be greatly interested in reading. And the "Examiner" describes an excellent selection of recent literature.

Terms (payable in advance), \$4.00 per annum; \$2.00 for six months. Single numbers, 35 cents (mailed, post-paid). Trial subscription of four months for \$1.00. New subscribers who send \$4.00, for the year 1872, will receive free the last three numbers of 1871, and also "The Christmas Locket," a beautiful holiday gift book.

New Advertisements.

WOOLLEN MILLS.

WANTED: A correspondence with parties desirous of starting a WOOLLEN FACTORY. A factory in this part of the country would do a good business in custom work alone, as there is none within fifteen or twenty miles that amounts to anything. This is a great wool-growing country. The undersigned would furnish the Building, Power, and Situation toward such end. An early correspondence solicited. JOHN SPENCER & SON, FAIRBANK VALLEY, Holmes Co., Ohio.

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ELGIN WATCHES.

Full Plate Movements, adjusted to temperature, in Gold or Silver Cases, for Gents' use.

The B. W. Raymond, H. Z. Culver, and H. H. Taylor Movements are especially recommended.

The Lady Elgin, in Gold Hunting, Enamel, or Engraved Case, continues the most popular watch for ladies' use yet offered for sale. No more charming present could be made than one of these beautiful time-pieces.

The Elgin Watches, of style and price according to taste and purse, are for sale by all Chicago Jewellers.

No movements retailed by the Company.

The ELGIN ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC for 1872 has just been received from the Aldine Press, and is in the hands of Chicago Jewellers for presentation to their customers. It will also be forwarded by mail to any address upon application.

NATIONAL (ELGIN) WATCH CO.,

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Emerson's Clairvoyant Discovery,